

S

The Smart Screen Magazine



SCREENLAND

July

15c

20c in Canada



Bretta Young

Charles Sheldon

THE MOVIE ROMANCE THAT SHOCKED THE WORLD!
BY PRINCESS RADZIWIŁŁ

Does The DuBarry Jinx Threaten Dolores Del Rio?

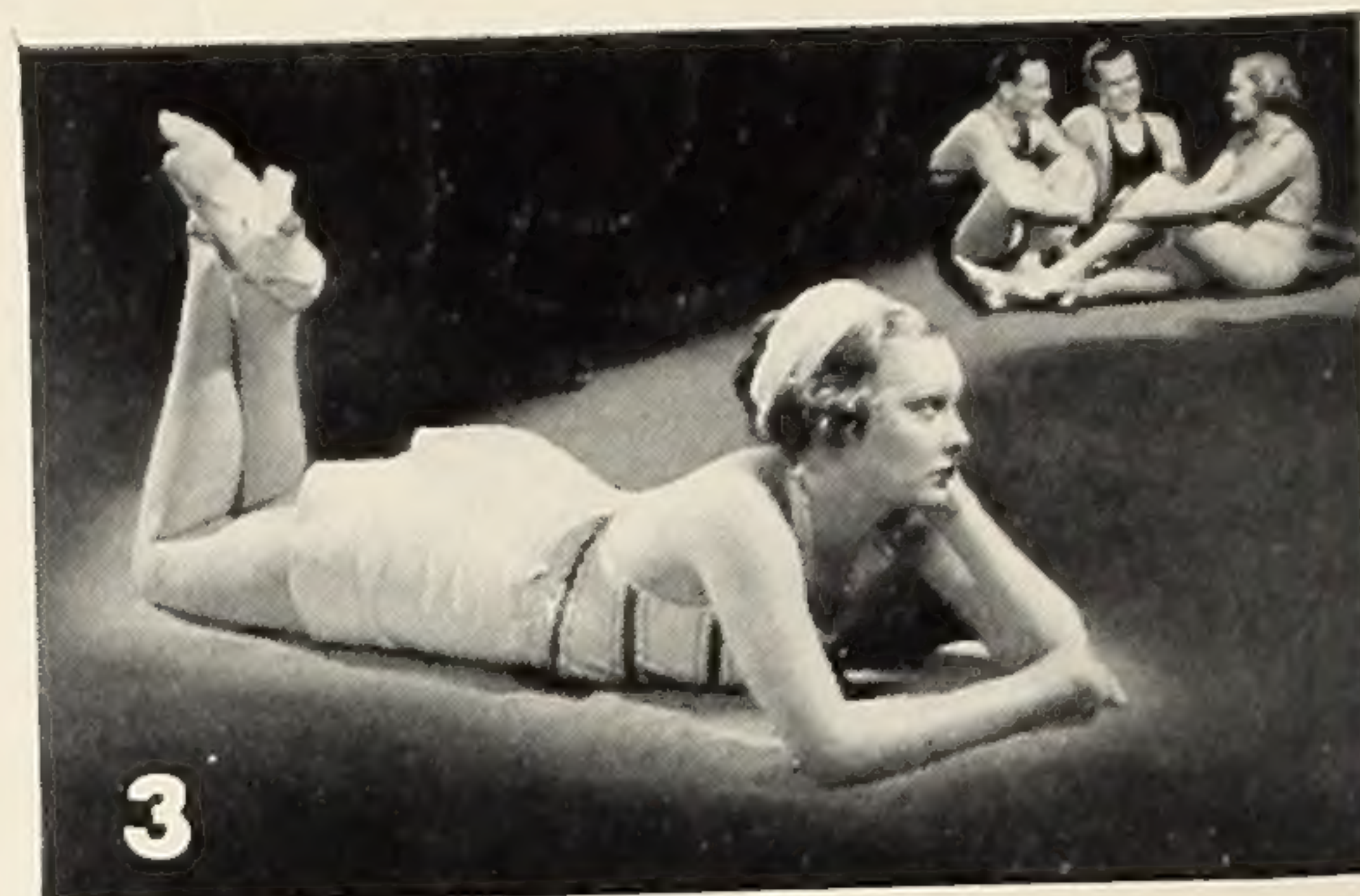
"It Could Happen to Any Woman!"



1
"We were breaking up, Ned and I, after two years. It was his decision to end our engagement, not mine. I simply couldn't understand it."



2
"Heartsick and worn out, I packed my bags for a stay at the seashore. New places, new faces would help me to forget."



3
"There were loads of attractive people there—two men and a stunning girl particularly. But they didn't ask me to make it a foursome. I looked too sad, I guess."



4
"Later they did invite me to play golf. They actually left me standing on the 18th green while they stalked off to the club for refreshments. I put it down to bad manners."



5
"That night I went to the hotel dance, determined to have a good time and forget Ned. But not one of the men asked me to dance. It was pretty galling."



6
"Hurt and humiliated, I flounced off to bed and tried to knit myself off to sleep. But sleep wouldn't come. My nerves were on edge."



7
"In desperation I got up and dressed. Perhaps a walk under the cool stars would soothe my ruffled feelings. The night was simply gorgeous."



8
"I sat on a little knoll near the water. Then I overheard this: 'Oh, the Crane girl is attractive enough. Lots of fun—but her breath is enough to make you shudder...'"



9
"Mortified and ashamed I hurried back to my apartment and gargled Listerine that very night. (Incidentally, there has never been a day since that I haven't used it.)"



10
"And what a difference it made! The following week at the hotel was one of the gayest I have ever had in my whole life. Dates? I had them to burn!"



11
"When I got home I pocketed my pride and called Ned up. 'If you want to know how changed a girl can be,' I said, 'come up and see me sometime.' He did."



12
"We took up where we left off and it wasn't long before Ned's ring was back on my finger. I'm getting my trousseau next week."

"Don't Offend Others!" Use LISTERINE to check Halitosis [Bad Breath]

Quit taking it for granted that your breath is always agreeable. It really isn't, you know. Anyone is likely to have halitosis at some time or other — without knowing it. Halitosis is principally caused,

says a leading dental authority, by the fermentation of food particles that even careful tooth brushing has failed to remove. The quick, pleasant, safe way to combat this condition is to rinse

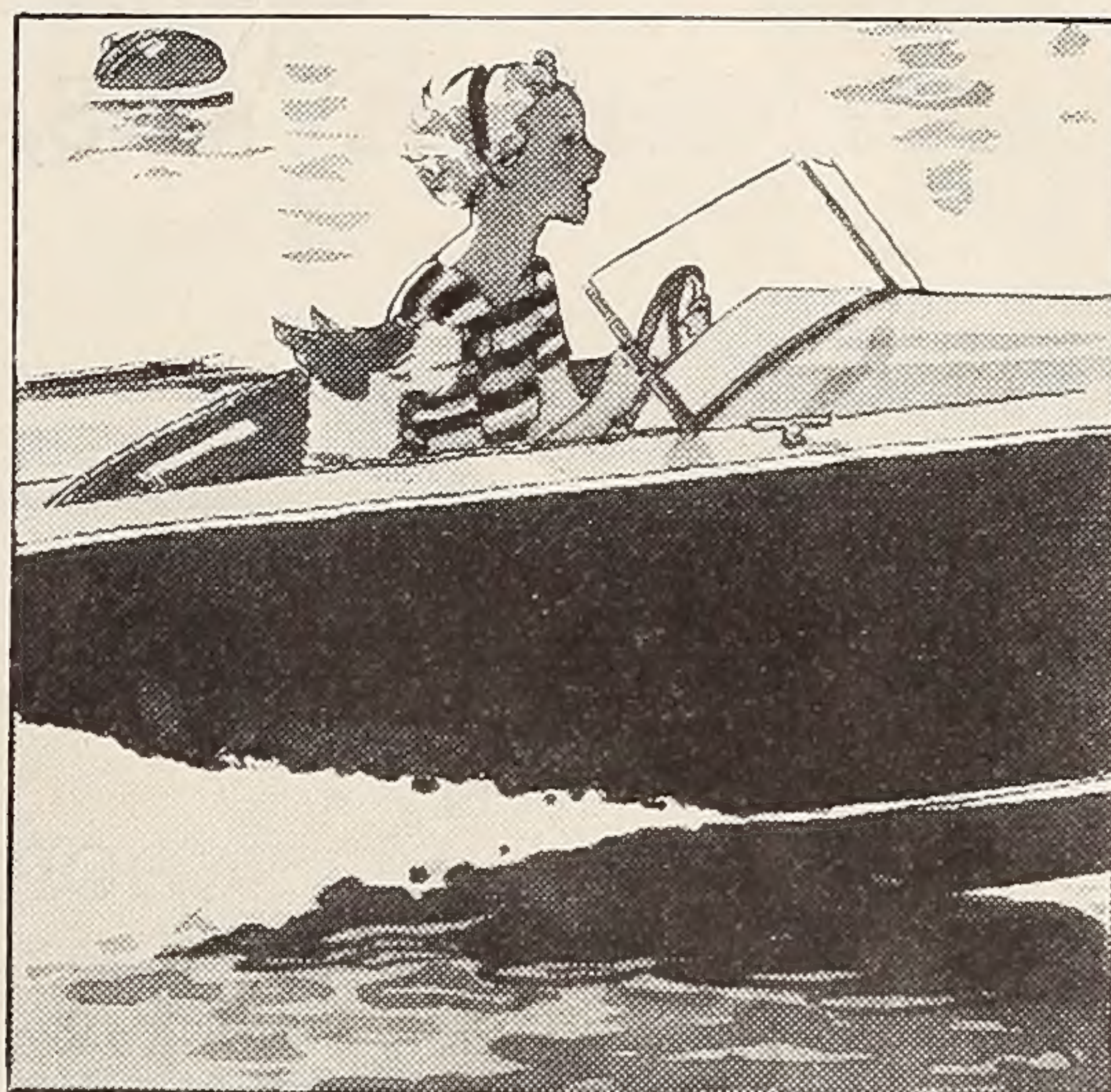
the mouth with Listerine every morning and night and between times before meeting others. Listerine halts fermentation and overcomes its odors. LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Isn't It A Shame!

HER FAMILY HAVE A GRAND PLACE IN NEWPORT—BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



When Ellen's at Newport, her life is a round of bathing, beach parties, luncheons, and contract. Her father has money. But—there's a "but" about Ellen!



Ellen speeds in high-powered craft—wins cups in the yawl races—goes cruising on her father's yacht. But the "but" about Ellen spoils her good times!



The men who spend week-ends with Ellen's father ask Ellen to go dancing. But where are the young men? The "but" about Ellen is her teeth!



Why doesn't Ellen's father tell her that her teeth are dingy, unattractive? She doesn't know that "pink tooth brush" can rob a girl's smile of its charm!



Ellen should go to a dentist. He'd tell her to begin at once to clean her teeth with Ipana—and to massage extra Ipana into her tender, bleeding gums.



It wouldn't be long, with Ipana and massage, before Ellen would have sparkling teeth again—and young men to go sailing with, and dancing with!

Older men are gallant—but young men size a girl up! Even though a girl has money, she had better be attractive-looking, too! And that includes being attractive when she smiles.

Don't be an Ellen. Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste, and each time, put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

massage it into your inactive gums.

Gums today are inclined to be tender, and to bleed, because today's foods are neither coarse nor crunchy enough to exercise them properly. That is why you should massage your gums with Ipana.

The ziratol in Ipana plus the massage aids in stimulating and toning them, so that "pink tooth brush" is kept at bay. And in avoiding "pink tooth brush," you should avoid gum troubles like gingivitis and Vincent's disease. Your teeth are safer, too.

Ipana is excellent for the teeth—and keeps the gums healthy. Use it! Be good-looking when you smile!

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS WEDNESDAY EVENINGS—WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

I P A N A
TOOTH PASTE



VISIT

"A CENTURY OF PROGRESS"

SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH
See the Ipana Electrical Man. General Exhibits Group Building No. 4—Chicago, June—October, 1934

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*James M. Fidler, *Western Representative*Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*

Watch Next Issue for Announcement Of Winners of Six-Star Contest!

YOU must have liked our Romance Contest! Your Pen Portraits poured in—gay lines, grave lines; dramatic, daring; funny, fantastic. You must like Clark Gable, Marion Davies, Helen Hayes, Myrna Loy, Madge Evans, and Jean Parker! These stars are highly gratified at your great interest.

SCREENLAND thanks you for your splendid interest and enthusiasm in making the Romance-Six-Star Contest, which was presented in the May issue, the most exciting we have ever had. It isn't easy to select the winners; but the judges are doing their best—and the announcement of the awards will appear in the next, the August, issue of this Magazine.

Clark Gable offered a movie camera and projector. Marion Davies, a handsome fitted wardrobe case. Helen Hayes, a negligée. Myrna Loy, a generous bottle of her favorite perfume. Madge Evans, a daytime frock. Jean Parker, a beach ensemble. Grand gifts—and you entered the competition with real zest. Watch our next issue for the announcement of awards!

July, 1934

THIS MONTH

Vol. XXIX, No. 3

SCREENLAND SCOOPS:

"NO MORE HOLLYWOOD FOR ME!" SAYS WALTER HUSTON.....	Leonard Hall	20
RAFT REVEALS ALL!.....	Leonard Hall	21
DOES THE DUBARRY JINX THREATEN DOLORES DEL RIO?.....	James Marion	22
PERSONALLY AUTOGRAPHED PORTRAIT OF JANET GAYNOR.....		35
BUILD UP THE HOLLYWOOD WAY.....	James Davies	52

OTHER FEATURES:

RÔLES THEY'LL NEVER PLAY.....	Leonard Frank	12
THE EDITOR'S PAGE.....	Delight Evans	17
THE MOVIE ROMANCE THAT SHOCKED THE WORLD.....	Princess Radziwill	18
TOMORROW'S STARS.....	James M. Fidler	24
GLORIA SWANSON AND WALLY BEERY TOGETHER AGAIN?.....	Ben Maddox	26
SCREENLAND'S GLAMOR SCHOOL.....	Edited by Kay Francis	28
WOMEN BEHIND THE HOLLYWOOD THRONES.....	Laura Benham	30
"PROBABLY THE GREATEST ACTRESS I EVER WORKED WITH!"—JOHN BARRYMORE. Carole Lombard.....	Robert Baral	32
DON'T BRAND HER SOCIETY GIRL. Helen Vinson.....	Kay Richards	33
PERSONALITY OR BEAUTY—WHICH HAVE YOU? Aline MacMahon. Helen Harrison.....		34
HIS BEST FRIEND WAS FAILURE. Lyle Talbot.....	Whitney Williams	51
SCREENLAND'S SPECIAL GLAMOR GUIDE. Fashion News from Hollywood.....		56

SPECIAL ART SECTION:

Janet Gaynor and Shirley Temple. Personally autographed portrait. The Circus is Here! Joe E. Brown in "The Circus Clown." Mae West. Maurice Chevalier. Cleopatra in Hollywood. Claudette Colbert, Warren William, Henry Wilcoxon. Boris Karloff. Jean Parker. Gloria Stuart. Richard Dix. Stars in the Sun. Jean Harlow, Mary Carlisle, Una Merkel, Muriel Evans. Madeleine Carroll. The Most Beautiful Still of the Month. Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell in "Dames."

DEPARTMENTS:

TAGGING THE TALKIES. Short Reviews.....	6
NOW YOU'RE TALKING. Letters from Readers.....	8
HONOR PAGE.....	10
ASK ME.....	Miss Vee Dee
REVIEWS OF THE BEST PICTURES.....	Delight Evans
DANGER! WOMEN AT WORK. Beauty.....	Josephine Felts
TAKING THE AIR. Radio.....	Mortimer Franklin
HERE'S HOLLYWOOD. Screen News.....	Weston East
FEMI-NIFTIES.....	92

Cover Portrait of Loretta Young by Charles Sheldon

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for July 1934

7

MAE WEST



"IT AIN'T NO SIN"

with ROGER PRYOR, John Mack Brown, Duke Ellington & Band • Directed by Leo McCarey
If it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE it's the best show in town!





"Rough, tender, a little dangerous!" That's how one of our rapt lady correspondents sums up the devastating Gable, who walks away with this month's "rave" honors. Have you seen Clark as an idealistic young doctor in "Men in White?"

The first eight letters receive prizes of \$5.00 each

THEY'RE "TOPS!"

The screen's best:
 Doctor, Ralph Bellamy
 Lawyer, Otto Kruger
 Newspaperman, Lee Tracy
 Engineer, Jack Holt
 Secretary, Joan Blondell
 Theatrical "Angel," Guy Kibbee
 and
 "Death"—Freddie March

Ruth King,
 2 Hamilton Ave.,
 Cranford, N. J.

OLD KING COLE, TOO!

Thanks to the talkies for humanizing history! Henry the Eighth, Queen Elizabeth, Empress Catherine, and Queen Christina were only dry-as-dust puppets of the past until I saw them come to life on the screen. Orchids in profusion to the men who have revived them!

Betty Lou Elliot,
 830 E. Second St.,
 Whitefish, Mont.

HITTING THE TRAILER!

Can't something be done about the long trailers shown in movie houses at every performance? "Coming attractions" take up so much time, and usually prove boring. Every time I look at ten to fifteen minutes of this kind of movies, I feel like singing, "There's a long, long trailer winding—!"

Ellen Gustafson,
 7414 Emerald Ave.,
 Chicago, Ill.

BRING 'EM BACK LIVELY!

Hollywood, wake up! The picture public is practically begging you *please* to let us see our old favorites again: Norma Talmadge, Aileen Pringle, Corinne Griffith, Lila Lee, and many others. Give them a chance—we're sure to back you up!

Buzz De Motts,
 Sioux Center, Iowa.

"GRAND GUY" GABLE

At last Clark Gable has been given an opportunity to show his acting ability, and he comes through 100%. I refer to his delightful performance in "It Happened One Night," in which he's once again the Clark we devotees admire—rough, tender,

Now You're Talking!

"Swifties" from
 SCREENLAND
 reader-scribes

What ho! The movies have made our readers all excited again! And, naturally, they've written to tell us all about it.

Here's a correspondent who hails a new movie era with the advent of Anna Sten! And another who files a demurrer against music in non-musical movies. And still another who plunges headlong into the Hepburn "publicity-act" controversy with a brand-new slant. And so it goes—the movie questions of the moment are thrashed out with great gusto, and everybody has a grand time.

The cheering squad is out in full strength again, too, with loud huzzahs resounding for such deserving stars as Gable, Lionel Barrymore, Crosby, Hepburn, et. al.

What are the burning questions that agitate your movie mind? Now is the time, and here is the place, to make your confessions! And don't lose sight of that liberal sprinkling of prizes—\$5.00 each for the eight best letters monthly—that make it so worth while!

Keep your letters within fifty words, and address Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 W. 45th St., New York, mailing to reach us by the 10th of the month. You may fire when ready!

a little dangerous, and oh, so devastatingly attractive!

Muriel Marks,
 2104 Aqueduct Ave.,
 New York City.

WONDERS OF MODERN SCIENCE!

Clever, these newsreel cameramen! They can make divers dive backward! In fact, they do. And in every other newsreel divers dive backward, and more divers dive backward. Some joke! I wonder why they never show a shell entering the mouth of a cannon? That should last for years, too!

Lee De Blanc,
 213 St. Peter,
 New Iberia, La.

WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS!

WANTED:

More rôles for Edward Everett Horton—one grand comedian.

A humorous part for Gary Cooper—what a delightful *White Knight* he was!

A chance for Norma Shearer to play once again a genuine lady, the intelligent, courageous gentlewoman that she can perform with reality and conviction.

Annie Campbell Jones,
 220 North Mt. Vernon St.,
 Prescott, Ariz.

(Continued on page 11)

As always — Warner Bros. bring you the greatest of stars in the greatest of stories! Now..



KAY FRANCIS

Only a super-woman could have lived this story... Only a super-star could bring it to the screen! You'll marvel as you watch the supreme artistry of Kay Francis sweep triumphantly through a role only the greatest dared to play!

in "DR. MONICA"

You'll thrill as four great personalities from Warner Bros. famed star ranks re-create the story critics warned could not be screened! You'll applaud it as the finest dramatic achievement of the present year!

JEAN MUIR ★ WARREN WILLIAM ★ VERREE TEASDALE

Directed by William Keighley.. A First National Picture



SCREENLAND

Honor Page

Cheers for Wallace Beery
and Company in "Viva
Villa!"

YOU'LL cheer Beery! You will applaud the players who surround him in that "glorified Western," "Viva Villa." Beery himself has never been so vitally, violently victorious in interpreting a rôle as he is in his new motion picture. He makes the patriot-bandit, *Pancho Villa*, one of the most picturesque characters ever to ride across the screen. But his supporting cast crowds him closely for first honors. Henry B. Walthall, beloved by the older filmgoers as *The Little Colonel* in D. W. Griffith's "The Birth of a Nation," gives the second great performance of his fine career as the Mexican patriot, *Madero*. Joseph Schildkraut enters the glory lists again as the villain of the piece—a superb portrayal, florid, flashy, but exactly right. Leo Carrillo swaggers with gusto as *Villa's* right-hand killer. Stuart Erwin is the humorous and realistic reporter. Last but not least, to the ladies! Katherine DeMille, Cecil's brilliant daughter, is a vivid figure as *Villa's* wife. Fay Wray glows as the gracious aristocrat whose beauty maddens *Villa*. Troupers, to you!

The exotic Katherine DeMille,
as *Villa's* wife.

Joseph Schildkraut, below,
"Viva Villa's" "villain."



Stuart Erwin, right, as the
most inquiring reporter.



Lovely Fay Wray, left, as the
tragic Mexican beauty.

Leo Carrillo, below, in his ele-
ment as *Villa's* aid.



Henry B. Walthall, left, whose
Madero is unforgettable.

Now You're Talking

Continued from page 8

RING OUT!

In silent days Lionel Barrymore made a famous picture called "The Bells." Why not revise this story and make a talkie of it? It is a unique drama, and would afford this splendid actor an excellent vehicle for some real character portraiture. Anyway—let's have more Lionel and less John!

M. A. Dotterer,
Box 246,
Clewiston, Fla.

EN-RICH THE SCREEN AGAIN!

I sincerely hope the beautiful and fascinating Irene Rich doesn't decide to abandon the movies for the radio permanently. It's such a treat to see her play a "wife-and-mother" rôle—she just makes you live the part with her. Please, producers, send us another picture with Irene!

Mrs. A. W. Colt,
3223 N. Main St.,
Racine, Wis.

THE MELODIES LINGER ON!

Musicals are O. K. But must we listen to some dragged-in tune every time we go to a movie? "Too Much Harmony" and such were excellent. But when, in the middle of a good "straight" picture, the characters burst into an impossible dance and a ditty, I can't take it!

Mary E. Clapp,
Box 168,
Mineral Wells, Tex.

SHE GIVES GOOD VALUE

Why all the palaver about Hepburn's so-called publicity "act"? Theatregoers pay for "acting," and Katharine surely delivers the goods! It's too absurd to expect her off-stage life to suit everyone. Human beings aren't made that way. Hepburn's future? Greater rôles for a great actress to portray!

Norman Thompson,
123 E. 34th St.,
Lorain, Ohio.

"DR." WILL!

"A Merry Heart Doeth Good Like a Medicine." I'd miss a meal to see Will Rogers in a picture. His natural acting always gives me a laugh, and I come away from his films feeling 100 per cent better. And—hurrah for Rogers!—only clean stuff goes with Will.

Mabel Little,
336 South Olive St.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

ON WITH THE DANCE!

What the world really needs is some more happy-go-lucky young fellows like Fred Astaire. This hot-footed lad astounded me with his performances in "Dancing Lady" and "Flying Down to Rio". Don't forget, Hollywood—we want more of Astaire!

Jane T. McGregor,
44-11 Little Neck Parkway,
Little Neck, N. Y.

VALE LILYAN TASHMAN

How tragic, the passing of Lilyan Tashman at the height of her career! Always a good actress, if not a great one, she lived well, laughed often, brought joy and laughter to many, and made this earth a better and happier place for having lived in it.

Hendel Hallenstein,
57 Sargent St.,
Springfield, Mass.

Left to right Fabric gauntlet with natural linen cuff ★ mesh gauntlet with cross-bar organdie cuff ★ waffle weave gauntlet ★ white doe-skin slipon ★ Ivory pigskin slipon. Fownes gloves washable with Ivory Flakes.



FOWNES *says*
"Wash our Gloves
—this way—"

1. Use cool water and pure, quick-melting Ivory Flakes to whisk up rich suds. (Fownes, famous glove-makers, say: "We heartily advise pure Ivory Flakes for our finest washable gloves.")

2. Wash gloves on hands, using soft brush to work rich Ivory suds into soiled areas. Squeeze out without wringing. Remove gloves.

3. Put gloves through lukewarm rinsings. Pure Ivory suds rinse out easily. (Give cuffs of fabric gauntlet gloves a light starching—press the cuffs before completely dry.)

4. Pull gloves into shape. Press between layers of towel. Blow fingers of leather gloves. Lay flat away from heat. (Work leather gloves before entirely dry, to soften texture.)

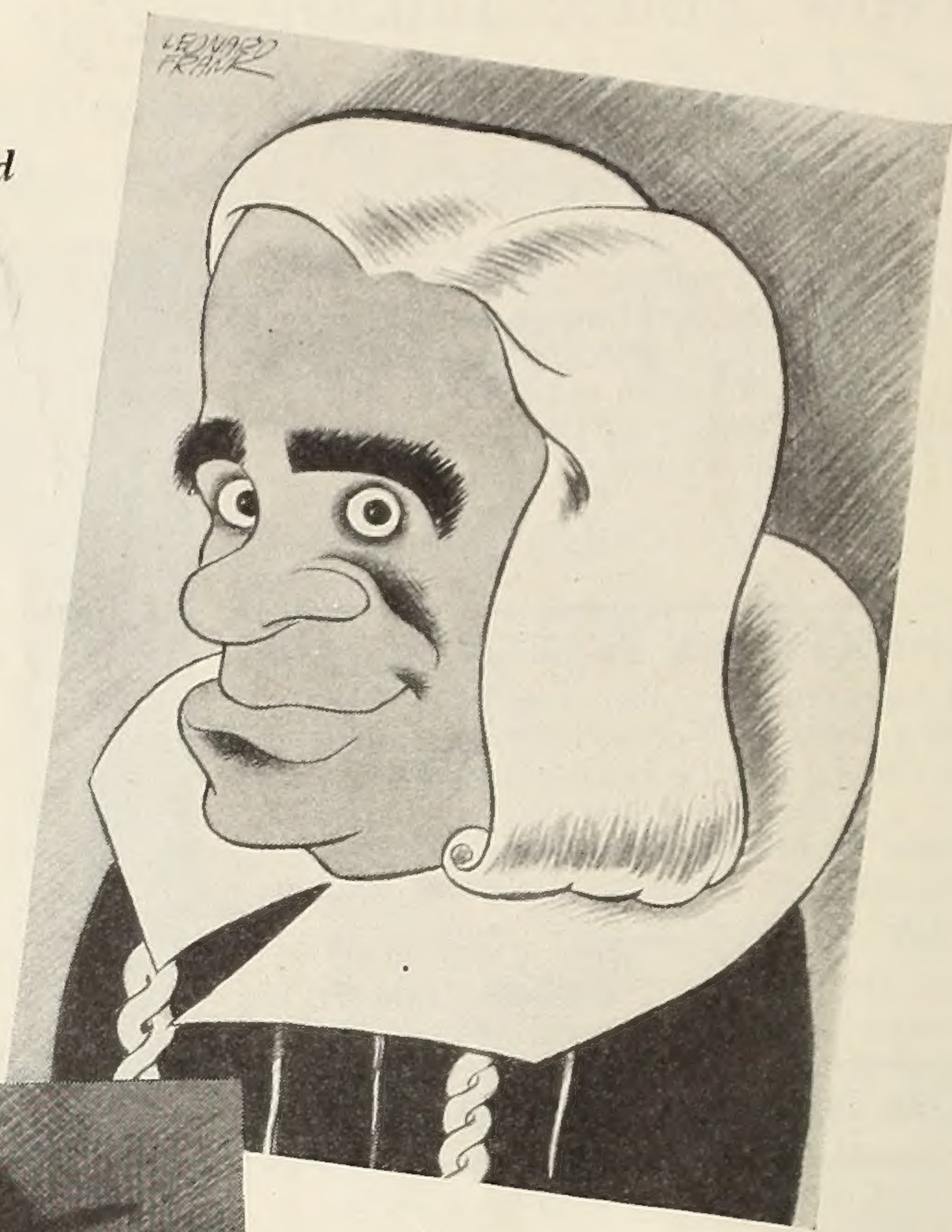
Ivory Flakes • 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % pure • Today's safest and biggest value in fine fabrics soap



Mae West as *Harold Teen*.

Al Jolson as *Queen Christina*.

With apologies
to the fine screen
artists caricatured,
as well as
the originals!

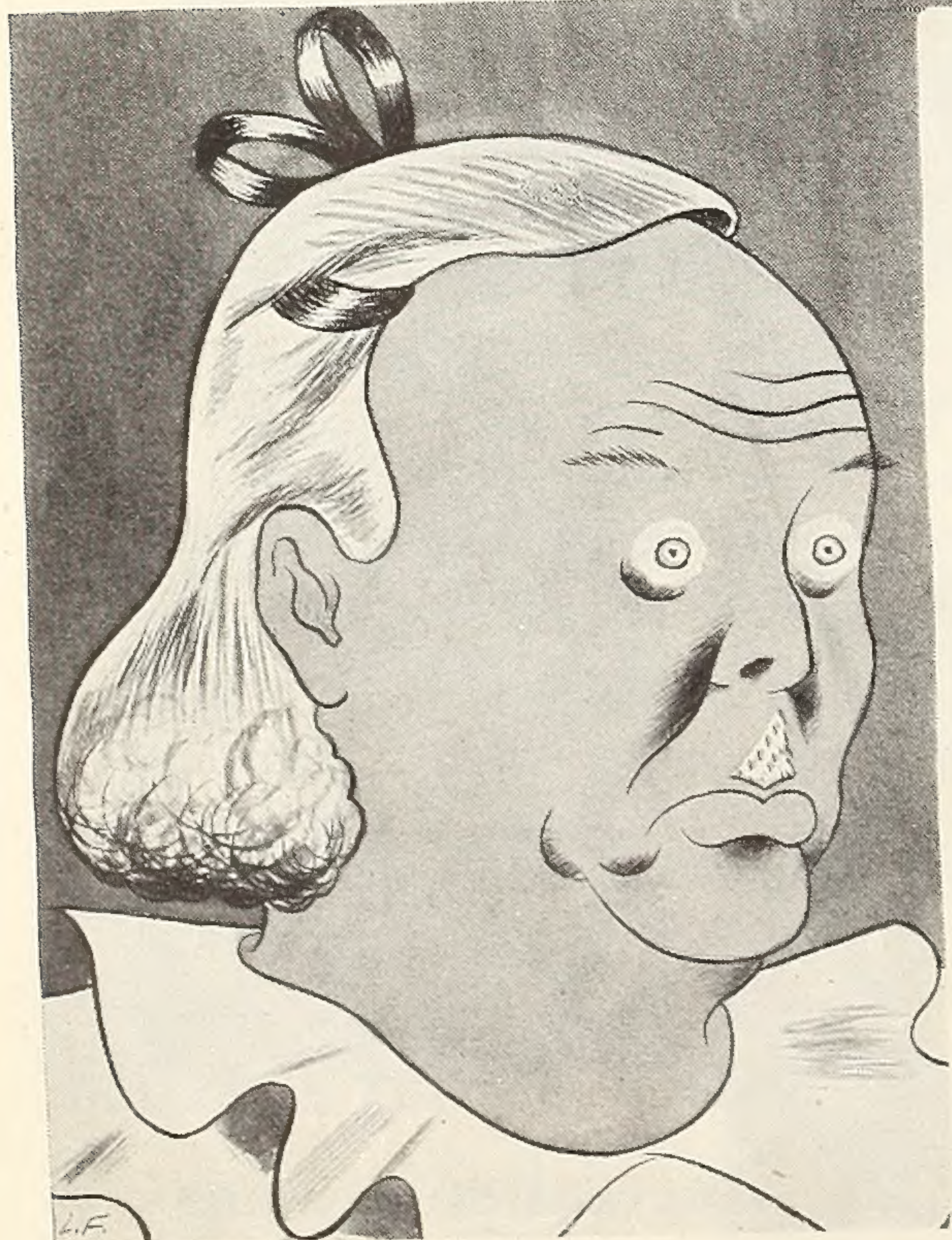


Rôles They'll Never Play!



Upsetting the star
system—or fun for
all! Laugh, stars,
laugh!

By
Leonard Frank



W. C. Fields as *Rothschild*.

Guy Kibbee as *Alice in Wonderland*.

Zasu Pitts as *Laughing Boy*.



BEAUTIFUL - - -

AND THE PICTURE OF HEALTH

THELMA TODD

KNOWS BREAD IS ONE OF HER
BEST FRIENDS!

THELMA TODD'S striking blonde beauty is bright with animation. Her health, she knows, is a priceless possession . . . and she plans her diet carefully to provide the energy she needs. That's where *bread* proves a friend! Read her letter to Betty Crocker, menu expert.

The fascinating Thelma Todd adds many delightful high spots of comedy to the new Wheeler and Woolsey laugh riot, "Cockeyed Cavaliers", an RKO-Radio Picture.

Dear Betty Crocker:

In Hollywood we have to keep up our vitality. So much depends on it—our looks, our ability. They tell us to be sure we get enough energy food --like bread. I eat bread in some form at every meal.

Thelma Todd

109 NEW WAYS TO SERVE BREAD

BY BETTY CROCKER, MENU EXPERT

Free! This fascinating new book of recipes and menus, "*Vitality Demands Energy* (109 Smart New Ways to Serve Bread, Our Outstanding Energy Food)." By Betty Crocker, noted cooking authority. Clever suggestions for combining bread with other foods to make tasty, well balanced meals. Tempting menus for every occasion. Intriguing ideas for sandwiches, ap-

petizers, accompaniments for soups, salads. Interesting new uses for the delicious breads, and other baked wheat products, supplied you in delightful variety, by your baker. Include breads in every meal! Products Control Department of General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis.

SCIENCE REVEALS WHY BREAD IS OUR OUTSTANDING ENERGY FOOD

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2 *Builds, repairs.* Contains also proteins, used for building muscle and helping daily repair of body tissues. Thus bread, and other baked wheat products, used freely for essential energy needs, do not unbalance the diet in respect to proteins as do large amounts of energy foods lacking other essential nutrients.

3 *Is one of the most easily digested foods.* 96% assimilated.



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City..... State.....

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POPULAR STAR

She knows how!

She is too clever to let drab, dull hair spoil her attractiveness. Her hair is always soft, lustrous, radiant with tiny dancing lights—the subject of much admiration—and not a little envy. She wouldn't think of using ordinary soaps. She uses Golden Glint Shampoo.

**Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo, in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a fashionable "tiny-tint"—a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair! 25c at your dealers'—or a FREE sample will show you the difference. Send for it now!*

FREE

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Seattle, Wash. * * * Please send a free sample.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Color of my hair: _____

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or smaller if desired.
Same price for full length
or bust form, groups, land-
scapes, pet animals, etc.,
or enlargements of any
part of group picture. Safe
return of original photo
guaranteed.

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NATIONAL ART SCHOOL, Inc.
3601 Michigan Avenue, Dept. 443-B, Chicago, Illinois



You're asking about Joel McCrea—and Miss Vee Dee is answering as usual! Here's Joel in his favorite rôle of happy husband to lovely Frances Dee, in their new ranch home.

ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

Sally Rand Fan. Now isn't that too ducky? Two or three years ago I was swamped with letters asking about Sally and her whereabouts. She had sort of dropped out of sight until last summer when she made *The Century of Progress* famous with her dancing. Sally made pictures in 1925 for Christie, Roach, and Sennett. She was a Wampas Baby Star in 1927, and in 1928 was on the stage. She was born on April 3, 1905, has grey eyes, ash blonde hair and is 5 feet $\frac{3}{4}$ inches tall. Her real name is Hazel Beck.

Jean, a V. D. Fan. The comedy, if any, displayed in this column is all my own—I haven't a handy "gag" man to fall back on. Diana Wynyard, whose real name is Dorothy Cox, was born on January 16, 1908, in London, England. She has dark blue eyes, golden brown hair, is 5 feet $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches tall and weighs 127 pounds. Her latest release is "Where Sinners Meet."

Carmelita D. So you know our Johnny Weissmuller far out in Malta. A gardenia to you for your confidence in my ability to provide entertaining answers to all inquiring fans. Johnny was born in Chicago, Ill., on June 2, 1904. He has brown hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 190 pounds. His first wife was Bobby Arnst, former star of New York musical comedies. His present wife is Lupe Velez. His new picture is "Tarzan and His Mate" with Maureen O'Sullivan.

Barbara K. You and your friend are half right and half wrong in reference to

your wager over Betty Compson. The wife of Jimmy Walker is Betty Compton, who was on the stage before her marriage; but Betty Compson has had a long screen career. She was in Christie Comedies and in 1919 first attracted attention by her work in "Miracle Man," a picture which is still referred to as one of the masterpieces in film achievement.

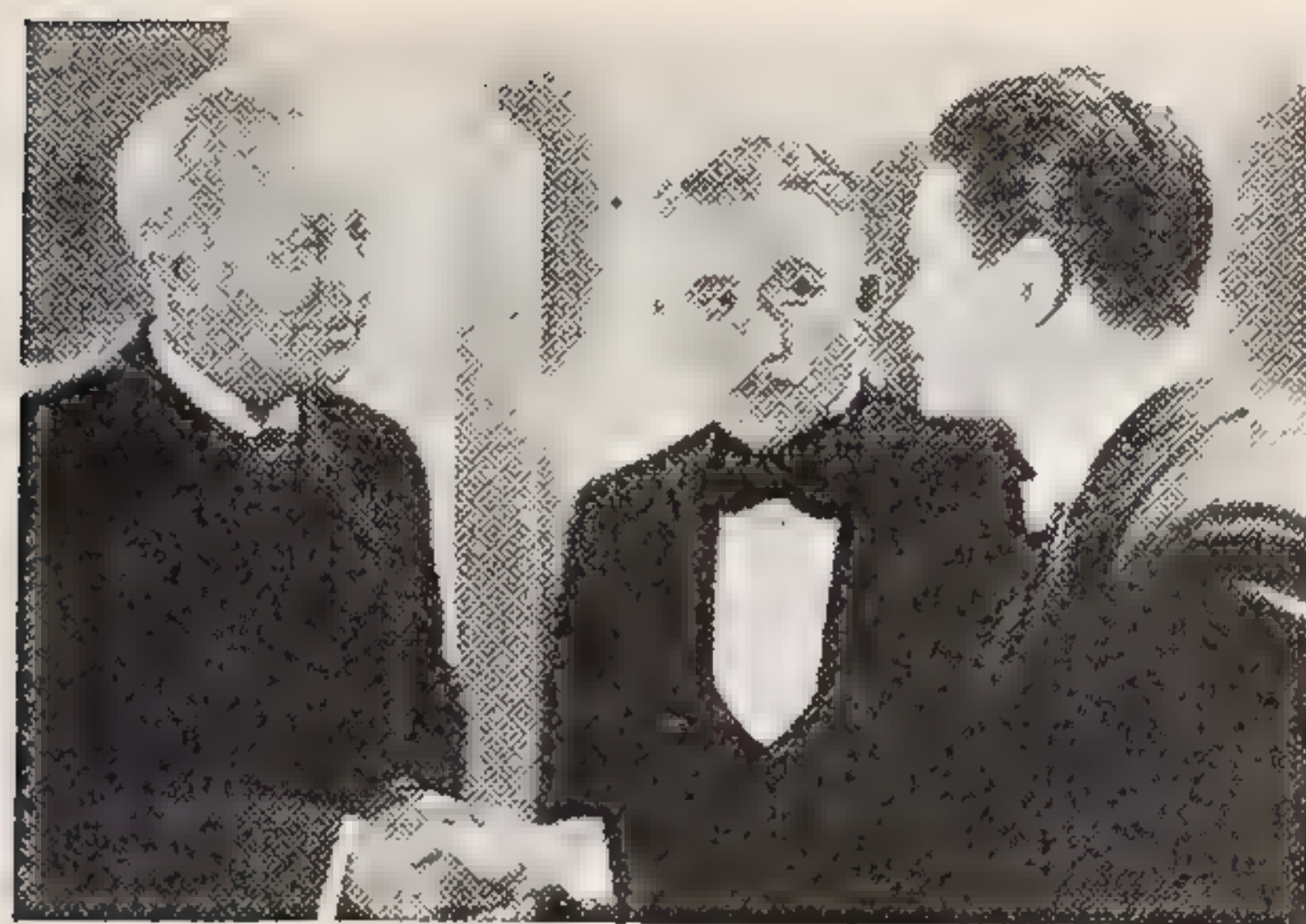
A Baxter Fan. Your hero, Warner Baxter, goes right on making one picture after another, each with a sincerity that has its appeal to his many followers. Warner was born on March 29, 1893, in Columbus, Ohio. He has dark brown eyes and hair, is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 168 pounds, and is one of the best-looking and popular actors in Hollywood. He was married to Winifred Bryson in 1917—and still is! His later releases are "Dangerously Yours," "I Loved You Wednesday," "Paddy-the-Next-Best-Thing," "As Husbands Go," "Stand Up and Cheer."

Edna H. Your questions resemble a contest but we'll skip that. I have space for about a third of your list! Grant Withers, Betty Compson, and Gertrude Olmstead were the leads in "The Time, The Place, and The Girl." Jack Mulhall, Ford Sterling, and Blanche Sweet supported Alice White in "Show-girl in Hollywood." In "The Green Murder Case" you saw William Powell, Florence Eldridge, (the wife of Fredric March), Jean Arthur and Eugene Pallette. In "Glad-Rag Doll," Dolores Costello was supported by Ralph

(Continued on page 97)

Tagging The Talkies

Continued from page 6



The
Witching
Hour
Para-
mount

Hypnotism! But so beautifully photographed, so cleverly acted, and so well directed that you'll believe it. John Halliday hypnotizes Tom Brown into committing murder; and the court room scene that ensues is a whirlwind of drama. Sir Guy Standing, the English character actor, will win your favor with his finely-drawn performance of the role of an old hypnotist-and-lawyer who returns to defend his son (Brown) in court. This'll give you chills, but chills are good for the nervous system, physicians aver.



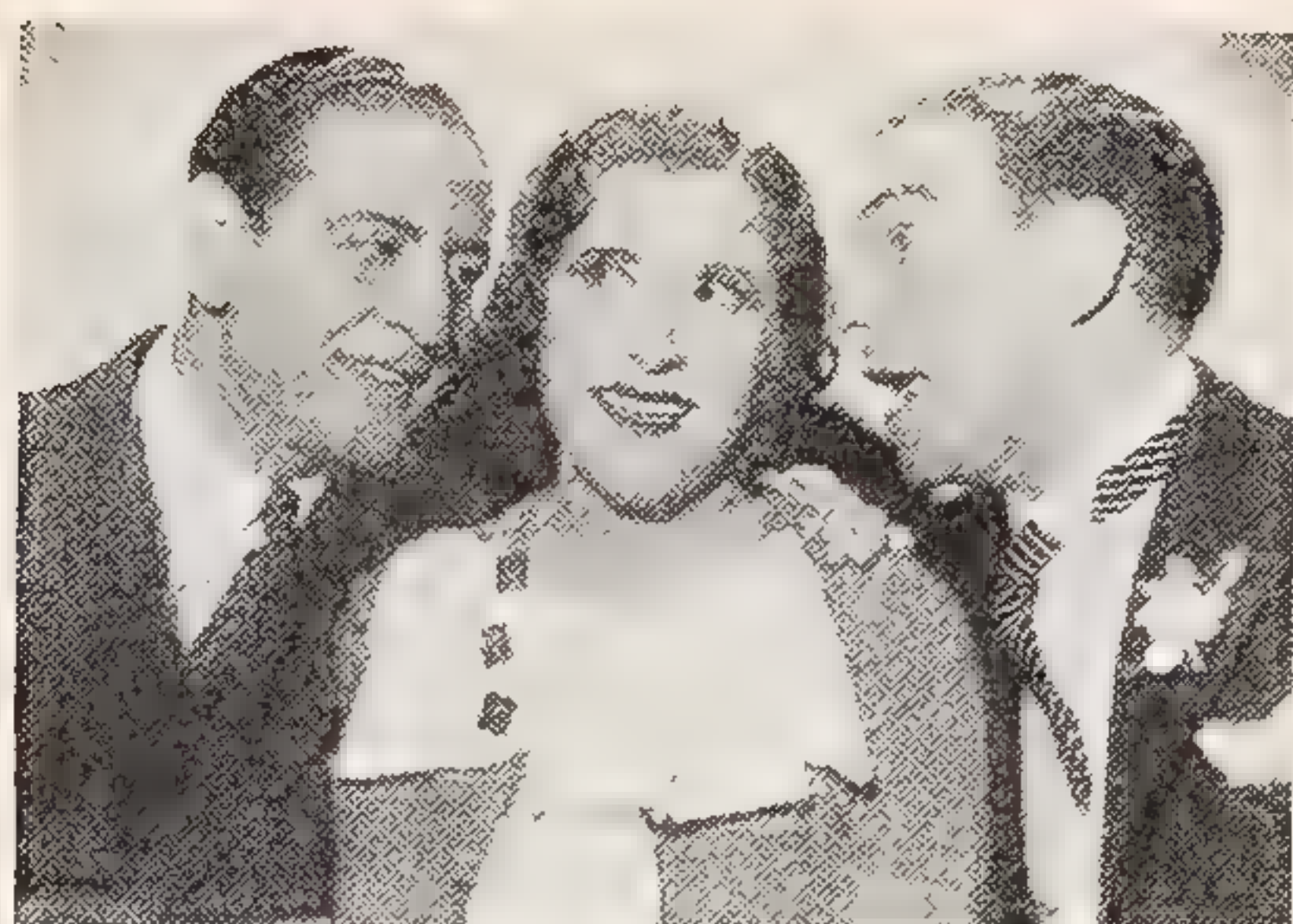
Wild
Gold
Fox

An over-ripe story that good performances by John Boles and Claire Trevor cannot save. Early in the picture, Boles, as a drunken engineer in a Western mining town, goes on the make for Claire Trevor, who plays a dance hall gal; later in the story they'd have you believe that he is really a "nice chap" and that she should fall into his arms. There is a big storm and dam-break sequence that is so noisy you can't sleep—so sleep at home the night this one shows.



Finishing
School
R-K-O

Goodness, you never saw so many pretty gals! Ginger Rogers, Frances Dee, and an host of others. Bruce Cabot, right in amongst them, is simply wasted in his part; with a more romantic fellow as leading man, this so-so picture might have been a hum-dinger. Story is laid in a girls' school, but the theme is much livelier than the morbid story of that other girls' school picture, "Eight Girls In a Boat." Nevertheless, like its predecessor, this story is made up of anecdotes, rather than a well-formed plot. It's good entertainment, however. Watch Adalyn Doyle, ex-Katharine Hepburn "stand-in," in her first real rôle. She shows promise.



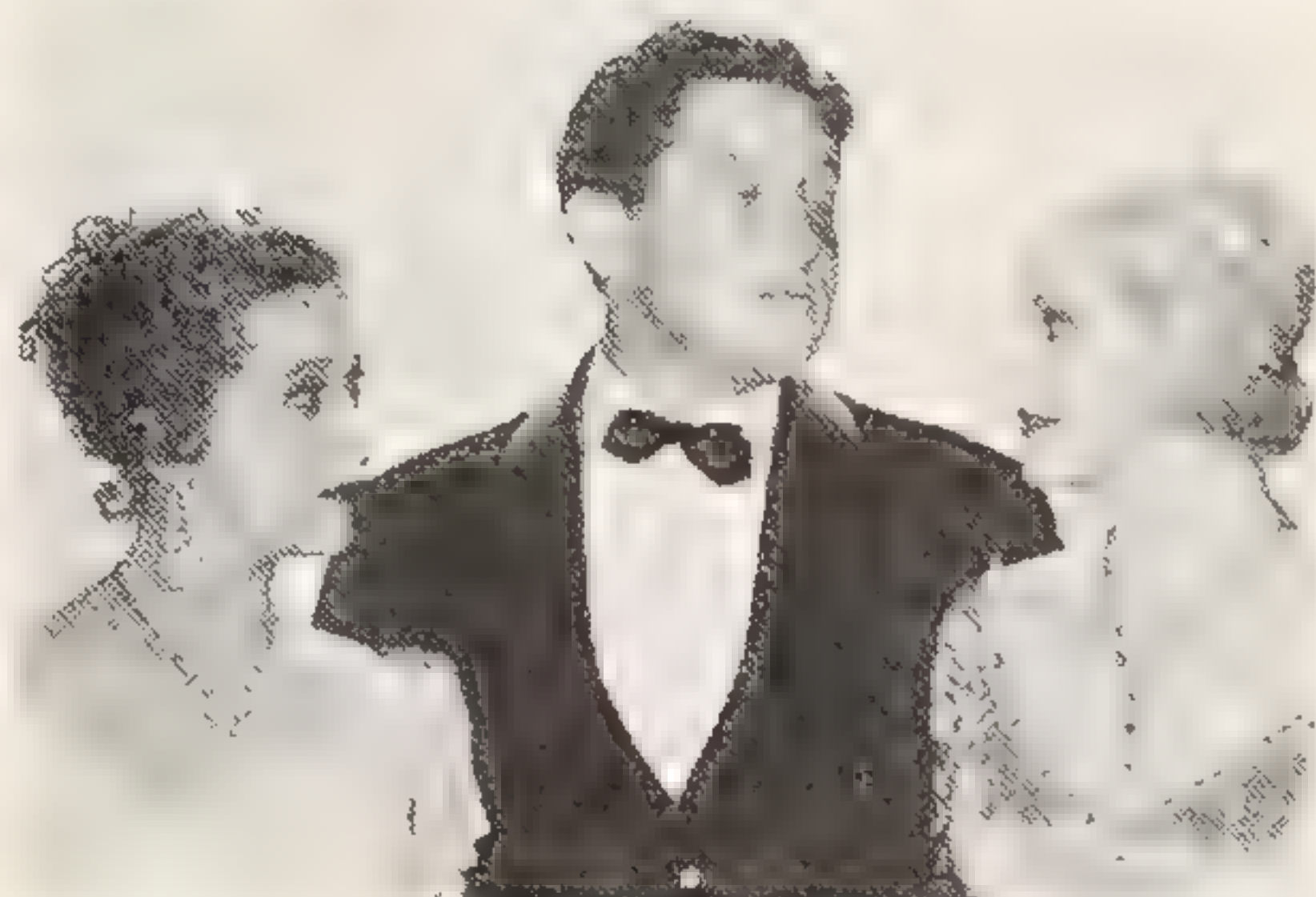
Many
Happy
Returns
Para-
mount

Chalk up a riot of laughter for George Burns and Gracie Allen, and pass a few laurels to Guy Lombardo's Royal Canadians (orchestra). Fast and furious is the pace of this picture, and if you are not rolling in the aisles before it is half over, it'll be because you're tied to your seat. Impossible to tell the story, but if you like laughs, cancel all engagements when "Many Happy Returns" reaches town.

Uncer-
tain
Lady
Uni-
versal



Flip a coin for or against this picture. Edward Everett Horton and Genevieve Tobin strive to make it good, and half-way succeed. It's about a woman who heads a big business firm, thus leaving her husband time to play. The husband makes the best of his opportunity and gets involved with a gal. Nothing new to the plot but several of the situations are clever. Fair entertainment.



Now
I'll
Tell
Fox

This is the inside story by Mrs. Arnold Rothstein about one of the most notorious gamblers of recent history. The story starts with the man making small bets, and continues to find him owner of a circuit of great gambling houses. His downfall and death make a decidedly dramatic story. Spencer Tracy, as the gambler, is excellent. Helen Twelvetrees and Alice Faye are more than adequate.

Sisters
Under
the
Skin
Colum-
bia



This story won't be new to you, but it is so deftly handled and well-acted that you may safely place this picture on your month's list of must-sees. The story is that of a wealthy middle-aged man who falls in love with a beautiful young actress, who in turn loves a fiery young composer. Not in ages has Miss Landi performed better, and Morgan, as is his habit, turns in a 24-carat performance.



"DOUBLE-QUICK"
REDUCTION
During the
SUMMERTIME



REDUCE

YOUR WAIST and HIPS
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
with the **PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE**
...or it will cost you nothing!



"I **REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES**," ...writes Miss Healy... "I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches"... writes Miss Brian... "Massages like magic"... writes Miss Carroll... "The fat seems to have melted away"... writes Mrs. McSorley.

So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly!

Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as its gentle massage-like action remove flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement... stimulating the body once more into energetic health!

Don't Wait Any Longer — Act Today!

You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce your waist and hips **THREE INCHES**! You do not need to risk one penny...try it for 10 days...at no cost!

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Please send me **FREE BOOKLET** describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

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Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card



"IT'S MY BUSINESS
To look beautiful

**..that's why I changed to
 LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE"**

Dorothy Swanson is typical of many lovely New York models. These girls, like scores of other women . . . educated, critical of values, able to afford the choicest beauty aids . . . have rejected older and costlier dentifrices for Listerine Tooth Paste.

They find that this 25¢ dentifrice cleans more thoroughly, gives enamel higher lustre, and sweetens the breath.

Scores of discriminating men, likewise, find Listerine Tooth Paste outstanding. They like the quick way it removes film and stains and the fresh, wholesome taste it leaves in the mouth.



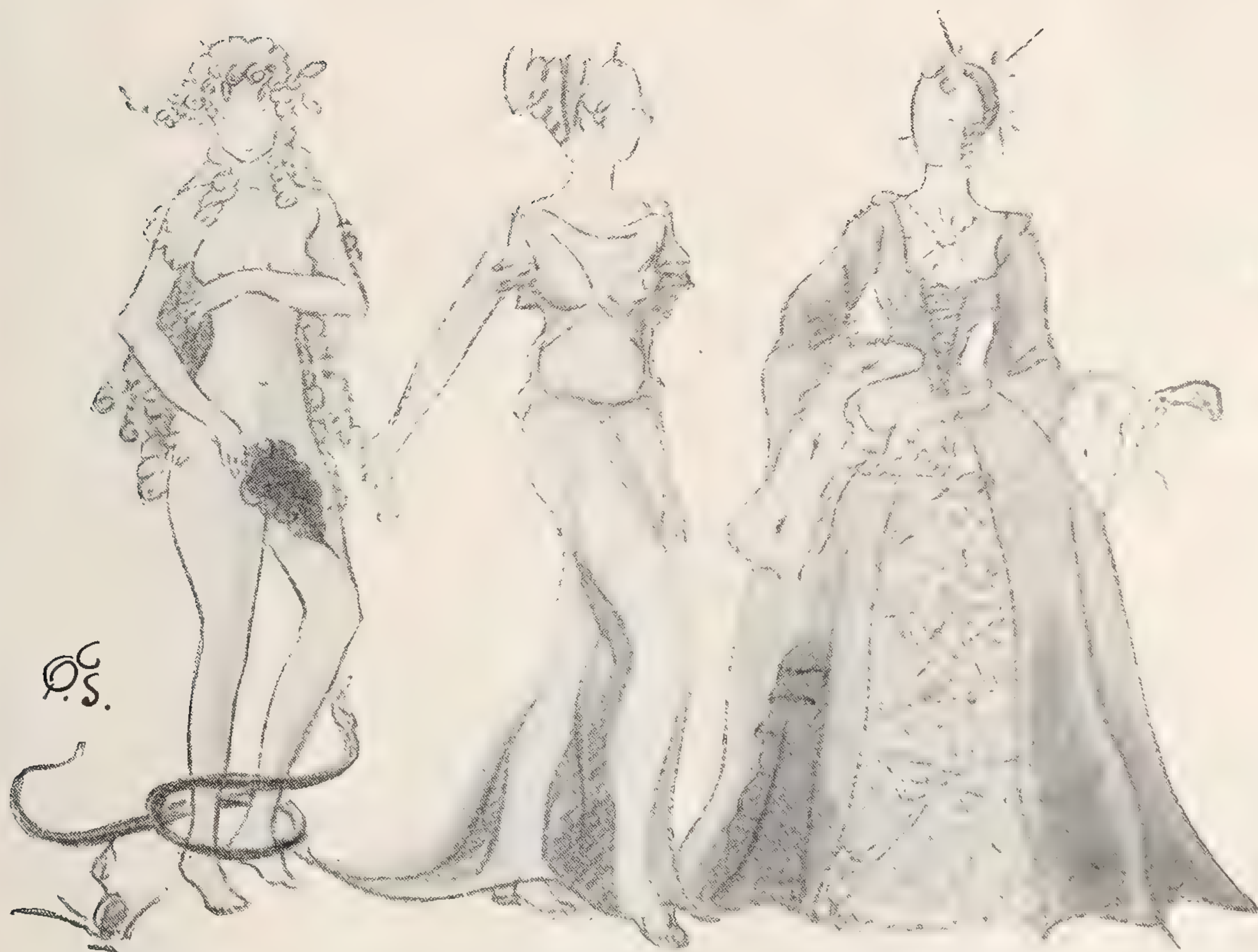
Children as well as grown-ups, every user at once becomes aware that this tooth paste is *different!*

Learn the benefits—far beyond price—which Listerine Tooth Paste will bring to *your* teeth. Learn, too, of the saving which you can make by changing to this tooth paste at 25¢. The new Double Size Listerine Tooth Paste, at 40¢, is a still greater economy. It contains *twice as much*—saves 20% more! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

THE NEW "MERRY WIDOW" HAT from Bonwit Teller, New York, which Miss Swanson wears is of shantung baku—sky blue in color with shell-pink grosgrain band and nosegay of rosebuds. Below—Bernice Lorimor shows you a brown and white checked angora coat and hat of toya straw—both from Anne Davis, New York.



The Editor's Page.



Original Title:
"Eve"

New Title: "Adam
and his Mate"

Old Title:
"Helen of Troy"

New Title:
"Wonder Girl"

Original Title:
"Marie Antoinette"

New Title: "Who's Afraid
of the Big Bad Ax?"

An Open Letter to Practically Everybody!

a title *to*, so long as you change it.

Let's see. "Cleopatra" to "She Met Her Marc." "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" to "And a Little Dog Shall Lead Them." "The Cat's Paw" to "The Kitten's Me-ouw."

"The Private Life of Don Juan" to "The Private Life of Don Juan." "Little Man, What Now?" to "Desire unter den Linden." "The Painted Veil"—Garbo's latest—to "The Dance of the Seven Painted Veils." "Of Human Bondage" to "He Loved a Waitress."

What, gentlemen? You think those are awful? Now you know a little how *we* feel! May I make a bargain with you? You guarantee not to change more than half the titles of the pictures now in production in your studios, and I'll promise that the Public will have a better idea of what they want to see on the screen and go to see it. How do you think they figure it all out, anyway? You know and I know why it is very often necessary to change picture titles. But the Public doesn't know. Don't you suppose they must wonder sometimes just what happens to all these pictures they see announced in the newspapers and the magazines? (I know they do—they write to me about it.) What becomes, they ask themselves, of all those poor little lost movies? Where, oh where is "The Firebrand" that they were waiting to see? A few quick thinkers may guess that it has suddenly become "The Affair of Cellini"—but many more must wander away disconsolate, never to return. Can't we get together on this thing?

DEAR Metro, Warners, Paramount, Fox, RKO, United Artists, Universal, Columbia, etc.:

Can't something be done? Fun's fun, but don't you think this has all gone far enough? Think of the feelings of all the film-goers. How their heads must be whirling! It's bad enough about *my* head. But what is mine compared to so many? Trying to catch up with the title-changers of Hollywood!

One day, "Rip Tide." Next day, "Lady Mary's Lover." Third day, "Rip Tide" again! Think of all the wasted words, the spent printers' ink, the confusion! But maybe you *do* think of it. You gentlemen seem to think of everything. Maybe it's all publicity and I'm just naïve.

Of course, sometimes there are excuses. For example, when Warners changed "Hot Air" to "Rhythm in the Air" there *was* a slight improvement—but then "Music in the Air" objected, so "20,000,000 Sweethearts" became the final title—at this writing. Perhaps the Yale Lock people made them substitute "Isles of Fury" for "The Key." Did O. O. "Odd" McIntyre object to "Odd Thursday" so it had to be changed to "Such Women are Dangerous?" "Without Honor" becomes "He Was Her Man." (They do us wrong.) "Too Many Women" is—I mean are—now "Nine Million Women"—is *that* all?

I suppose I can't stop you, gentlemen. You must have your reasons. But may we, please, join in the fun? The following suggestions may help. After all, it doesn't seem to matter so much just what you change

Delight Swann

The Movie Romance *that Shocked the World!*

By Princess Radziwill

Noted author of "The Private Life of the Last Tzarina," "Germany under Three Emperors," "Nicholas II, The Last of the Tsars"—the latter book crowned by the French Academy.

TIMES have changed indeed since the World War. Before its devastating consequences had transformed all our social structure, the only romances which really interested the crowds were those of Kings and Queens, and other royal personages. Today, fewer romantic tales are woven about them, because other and far more important sovereigns than those whom one used to call "Your Majesty" have taken their places, and absorb our attention.

It is once more a case of "The King is dead, long live the King!" Movie stars are the new royalty—and although there may be people who have never heard of the existence of the King of Sweden, try to find those who don't know Garbo!

Having lived as I have done in intimate contact with European royalty, and watched a good many of their romances and adventures, I can truthfully say that even their most startling affairs have never excited such interest as the matrimonial entanglements of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks are doing at present—not only in America, but also in Europe, where they constituted the main topic of conversation when I was in London not long ago.

And yet I have seen some rather exciting royal romances! There was, for instance, the case of Duke William of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and his wife, the Princess Alexandra of Prussia. Theirs was supposed to have been a love match. Yet six weeks after they had



Wide World

Whither Mary and Doug? That's the question the world is asking! Will there be a Happy Ending after all? Read this amazing story by an internationally celebrated author

NEWS ITEM:
Douglas Fairbanks sends Mary Pickford flowers on her forty-first birthday!

NEWS ITEM:
Mary Pickford breaks theatre records in personal appearance tour!

NEWS ITEM:

Lord Ashley files petition for divorce against Lady Ashley, naming Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., co-respondent!

NEWS ITEM:
Douglas Fairbanks starts work on his first British film.



Mary and Doug in happier days.

Left, on the opposite page, Fairbanks with the leading ladies in his latest movie, "The Private Life of Don Juan," filmed in England. The girls are, left to right, Joan Gardner, Elsa Lanchester, (Mrs. Charles Laughton), Benita Hume, Merle Oberon.

Remember "The Taming of the Shrew," the first and only film in which Mary and Doug co-starred? Scene at right.



"Our Mary," the most beloved motion picture star in the history of films. Her personal appearance tour of cinema theatres has been a triumphal progress. Will her private life work out as happily?

been married with great pomp in the old Royal Castle in Berlin, the bridegroom disappeared one morning, and never returned to his wife of a few days; furthermore, without ever saying what reasons he had had for doing such an extraordinary thing! The Princess was a charming woman, and neither before nor after her sad marriage was there ever heard one word against her; but in spite of all her efforts, she never succeeded in persuading her husband to return to her, not even when their daughter and only child was born. And this (Continued on page 68)



When you say that, smile, Walter! Above, Mr. Huston with Nan Sunderland, who is Mrs. Huston in private life, in their stage hit, Sinclair Lewis' "Dodsworth." Below, the star with Fay Bainter, in the same play. What, no more Hollywood?

"No More Hollywood for Me!"

A SCREEN AND SCOOP

Says Walter Huston

Does he really mean it? Read the story for the truth!

By Leonard Hall



"Dodsworth"
photographs by
White

COME with me and meet the happiest actor in the world. Don't be shy—he's an old screen pal of yours!

He sits at his dressing-table in a New York theatre, slapping tan grease-paint on his noble pan. He looks a lot like the late Abraham Lincoln—the lawyer of Springfield, not the careworn Abe of the Civil War White House. There's a dab of honest white at each temple, for our happy trouper is in his fiftieth year. There's an air of gaiety about the whole backstage set-up, and out front the "Standing Room Only" sign swings in the breeze made by rushing customers.

Yes sir, it's Walter Huston, home on Broadway after four years in the Hollywood jungles—making up for the star part in "Dodsworth," Broadway's biggest dramatic hit since "Ben-Hur."

Happy? Huston is delirious—and small wonder!

Consider the man and his long career under the sputtering arcs.

For twelve weary years he roamed the towns, tanks, and flag-stations of the Republic—a song-and-dance man in vaudeville. Hard to believe that one of America's finest actors shuffled off to Buffalo in his youth, but he did, and struggled for Bigger and Finer Things.

At last he escaped from the razzle-dazzle and made his dramatic debut in a little dramatic bijou called "In Convict (Continued on page 82)

Raft Reveals All!

And we mean ALL! Our Mr. Hall makes the "Bolero" boy talk freely and the result is—

A SCREEN AND SCOOP

THE usual howl of the poor interviewer is that he has a terrible time getting his coy subject to spill the beans!

Often he is forced to resort to flattery, hypnotism, black magic, or a pointed pistol. Once I had to build a large bonfire under a tongue-tied actor—but that's another yarn.

But did you ever hear of a reporter knocked silent by a flood of newsy speech without so much as tickling the victim? That's because you have not yet heard the tale of me and Georgie Raft, the eminent



George Raft decides to talk, he says things! Leonard Hall, SCREENLAND'S Demon Reporter, persuaded the eminent ex-hoofer to speak his mind!



Acme

"Sure I have a wife!" said George. Here she is!

ex-hoofer now a motion picture actor!

Now this Mr. Raft, as you may know, is a very slick article and could be a pint of bad news were he so inclined. He was born and raised in a section of New York where the cops still walk three abreast after sunset. He was a box-fighter in his earlier youth, and one of those ominous sitters-around at Broadway night-clubs. Now he is one hundred and sixty pounds of solid gristle, with sleek hair and an eye like a dirk.

I faced the ordeal of grilling Mr. Raft with some trepidation. But business was business, especially now, so I summoned my bodyguards, Groucho and Harpo, and charged boldly into the Paramount Building, on Broadway, to have a go at Georgie.

It was a ticklish moment for firing a load of conversational buckshot at this particular actor. For three potent and stinging reasons.

One. The papers of the nation were blazing with stories connecting his name, matrimonially, with that of Mrs. Virginia Peine Lehmann, a beauteous Chicago lady having a fling at the flickers as "Virginia Pine." Incidentally, at the moment the lady possessed a regularly-constituted husband. The press flamed, and statements and denials about a possible Pine-Raft romance had driven all the war and strike news back to the want-ad pages.

Two. After having been craftily concealed by a cautious film company for years, the news that Mr. Raft possessed a lawful wedded wife had come smashing into the headlines—no doubt to the confusion of all parties.

Three. Mr. Raft was, at the moment, A Very Naughty Little Boy. He had (Continued on page 94)



Wide World

"Miss Virginia Pine is a very fine young lady," George Raft told Leonard Hall. Here is Virginia with George, snapped by a talented Hollywood camera-snooper.



The latest and perhaps loveliest of all the DuBarrys of stage or screen—Del Rio! She refuses to believe in the "DuBarry Jinx." Instead she welcomes her new rôle as the most promising she has ever played.

Does the *DuBarry* *Jinx* Threaten Dolores Del Rio?

By

James Marion

DOLORES DEL RIO is not afraid! She threw back her head and uttered those defiant words which you see quoted in large type on the opposite page. She hurled her defiance at history, at the "jinx" that the superstitious have said dooms all actresses who essay the rôle of *Madame DuBarry*.

Dolores, in gorgeous costume, stepped on the set at the studio, ready to enact a scene in the French historical picture in which she is to be starred. Shattering her mood of gaiety, someone mentioned the ill fortune that has befallen actresses who have previously portrayed the great part.

In the minds of the superstitious, there is no doubt that a distinct hoodoo accompanies the ghost of *DuBarry*. There must be such a jinx, such superstitious persons point out, because just look at the bad luck that has happened to *all* actresses who have enacted the rôle in the past.

Now, like Miss Del Rio, this writer is not superstitious. But I must admit that as Dolores and others of the group who were present on the set discussed the appalling list of casualties that have befallen past *DuBarry*'s, a few cold shivers tingled down my spine!

My wonderment became more acute when one member of the group whispered melodramatically, "Remember, Kay Francis was first announced for this *DuBarry* rôle?"

All of us did remember. We also recalled that within a week after that announcement, Kay and her husband

separated. Almost on the heels of that staggering news, Miss Francis made known her intention to file suit for divorce.

Until the separation of Kay Francis and Kenneth McKenna was made public, everybody had believed them to be ideally happy. *Did such a thing as a DuBarry jinx shatter their happiness?*

Thirteen years ago, (and does that *thirteen* have any significance in conjunction with this story?), Pola Negri flashed upon the world as the star of a foreign-made production titled "Passion." Miss Negri played *DuBarry* in that picture. For once it seemed that the jinx had failed, for "Passion" caused Hollywood producers to send for Pola, and she signed a wonderful motion picture contract.

Such good luck was apparently only a disguise for tragedies that were to follow. Miss Negri was divorced from Count Eugene Dombrowski. In rapid succession came a parade of painful disappointments in love—with Tade Styka, an artist; with Charlie Chaplin, who married another; with Rudolf Valentino, who died; and with Prince Serge M'divani, from whom she was divorced after a brief marriage. Her great following of fans seemed to dwindle. No longer is she one of the great figures of Hollywood. She has turned to the stage, and screen audiences have turned to the glamorous newcomers.

"Who remembers Mrs. Leslie Carter?" asked a veteran actor who sat among the group that surrounded Miss Del Rio. Only one or two were old enough to remember

"Bad luck has come to every actress who has portrayed DuBarry, either on stage or screen. Now my friends are frightened for my own welfare; they are afraid that the DuBarry jinx will threaten me. But I am not superstitious. I am not afraid of the shadow of DuBarry!"

Delores Del Rio

A SCREEN AND SCOOP

Mrs. Carter, who was a star twenty or more years ago. Everyone present knew of her name and fame, for Mrs. Leslie Carter is one of the traditions of the stage.

The veteran actor who brought up her name proceeded to tell of his version of how the *DuBarry* "Jonah" wrecked Mrs. Carter's life. She was one of the late David Belasco's great stars; in fact, she was by many regarded as Belasco's greatest star. Up to the time she played *DuBarry* on the stage, she tasted



The real DuBarry, from a portrait by Drouvais painted in 1769. She lived and loved and suffered her tragic fate—and her dramatic name endures. Great actresses still portray her, the latest being Del Rio.

Pola Negri, left, as DuBarry in "Passion," the motion picture which won Pola her American film contract and fame and fortune! But—Negri no longer appears regularly in films. Was the jinx at work?

Norma Talmadge, left, below, whose second "talkie" was "DuBarry, Woman of Passion." Today Norma is remembered as one of the greatest of all silent screen favorites—but she no longer makes pictures.

of wealth, success, and happiness. She was at the height of her fame when she elected to portray the French enchantress.

It was while she was appearing in the rôle that she fell in love with William Payne, an actor, whom she married. This marriage broke a promise she had made to Belasco—a promise that she would not wed. Belasco and Mrs. Carter quarrelled, and soon severed their successful affiliation. Under new management, the actress attempted to resume her career, but luck seemed turned against her. She went into bankruptcy, owing \$194,000. She recovered from that blow, only to plunge into more financial troubles which forced her into bankruptcy for the second time.

Not since her great success in "DuBarry" has Mrs. Leslie Carter enjoyed the fame and fortune that were hers before she essayed that part.

Stage history reveals the ills that befell many other DuBarrys. There was Anny Ahlers, the German actress, who was the original star of the London stage production, "The DuBarry." Miss Ahlers was a tremendous success, but during the run of the play her health was ruined by the terrific nervous strain and the physical demands of the characterization. Her life ended tragically. Superstitious persons blame the (Continued on page 89)



Wide World



Tomorrow's Stars?

By
James M. Fidler

Toby Wing, one of screenland's prettiest blondes, whose ambition is to be "like Mae West." Will she win?



thick-carpeted offices of the moguls of filmdom. The motion picture industry, more so than any other business in existence, must look ahead, must plan for the years to come.

Because the motion picture industry trades in beauty and personality—and beauty fades; personality wears.

Executives of the film industry realize that there must be new faces for tomorrow. They also know that the lucky era of silent pictures, when a pretty face could easily be elevated to stardom over-night, is gone forever.

Only one course is open—the motion picture industry must train its own future stars.

I do not make this statement in the nature of a discovery or a suggestion. I merely repeat something that executives of the film industry have known for two years. And for two years, the film industry has been building its own hatcheries for the breeding of tomorrow's screen stars.

This month I take you to the Paramount Studio, perhaps most active of all the motion picture companies in the general campaign to train new faces and personalities.

TOMORROW! Tomorrow! Tomorrow!

Today that frantic cry reverberates across the studio lots of Hollywood, echoing back from the great sound stages, and resounding in the



Elizabeth Young, above, debbie toiling in films.

Henry Wilcoxon,—Marc Antony in "Cleopatra."



Joan Marsh, a beautiful movie baby. Oh, that smile.

Frances Drake, right, who scored with George Raft.



If YOU say so, these newcomers will win screen fame and fortune. What's your verdict? First of an exclusive series presenting the most promising candidates for Hollywood glory

For the past several months, the Paramount organization has been carrying on an extensive search for promising young actors and actresses. Two world-wide talent contests have been included in this great search. Another contest to find an *Alice* for "Alice in Wonderland" revealed several promising youngsters. A country-wide search for a *Panther Woman* succeeded in uncovering at least six newcomers of marked talents.

In addition, the Paramount casting department has maintained a system of spies, or scouts, who have peered into every available corner for new faces and new personalities. Few stock companies in every city and town have not been seen by these spies, who have occasionally hurried their finds to Hollywood for tests and training.

As a result of these determined efforts, Paramount finds itself in the enviable position of having under long-term contracts a great number of young men and women, many of whom may never achieve great success, but some of whom are likely to be your favorite stars of tomorrow. Let me introduce you, in as brief but explicit manner as possible, to the Paramount hopefuls:

First, there are the six exciting young ladies who have been delegated, Paramount's Baby Stars of 1934. They are this studio's competition to the an- (Continued on page 78)

Flaming red hair, reminding of Clara Bow's—just one of Grace Bradley's claims to your attention.



Ray Milland, the lad who is getting another chance in films. Will you support him?

Howard Wilson, below, has some of that breezy humor that made Buddy Rogers a star.



Kitty from—no, not Kansas City this time, but New Orleans. Last name, Carlisle.

An ex-Follies blonde with smouldering gray eyes—that's Dorothy Dell. And how Dorothy can sing the blues! Born on a cotton plantation in Mississippi, acclaimed "Miss Universe of 1930," featured on Broadway—La Dell is now ambitious for screen honors.



Barbara Fritchie—her real name, too! She's just nineteen.



Gloria means Glamor!
Beery means Box-office!
What a Combination!



Gorgeous Gloria as she looks today—far from the screen-struck school-girl who fell in love with Wally Beery of old Essanay.

By
Ben Maddox

Gloria *and* Wally

THE most extraordinary "reunion" in the entire history of Hollywood is about to take place!

Gloria Swanson, who divorced Wallace Beery back in 1918, is going to attempt to restore her screen prestige at the studio where her first husband today ranks as the most popular male star!

Many situations in the movie world have been fraught with undercover drama, but never has there been an instance quite so amazing as this one promises to be. Fate throws ironic twists into the lives of the film great, but *this—!*

And, as though this were not astonishing enough news in itself, listen to more: there is a very strong possibility that Wally will be cast opposite Gloria in her initial picture under her new M-G-M contract, after she finishes her personal appearances tour in a stage playlet.

Ex-lovers are likely to be thrust together anywhere, but the proximity into which these two will be pushed is a coincidence which even has Hollywood itself gasping.

When they meet at Metro, what will Gloria and Wally



Gloria as a bathing girl! Discount the old-fashioned cap and study her real charm.



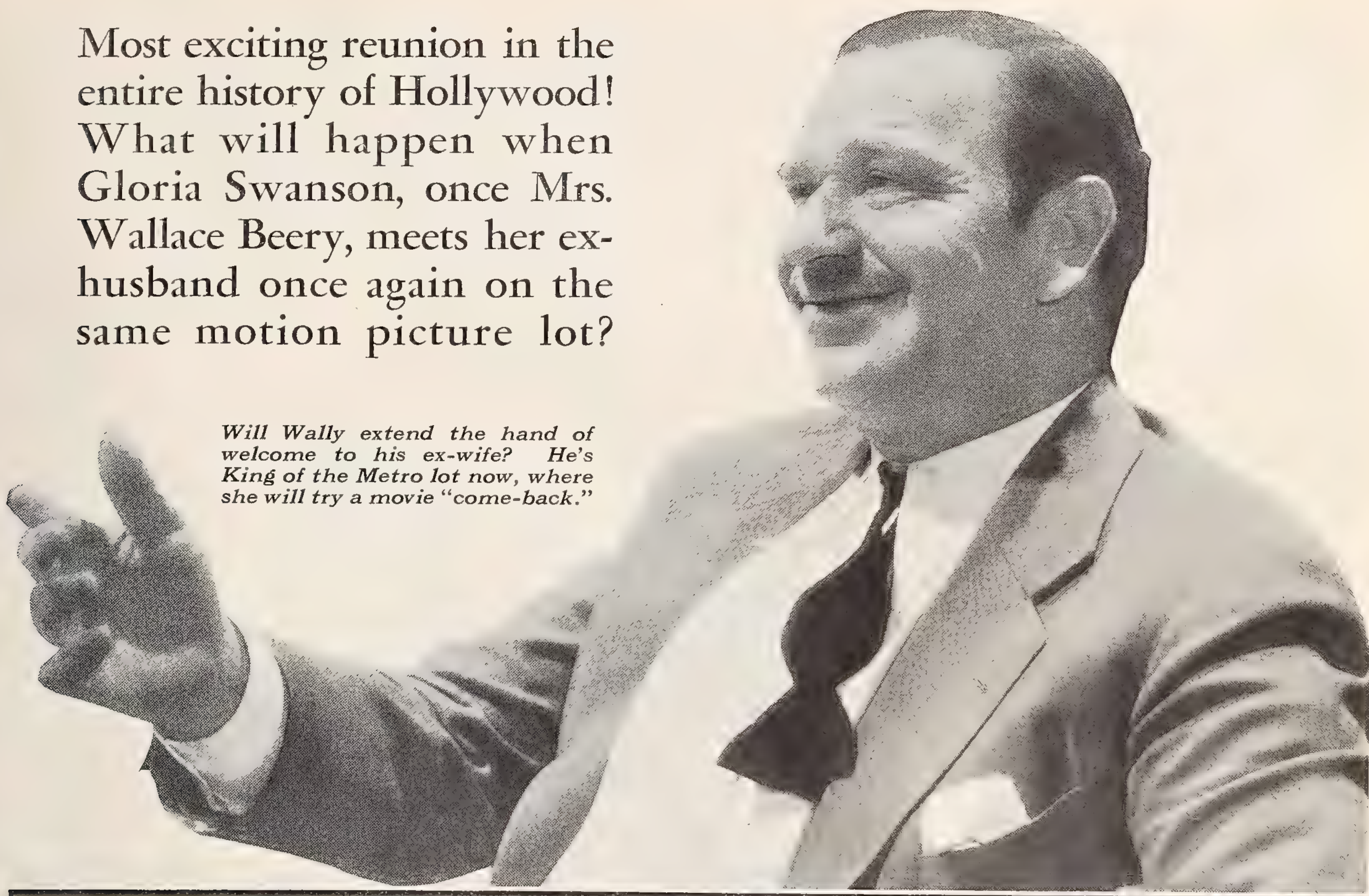
A scene from an old Mack Sennett comedy, with Gloria Swanson playing opposite Bobby Vernon, a popular comic, when she was Mrs. Wallace Beery.

have to say to each other? In the secret recesses of their hearts, what will they *feel*? Their paths have accidentally crossed in the past sixteen years on several occasions, but this unanticipated, regular nearness will be a totally unlooked for anti-climax.

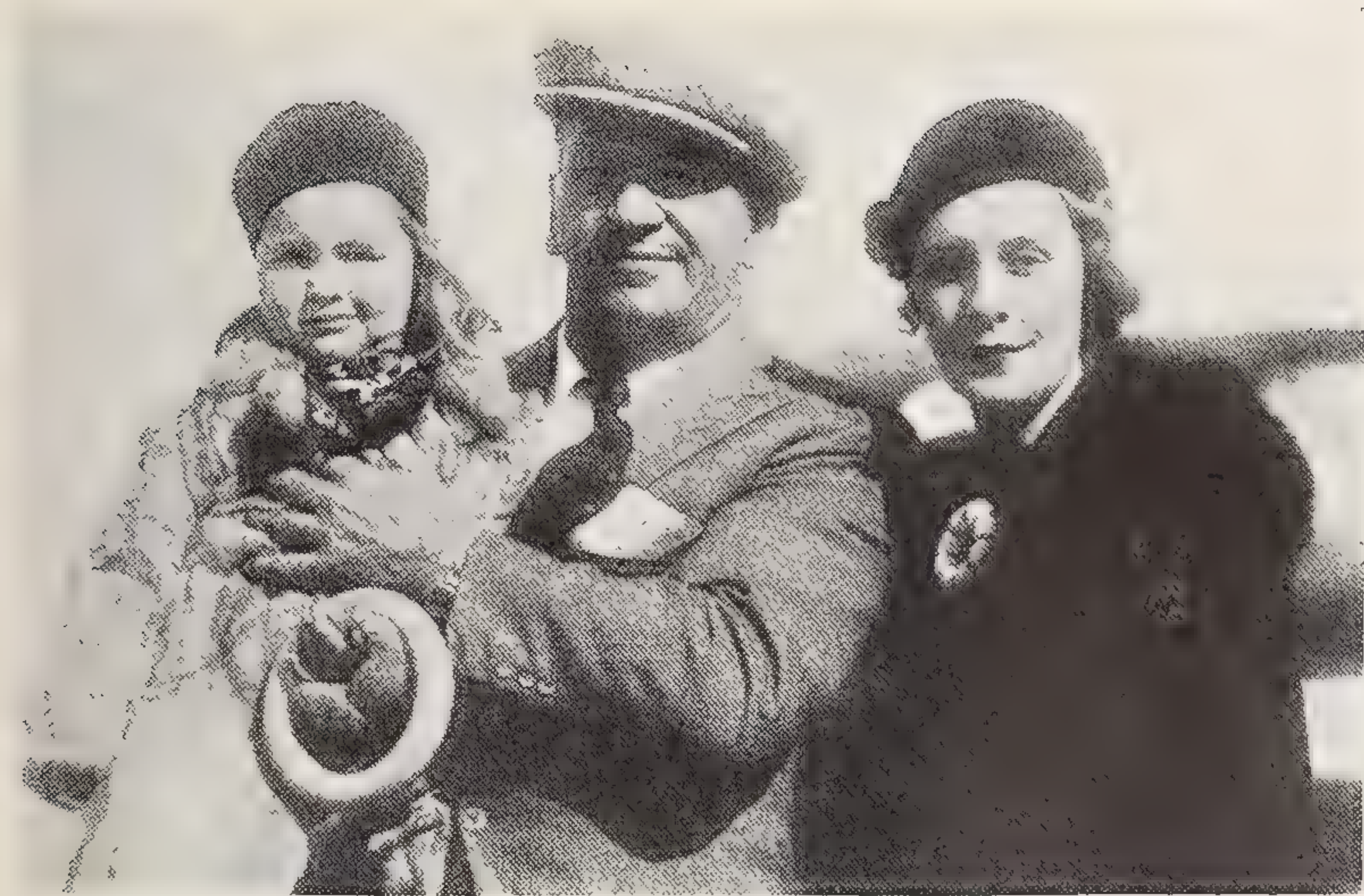
Heretofore Gloria has queened it and now she will not be the most important feminine star on the lot. Will Wally's supremacy irk her? And *his* attitude—will he have any regrets when he sees this magnetic, gorgeous actress? If he is asked to bolster up her "return" by

Most exciting reunion in the entire history of Hollywood! What will happen when Gloria Swanson, once Mrs. Wallace Beery, meets her ex-husband once again on the same motion picture lot?

Will Wally extend the hand of welcome to his ex-wife? He's King of the Metro lot now, where she will try a movie "come-back."



Together Again?



Wallace Beery and his family today. Mrs. Beery is the beautiful blonde, formerly Rita Gilman, and the baby is the adopted Carol Ann, pride of Wally's heart!

playing with her, will his pride interfere?

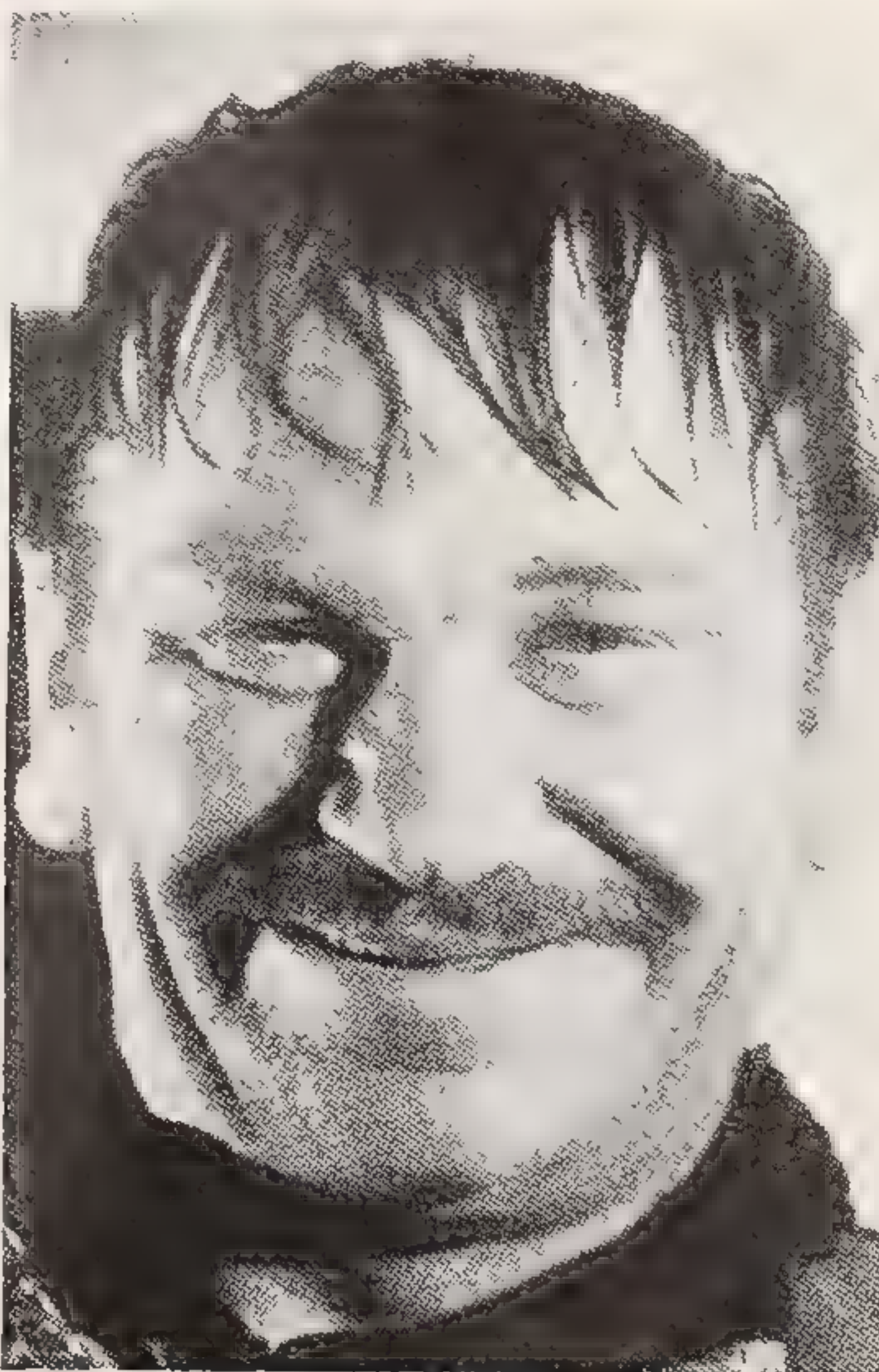
Mark my words! Although they may seem as far apart as the poles, they will not be able to carry off this new association into which business is forcing them with absolute casualness. They loved too deeply to part "the best of friends."

Gloria, symbol of elegance, and Wally, brawny roughneck—on what divergent roads have their destinies taken them since they separated!

It is hard to imagine that these two who appear so

utterly different could have started out to conquer Hollywood together. They did. Wealth has not altered Wally, but it has certainly polished the shy, plain young girl who was so terribly devoted to him once upon a time.

They first met nearly twenty years ago, in Chicago. Wally was starring in slapstick two-reelers at the old Essanay studio in the Windy City, and Gloria, dissatisfied with school, applied for extra work. When he singled her out of the mob she was impressed by the splurge he made. He was the very first man in her life and she was delighted with his attentions.



That big box-office grin! Beery in his latest and greatest picture, "Viva Villa."

When Sennett signed Beery, in 1916, to play the heavies in the Keystone comedies in Hollywood, Wally wrote to Gloria and she promptly came West to marry him. He was earning \$125 a week and he persuaded Mack Sennett to hire her at \$75.

They were madly in love. There was hand-holding on the sets, speedy drives about town in Wally's flashy auto. It was grand in the beginning, but fate in the form
(Continued on page 74)



Kay Francis

Editor

KAY'S CHARM SECRETS!

In every list of Hollywood's "Best-Dressed Women" Kay Francis ranks high! That's because Kay selects her clothes with care and wears them with distinction. She says that to be really smart, a woman must first make sure of her clothes—and then forget all about them! Few jewels for evenings; none at all for daytime—but the most scrupulous attention to the important things: flawlessly groomed fingernails—Kay prefers natural polish to the deeper shades; exquisitely smooth, white hands; gleaming, healthy hair, perfectly coiffed; painstaking facial make-up with particular emphasis on the eyes; and ever and always strict devotion to detail!



Navy blue and taffeta are news again! Above, Miss Francis wears what she calls "a good daytime dress"—good lines, no frills, but the gay note supplied by cuffs and neckline of Roman striped taffeta.



Wear earrings if you have shapely ears, a becoming coiffure, and a profile that will stand inspection! Otherwise, don't! Kay, at the right, shows you her "picture" pearl and rhinestone necklace and pendant earrings.

Costume jewelry? All right for special occasions, says Kay. In her new picture, "When Tomorrow Comes," she wears the sunburst necklace and carved crystals, with matching earrings, shown at the left.

White with dark accessories—a smart summer idea. Her trim white riding habit is accented by her coffee-brown linen shirt, brown hat, and brown gloves.



Screenland Glamor School

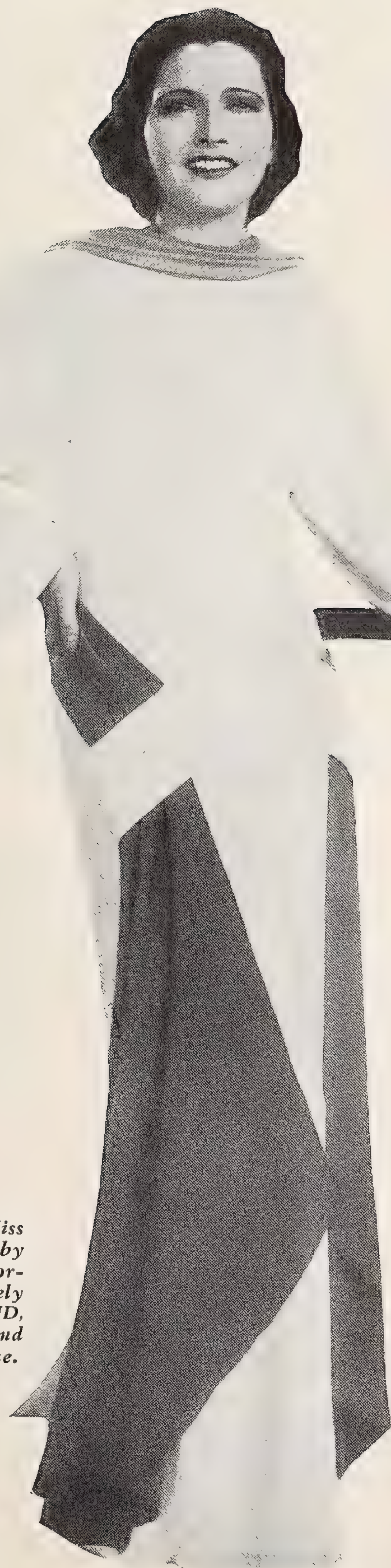
Let Kay Francis guide you
to genuine Glamor!

Casual charm
and how to
achieve it! Kay
Francis knows
the secret, and
she tells you
here!

Kay's favorite hostess gown, in which she is pictured at the left, has fine lines patterned after a nun's robe! Exciting, that maroon-colored scarf draped at the neck, crossing in back, and looped through the skirt front.

The Chinese influence! Kay likes it—for its softly flowing lines and its authentic design. One of the few Hollywood women to wear dark clothes for the street all the year 'round, Miss Francis selects the black crêpe ensemble at the right with its jacket lined with green and brightened by embroidered flowers. That interesting hat has a box pleat across the top of the crown.

Gowns worn by Miss Francis designed by Orry - Kelly. Portraits, exclusively for SCREENLAND, by Elmer Fryer and Scotty Welbourne.





Courtesy Fox Films

CHERCHEZ la femme! Find the woman!

Just an old Gallic custom which the astute French found efficacious in the apprehension of criminals and other human quarry. The idea being that the female of the species is usually responsible for a man's actions and activities—and that by locating the woman in his life, a man may be found.

Just as true today as at its inception, the theory is as applicable to the successful man as it is to the miscreant. Ever since the sight of Eve's luscious lips nibbling at the forbidden fruit provoked Adam to savor sin for himself, woman has been instrumental in shaping man's destiny, whether the locale be a rustic farm, a thriving city—or Hollywood!

In the June SCREENLAND Beth Brown states—and apparently proves her contention—that men are largely responsible for the production of motion pictures, though according to statistics women compose eighty-two percent of theatre audiences.

With deadly accuracy Miss Brown goes on to cite department after department of the industry—controlled by men. She points with justifiable misgiving to the few noteworthy women connected with the production end of the business.

Now, Miss Brown is right—as far as she goes. But she does not go far enough. She scratches only the shell

of an industry that is heart and soul dominated by women, controlled by women, operated for women and projected to women.

To refute Miss Brown's arguments it is only necessary to penetrate the veneer which cloaks the industry as subtly as the publicity-made personalities of the players disguise the flesh-and-blood men and women whose shadows are adored by a million fans.

First, we can admit and discount the fact that most of the technical workers of the films are men—the cameramen, electricians, sound engineers, etc. We do not consider the clothing business as dominated by women merely because most of the cutters and fitters and seamstresses are of the weaker sex, nor do we think the cotton industry is operated by negroes simply because the latter do the manual labor of picking cotton. We do not say a business firm is run by women because there are fifty stenographers and only one male employer.

An industry is judged by those who control it, not by those who perform its thousand routine tasks or supply its technical needs. Which brings us to those who occupy the thrones of the motion picture industry, business or art—call it what you will.

In the cinema capital, where dwell the only Royal Families of our democratic land, the thrones are constructed of celluloid, illuminated by star-dust—and occupied by mortal men. And because these emperors of the

The answer to Beth Brown's "Man-Made Movies for Women!" Find the woman and you'll find the inspiration!

By
Laura Benham

domain of shadows are mortal, women are behind their thrones and their voices are as powerful as ever were the words whispered into a despot's ear by his mistress in days of old.

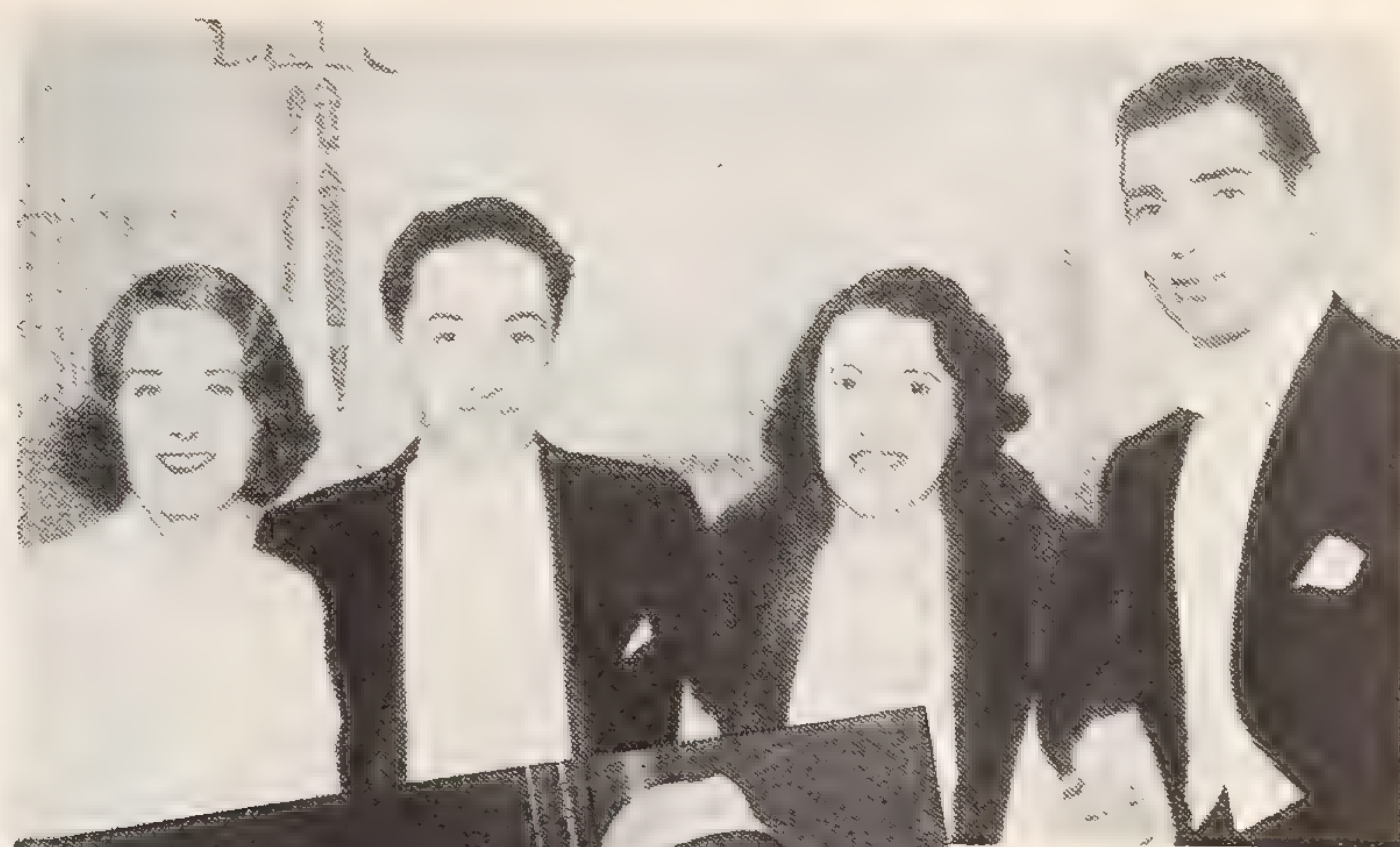
The wives, mothers, and sweethearts of Hollywood have made or marred more careers and contracts than the public has ever suspected. Yesterday, today, and tomorrow—find the woman behind him and you will know the power behind every throne. In fact, there is scarcely an important man in Hollywood at present who does not depend upon some near and dear female for advice and counsel.

One of the outstanding examples is Samuel Goldwyn, who makes fewer mistakes than do most producers. Married to the lovely and gracious Frances Howard who left the stage to make a success of her marriage to Sam, Goldwyn discusses all of his plans and projects with Frances before rendering final decision. Her judgment has proven so valuable, her wisdom so calm and clear, that most of their friends attribute Goldwyn's present position in the industry to the shrewd advice he receives from Frances. The fate of Anna Sten in American motion pictures was partly decided by Mrs. Goldwyn, who saw in Sten a great potential star.

One of the founders of the (Continued on page 87)



The wife behind the star! The influence of Gladys Lloyd Robinson, herself an actress, has helped Eddie attain his present eminence.



Norma Shearer, Irving Thalberg's inspiration; Ria Gable, a real power. And—oh, yes—their husbands!



Frances Howard Goldwyn, above, with her husband, Samuel Goldwyn, producer of Anna Sten's pictures.

Right, Virginia Fox Zanuck, guiding star, with Darryl Zanuck, presiding genius of 20th Century.



Paul Muni relies implicitly upon the judgment of his wife Bella. Mrs. Muni advises her husband in all his film contracts and contacts.

Carole Lombard is important! Today, a star. Yesterday, just Jane Peters of Fort Wayne, Indiana. What does the "old home town" think of her now?

By
Robert Baral



Lombard and Barrymore—what a team!

*"Probably
The Greatest
Actress I Have
Ever Worked With!"*

—John Barrymore

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA, still calls her Jane Peters!

Seldom Carole Lombard—instead by her real name when she was living in the "West End," a chubby tomboy who looked forward to Saturdays when she could play outdoors all day. Sometimes she is called the complete Jane Alice Peters too.

Passing up for the moment, third dimension, masks, Eugene O'Neill "asides," and other twists, imagine scanning a theatre page and then calling in to Bridget that Jane Peters will next be seen with Bing Crosby in "We're Not Dressing." Or that Jane Peters and William Powell took in the Friday night fights together. Check!

Then borrow from a Gertrude Stein word spree which gradually acquires form after repetition such as: Jane Peters, Jane Alice Peters, Carole Jane Lombard, Carole Lombard. Thus the Fort Wayne transition.

Maybe it is a touch of sentiment which unconsciously refuses to take up the better known signature, but this Hoosier city continues to discuss its contribution to the cinema as plain Jane Peters. One could find a real place of charm in her home with its predominating young laughter. This home institution was soundly instilled in the child right from the first, and plays an important part in the construction of her later life and career, which has reached a tasteful climax in her new Hollywood home.

The Peters family enjoyed a wide circle of friends which in a way accounts for the original name habit. Even Hollywood at first wanted her to retain the shorter name. But Carole—now, now!—Jane Peters was adamant and insisted on the new moniker. This was first obtained after a periodic search (Continued on page 84)



Above, the girl John Barrymore pays the highest compliment one actor can pay another. The one person who could call that same Barrymore "Ham" and get away with it!



Left, Carole as she looked when she was first winning fame. Beautiful even then, but not yet the luscious lady for whom is predicted one of the most dazzling futures in films.



Lovely Helen, born to be a dazzling débutante, turned to the stage and screen instead, only to find herself doomed to play "society girls." Now she is convincing Hollywood that she can play other rôles as well.

Don't Brand Her "Society Girl!"

That label is almost a libel in Hollywood! Helen Vinson won't be "typed"—and tells why

By

Kay Richards

PLEASE don't call me a society girl. So to label is almost to *libel* an actress!"

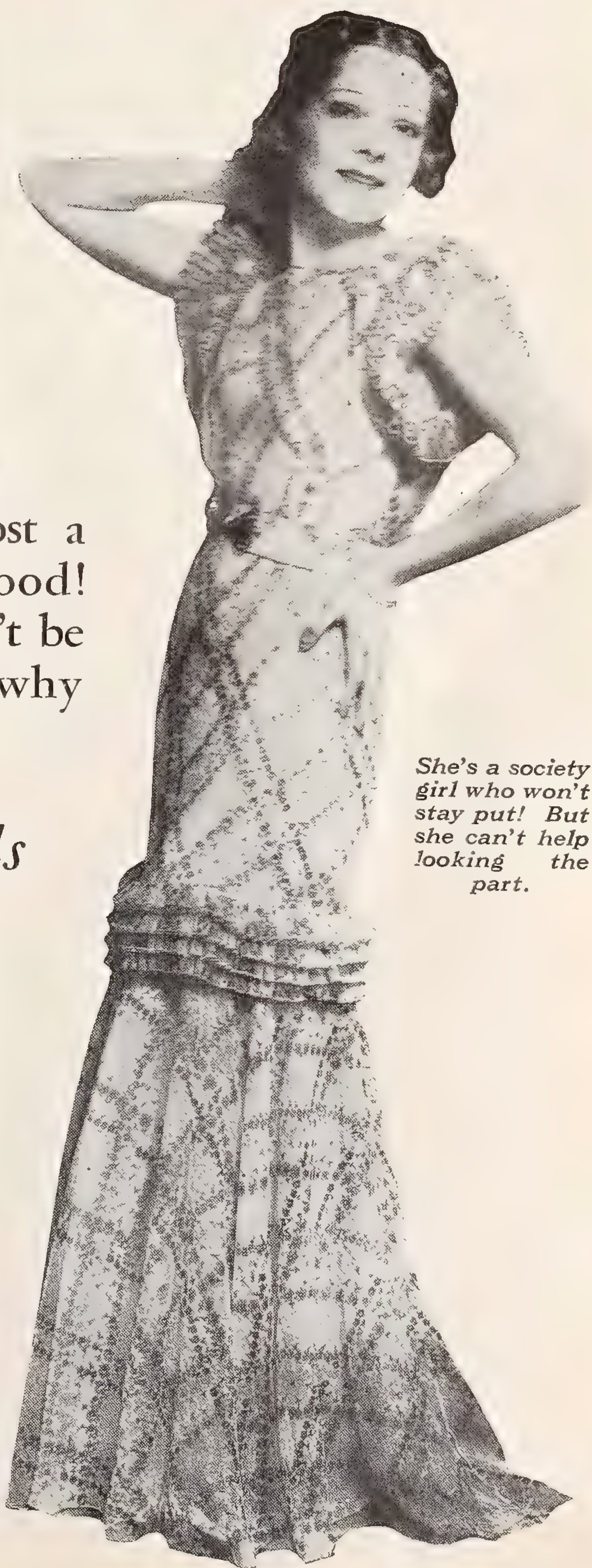
Helen Vinson smiled when she said that. But she was neither amused by nor reconciled to the effect such a classification has had upon her career, and her ambitions for artistic growth.

"Ever since I begged for—and got—the chance to play Constance Bennett's selfish older sister in 'Two Against the World,' my second picture, I have been doomed to portray 'society girls.' And on the screen that inevitably means unsympathetic characters," she went on.

"For some inexplicable reason movie-makers maintain that anyone who happens to be born to wealth or position is more sinning than sinned against, while poor and pure are almost synonymous terms.

"This is doubly damaging for an actress who fulfills the motion picture conception of a débutante. First, it is disadvantageous professionally, as she becomes 'typed' in the minds of producers and is cast only in such rôles. She is thus afforded no opportunity for a range of varying characterizations and has no chance to enlarge the scope of her work and so progress artistically.

"Second, it is bad for her own morale. A series of unsympathetic portrayals naturally makes audiences dislike their creator. It is only human to want to be liked, so after a certain length of time the knowledge that you inspire only disgust and loathing in all who see you begins to 'get under your skin' and you become very unhappy. Besides, I resent the implication that because of the mere accident of birth it must follow that an individual (Continued on page 80)



She's a society girl who won't stay put! But she can't help looking the part.



One of our most intelligent actresses, Aline MacMahon, is being called "a young Marie Dressler" in audience appeal. Read what she says about the importance of personality, in this exclusive story.

"THE great women of the stage and screen, the great women of history, the great women of art, literature, and that terribly intriguing game, love—all had some great outstanding attribute, either beauty or personality—and which have you?"

Aline MacMahon is talking to you—even as she was to me, over the teacups—her intelligent face, with its fine eyes and brow, alive and eager with interest. I felt that this excellent actress, with her remarkable flair for knowing just exactly what Mr. and Miss Average in her audience are thinking about, has a vital message for you—a message in which you will be interested, for you are both concentrating on the same things—life and love and happiness. And aren't we all?

"Aside from growing up a very normal sort of child in very normal surroundings, I must admit," Aline acknowledged, "that I have had a wide and valuable experience on both stage and screen. When I graduated from Barnard I was bent on only one thing: a stage

Personality or Beauty— Which Have You?

Aline MacMahon helps
you to discover yourself!

By
Helen Harrison

career. And it was shortly thereafter that I made my début in Edgar Selwyn's stage production, 'The Mirage.'

That she had that "certain something" seems self-evident when she was next given the title rôle in George Bernard Shaw's "Candida." In this she scored her first personal success. And, of course, she considers her "old Winter Garden days"—(the expression is Aline's own)—during which time her character sketches and her mimicry and pantomime received an auspicious start, invaluable training for her screen career.

"Let's get down to cases," said Aline-the-practical. "Now who has been adjudged the most popular woman in pictures? Marie Dressler! And would you call her beautiful—would you? Of course you would—beauty of personality! She's beautiful from within, and everyone who loves beauty of soul—personality—loves her! And the Three Little Pigs"—(Aline was serious)—"they have a personality, too, imbued by the artist who has endeared them to young and old alike. He has justified the ham actor!"

"There are two kinds of beauty, native and acquired; and two kinds of personality, intrinsic and developed—and I'm going to give you an example of each to illustrate.

"Let us take Mary Pickford. She is the natural beauty. Her features have that symmetry and balance and composition that seem to be universally popular. Yet who will say that the Tahitian women of Gauguin are not as lovely? Beauty, like everything else, Mr. Einstein, is comparative!"

"Yet the acquired beauty of a Dubuque girl, or a Spokane woman may become (Continued on page 93)



Grace is in her steps -
Heaven in her eyes - that's Shirley -
Janet Gaynor.

Janet Gaynor personally selected and autographed for YOU this favorite portrait of herself. The other little girl is Shirley Temple! Janet's charming autograph is quoted from Milton's "Paradise Lost." Second in SCREENLAND'S exclusive series of personally autographed star portraits. Watch for the next!



Ricbee

Back to the Naughty Nineties!

SOMEHOW Mae West particularly glorifies that picturesque period of hour-glass silhouettes, pompadours, and faces on bar-room floors—and she wisely returns to the scene of her first success in her new film, "It Ain't No Sin." Here she is!



CHEVALIER is gay today, and we're all glad! He welcomes his rôle in the new celluloid version of "The Merry Widow" because it's just the sort of thing he most enjoys—daring, devilish, and opposite his "good luck" girl, Jeanette MacDonald.

**Maurice is
Merry Again!**

C. S. Bull

Cleopatra in Hollywood!

Advance photographs by William Walling, Jr., Ray Jones, and Eugene Robert Richee

Cecil B. DeMille selected Henry Wilcoxon, left, for the rôle of Marc Antony. Do you all approve?



The noblest Roman of them all, and the Queen of the Nile! Warren William and Claudette Colbert, below, in a scene from "Cleopatra."



*"Cleopatra" at work!
Cecil B. DeMille
doesn't have to direct
Claudette Colbert in
this scene—she knows!*

*Sizzling celluloid!
Here's Claudette as
the Egyptian siren
who changed the
course of empire.*

**Brush up in your history:
Cleopatra, *Julius Caesar*, and
Marc Antony live again on the
screen, portrayed by Claudette
Colbert, Warren William, and
Henry Wilcoxon**



*What do you think of Warren William
in his latest and most exacting rôle?
Mr. William, below, as the imperious
Julius Caesar, complete with gestures!*



King of "Beasts"!



Freulich

But Boris Karloff is anything but grotesque and gruesome in private life. It's only in such chillers as "The Black Cat" that he shocks you. Actually he's a grand guy!



Baby "Beauty"!

C. S. Bull

One of the youngest heroines in Hollywood, Jean Parker is rated by her studio as potentially greatest. She's a demure and modest little person, but how she can act!



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GLORIA FOR GLAMOR!

HERE'S star material, Mr. Producer! Give Gloria Stuart a Garbo-rôle or two and she'll surprise you. Of course, we'll continue to enjoy her good performances in such films as "The Humbug"—but we insist she is worthy of bigger and better parts.

DIX FOR DRAMA!

HERE'S an actor who never disappoints us! Richard Dix has held his public over a longer period than any other star save Richard Barthelmess. "Cimarron" and "The Vanishing American" were screen classics. Why not more mighty rôles for this splendid trouper?



A vintage black and white photograph of actress Jean Harlow. She is standing outdoors, leaning against a stone wall. She is wearing a light-colored, short-sleeved, form-fitting swimsuit with a dark belt tied around her waist. She is also wearing high-heeled sandals. She has blonde, wavy hair and is smiling at the camera. The background shows some foliage and a bright sky.

**STARS
IN THE SUN!**

**Jean Harlow
Greets You!**

Una Merkel, up to the minute in her 1934 swim suit. Yoo-hoo, Una—meet us at Malibu, will you?

One of Hollywood's most provocative blondes, Muriel Evans, plays tennis looking like this! Just one reason why tennis is one of Hollywood's two most popular sports—you're right, swimming is the other! Muriel enhances her smart sports shorts and shirt, doesn't she?

Jean Harlow, just across the way, is posing against the background of her own swimming pool on her California estate. Jean's new one-piece swim suit has contrasting back that narrows to "wrap" around the waist and forms a smart tied belt, held with new two-tone braided straps at the deep sun-back and the bodice.

Speaking of screen blondes—and do let's!—consider Mary Carlisle, pictured at the left in her favorite sports ensemble, which Mary tells us is ideal for sailing, or just plain basking. Query: can basking be plain when Mary does it?

Jean Harlow's suit, shown on the opposite page, is the "Wrap-around." Lord & Taylor, New York City. Mary Carlisle's costume consists of the "Ruff Neck" sweater and slacks of "Perlknit," Roos Bros. San Francisco, Calif. Una Merkel is wearing the "San Tropez" model, "Perlknit" fabric, from Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago. Muriel Evans is seen in the "Perlknit" sports trunks and fine mesh shirt with turn-over collar—N. Snellenberg Co., Philadelphia. All models by B.V.D

Madeleine *in* Maytime!

SHE makes us think of old English gardens, and soft speech, and the scent of old-fashioned flowers! Yet Madeleine Carroll is so modern that she thinks nothing of dashing over from her London to our Hollywood to make a motion picture! The world's fairest commuter! And the title of her first made-in-America movie is "The World Moves On"!

Fox



Lovable Charm

Ruby Keeler's beauty proves to be irresistible to Dick Powell in their new Warner Bros. picture "Dames".
Max Factor's Make-Up used exclusively.



POWDER... Blending softly with her creamy skin, Max Factor's Rachelle Powder is in perfect harmony with Ruby Keeler's brownette colorings. Delicate in texture, it creates a clinging, satin-smooth make-up that remains lovely for hours.

LIPSTICK... Giving to the lips an alluring accent of color, Max Factor's Vermilion Lipstick, super-indelible, harmonizes with powder and rouge. Smooth in texture, permanent in color and moisture-proof... it insures for hours and hours a perfect lip make-up.

ROUGE... Imparting an enchanting touch of color to the cheeks, Max Factor's Blondeen Rouge appears like a natural glow of health. Exquisitely fine, and creamy-smooth like finest skin texture, it blends evenly and beautifully.

Ruby Keeler

Enhances the Radiance of Her
Beauty with Color Harmony Make-Up

YOU are always attracted by color... for color is always alive, vibrant, compelling. In make-up, color is a secret of attraction, too... but to be lovely and appealing, make-up must be in color harmony.

In Hollywood, Max Factor, genius of make-up, captured this secret and created color harmony make-up... face powder,

rouge and lipstick harmonized in color tones to glorify the colorful beauty of each type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

Now you may share, with famous screen stars, the luxury of color harmony make-up, Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. At leading stores.



Max Factor * Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP... Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony

TEST YOUR COLOR HARMONY IN FACE POWDER AND LIPSTICK

Just fill in the coupon for purse-size box of powder in your color harmony shade and lipstick color sampler, four shades. Enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-page illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"... Free.

© 1934 Max Factor

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>
Oily <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>		

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Elmer Fryer

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell in "Dames"

His Best Friend was Failure!

Doesn't look it, does he?
Lyle Talbot turned failure
into success!

By Whitney Williams



Talbot is frank enough to tell his true story to help others. His confident grin says: "Long-term contract and bigger and much better parts!"

IN A TOWN where distinction is difficult to achieve, Lyle Talbot is unique. He has actually thrived on failure! Were it not for that unknown quantity following him with grim tenacity during the early, and even later, years of his professional career, he might still be a small-time magician traveling with tent shows.

Where many would have given up in despair, the stars, or whatever force directs our destinies, saw fit to make Lyle's failures stepping-stones for the future. With each new failure he would learn what to avoid, and with experience in traveling tent outfits, carnivals, stock companies, the New York and London stage, he is peculiarly equipped to take his place among the ranking masculine players of the screen.

Born of a theatrical family—his father owned stock companies in the Middle West—the spell of the stage coursed through Talbot's veins, and asserted itself in early youth. Magic held a particular fascination, and with the aid of an old magician friend of his father he soon became proficient in the art. So expert, indeed, that before he had completed his scholastic education he was traveling with a tent show; first, as a magician and hypnotist's assistant, later, as a magician in his own right.

His cherished career met with a violent end when he slipped and fell on a jagged piece of glass. A deep gash across his right hand severed tendons and muscles, and after its healing the facility so necessary to legerdemain had disappeared. He could not palm cards and coins, or otherwise use

his fingers to advantage in the tricks of magic. No longer would he amaze audiences with his skill and mystic powers.

A terrible blow, this, for a boy in his teens, who had mapped out a magician's career for himself. Life then wasn't worth living, he felt, as he returned to school for a time.

An inborn desire to act, however, soon led him to join a traveling company of players who brought back to popularity "St. Elmo," in their westward journey across Nebraska and Colorado. In his very first appearance in the old classic he experienced one of those cataclysmic moments that sometimes occur in the theatre.

He dashed on the stage, with the hero close behind. The action called for him to shoot his pursuer in the arm, who, in turn, would aim his fowling piece at Talbot and "get him dead center." As young Talbot pulled the trigger, the gun failed to fire. The blank cartridges were actually blank, for not one exploded!

Only momentarily at a loss, the ingenious youngster tore across the stage and before his surprised victim could defend himself clouted him over the head with his weapon. Talbot, though, at this point had worked him-

self to such a pitch of nervousness that he hit the hero harder than he had intended, with the result that the star of the show passed out COLD! And before the curtain came down, his wig fell off, exposing a pate as bald as a billiard ball!

Firmly convinced that again his career (Continued on page 95)

**Want to succeed?
This story will
help you!**

Build Up

Body-Building Menus

MONDAY

Breakfast: Scrambled eggs, Orange juice, Ry-crisp with lots of butter
Luncheon: Cottage cheese, Pineapple and celery, Radishes and olives, Whole wheat bread and butter
Dinner: Baked fish, Stewed tomatoes, Baked potato, Pineapple salad, Baked apple with cream

TUESDAY

Breakfast: Oatmeal with lots of cream, Fresh berries, Whole wheat toast with lots of butter
Luncheon: Vegetable soup, Raw carrot, Apple and raisin salad, Ry-crisp with butter
Dinner: Broiled steak, Baked onions, Lettuce and tomato salad, Spinach, Tomato juice

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast: 2 egg yolks in orange juice, Shredded wheat with cream
Luncheon: Baked potato with lots of butter, Cucumber salad, Celery hearts, Olives, Whole wheat toast and butter
Dinner: Lima beans, Stewed tomatoes, Baked apple, Cottage cheese, Head lettuce, Whole wheat bread and butter

So you want to have a Hollywood Figure?
 Here is your opportunity to follow the
 exercises and diets recommended for
 Hollywood stars!

Helen Mack has that Hollywood Figure! She is illustrating a "build-up" exercise. Bend right or left knee, stretch right or left limb backward. Place one hand on hip and extend other arm. Spring forward and upward keeping balance for fifty counts.



HERE I am again!

Last month I told you how to take off surplus weight. This month I'll tell you how to put it on!

Maybe it will be a surprise to you to hear that there are more underweights than overweights in America. Formerly, we had about one tall, thin person in every five, but today at least half the younger generation is of the so-called "skinny" type. Thin people find it harder to keep fit unless they are careful of diet and learn how to relax their nerves. Nerves, you know, are great reducers.

"Look, I weigh only ninety-eight!" I hear girls say proudly, as they stand on the scales. I *do* look, and as a rule I see that what she ought to be saying is: "What shall I do?" She's in danger, if her normal weight is much above what the scales show.

Part of her trouble—and part of the trouble with any of you who are thin instead of slender—is the wrong food. Accompanying this article is a schedule of one week's appetizing menus consisting of body-building foods, arranged especially for underweights.

Milk is excellent for putting on pounds, but it should never be taken with the meal. Drink a glass of milk with a piece of Ry-crisp between meals. Ovaltine is also good for that between-meal snack recommended to thin folks.

You can't live on fruit juices, remember. Always eat a good breakfast—if you are too slender, it sets you going for the day and gives you a foundation to build on. Be sure you eat

Jim Davies shows Helen Mack how a gentle balancing exercise will add grace to her body. First movement: rise to the toes with arms extended.



the Hollywood Way!

(Citrus fruit juice after each meal will greatly aid digestion. If you feel you cannot do without hot drinks with your meal, a cup of hot tea may be served with breakfast or lunch.)

THURSDAY

Breakfast: 2 soft-boiled eggs, 1 whole grapefruit, Ry-crisp with lots of butter
Luncheon: Sliced pineapple, Creamed chipped beef on whole wheat toast and butter
Dinner: Roast chicken, Baked potato with skin, Peas, Cucumber salad

FRIDAY

Breakfast: Whole wheat waffles with honey, Prunes
Luncheon: Broiled lamb chop, Fresh peas and spinach, Whole wheat toast and butter
Dinner: Vegetables en casserole, Diced avocado on lettuce, Ry-crisp and butter, Figs with cream

SATURDAY

Breakfast: Orange juice, Plain omelette, Whole wheat toast and butter
Luncheon: Combination salad, Cream cheese, Whole wheat bread and butter
Dinner: Veal cutlets, Steamed spinach, Buttered beets, Celery and radishes, Salad of French endives, Fresh fruit cup

SUNDAY

Breakfast: Diced pineapple, Hot corn muffins, Butter and honey
Luncheon: Cream of tomato soup, Shrimp salad with plenty of celery in it, Ry-crisp and butter
Dinner: Tomato juice, Broiled lamb chops, Fresh peas, Asparagus, Ice Cream

He's Here to Help You Have That Perfect Figure!



JAMES DAVIES

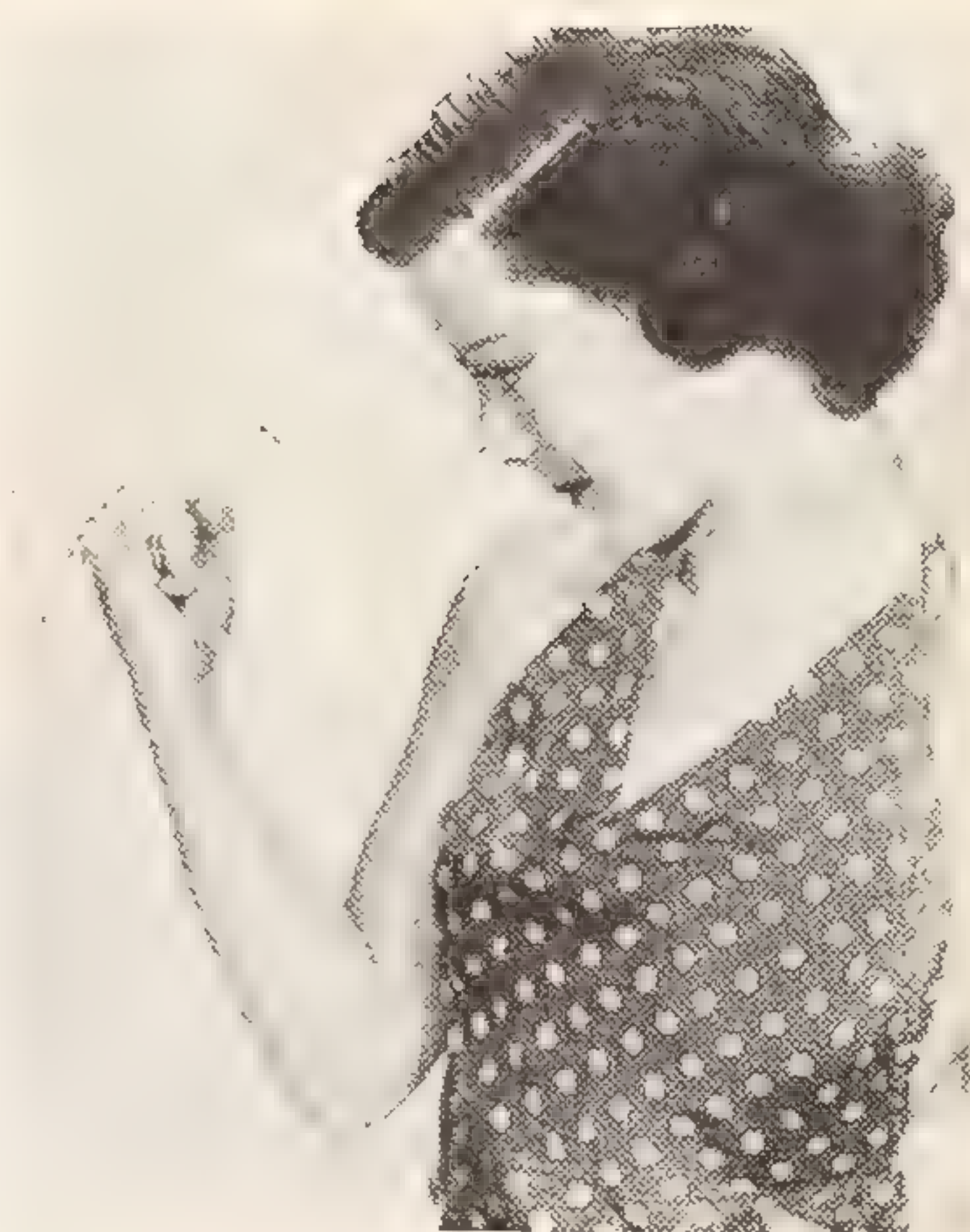
Last month we introduced James Davies, physical culturist to the screen stars, in the first of a series of exclusive articles to guide YOU to the health and beauty you have admired in your film favorites. Mr. Davies is giving you the SAME advice he is giving every day to the noted Hollywood players. He has kept in trim Mae West, Claudette Colbert, Miriam Hopkins, Carole Lombard, and many others. Now YOU can follow his special diets and exercises! If you really are serious about improving your figure, you will want to follow every article in our series—appearing ONLY in this magazine. This is the second article in the series, just as helpful as the first. All ready? Let's go!

A SCREEN AND SHOP

Don't envy the screen stars their beautiful figures! Get to work on your own! James Davies, famous physical culturist, will help you!



Below, the neck-developing exercise. With hands clasped behind the back, rotate the head in a complete circle, letting it drop forward, backward, and from side to side as far as it will go.



Above, Miss Helen Mack demonstrates an excellent arm-developing exercise. Close the hand to a grip, and bend the elbow. Rotate the wrist in a complete circle for fifty counts.

three or four meals a day, not too much at a time. This is better than two heavy meals. And don't forget to eat slowly.

The most important thing for those who are seeking extra pounds is deep breathing. It's an old Swedish custom!

Class on the floor! Put your feet together, raise both arms, inhaling; draw in all the breath you possibly can; then exhale, dropping the arms to position. Rise slowly on your toes as you do this.

Deep breathing is best done first thing in the morning, either outdoors or before an open window.

Mr. Davies helps Helen keep her balance in the second movement: balance the weight on one foot, springing lightly forward with one foot thrust backward and arms extended.

Most of the
(Continued
on page 72)

SCREENLAND'S Critic Really Sees the Pictures!

Tarzan and
His Mate
M-G-M



REVIEWS

of the

Best

Pictures

By

Delight Evans



Round up the family! Bring the baby! Don't forget Grandma! What, she's seen it twice already? And she wants to stay home to practice the *Tarzan* yell? All right, we'll take the neighbors instead. And it might be smart to pack a little lunch and carry camp-chairs, because there's a long, long line awinding outside the theatre. "*Tarzan and his Mate*" is the incredible sequel to—you've guessed it—"Tarzan." You won't believe it is actually bigger and better until you have watched Johnny Weissmuller ride a rhino, knock out a lion or two, and battle a crocodile. You'll welcome lovely Maureen O'Sullivan, now *Mrs. Tarzan*, whose scenes, especially aquatic, are rather breath-taking. Remember Cheetah, the marvellous monkey? Here she is again funnier than ever. You've heard of man-eating lions—now meet the lion-eating men, who add considerably to the general confusion. The plot? Well, Neil Hamilton and Paul Cavanagh invade the Ape-Man's Paradise in their search for ivory and Miss O'Sullivan, but *Tarzan's* four-footed jungle pals take care of them—with neatness and dispatch, too. Don't miss this circus!

Stand Up and
Cheer
Fox



Manhattan
Melodrama
M-G-M



You may cheer for the tunes, or the chorus, or Warner Baxter, or Madge Evans, or Jimmy Dunn. *I'll* cheer for Shirley Temple, the screen's latest sensation! Jackie Cooper and Cora Sue Collins will just have to grin and bear it, but Shirley is the new rave—and only four! She practically steals this show, although her name is not first in the billing. She smiles—and promptly a scene becomes hers, and hers alone! There's something so sweet and unspoiled about this child that you can't help loving her, even though up to now child stars have been your pet hate. If Shirley Temple continues to charm as she has started, she'll be tomorrow's Garbo-Dietrich-Gaynor. For the rest, "*Stand Up and Cheer*" is one of the better music-films with a plot and a purpose, dignified by Warner Baxter as Secretary of Amusements, in charge of making the country laugh itself out of the depression—query: *what* depression? Mr. Baxter has the enthusiastic support of such an oddly assorted cast as James Dunn—most ingratiating—Aunt Jemima, John Boles, Mitchell and Durant, Ralph Morgan, and Stepin Fetchit. Promising: warbling Nick Foran. Performing: Shirley Temple!

Three-star triumph! Next to the "*Viva Villa*" company, here's the best cast of the month. "*Manhattan Melodrama*" is an acting treat. Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, and William Powell, the stellar trio, present smooth, sophisticated performances against a background of today's drama. Right here is the secret of this picture's appeal. Myrna, Bill, and Clark are polished, civilized—but the melodrama they enact has all the high flavor of the headlines. It is high-speed cinema with all the action of a serial—but technically perfection. And through it all the three stars remain smooth, flawless, pictorial! Miss Loy plays superbly the sweetheart of Gable, a gambler. Because she fails to reform him from his gambling career, she leaves him, and later marries Powell, a "big" lawyer. The twist is that Gable and Powell, brought up like brothers, find themselves in this interesting triangle, which turns into tragedy when Gable murders a man and Powell, now a Governor, must face his old friend whose life is at stake. It's exciting stuff all the way. More and more the Loy lady amazes me! Surely she is great star material. Gable and Powell have never been more convincing.

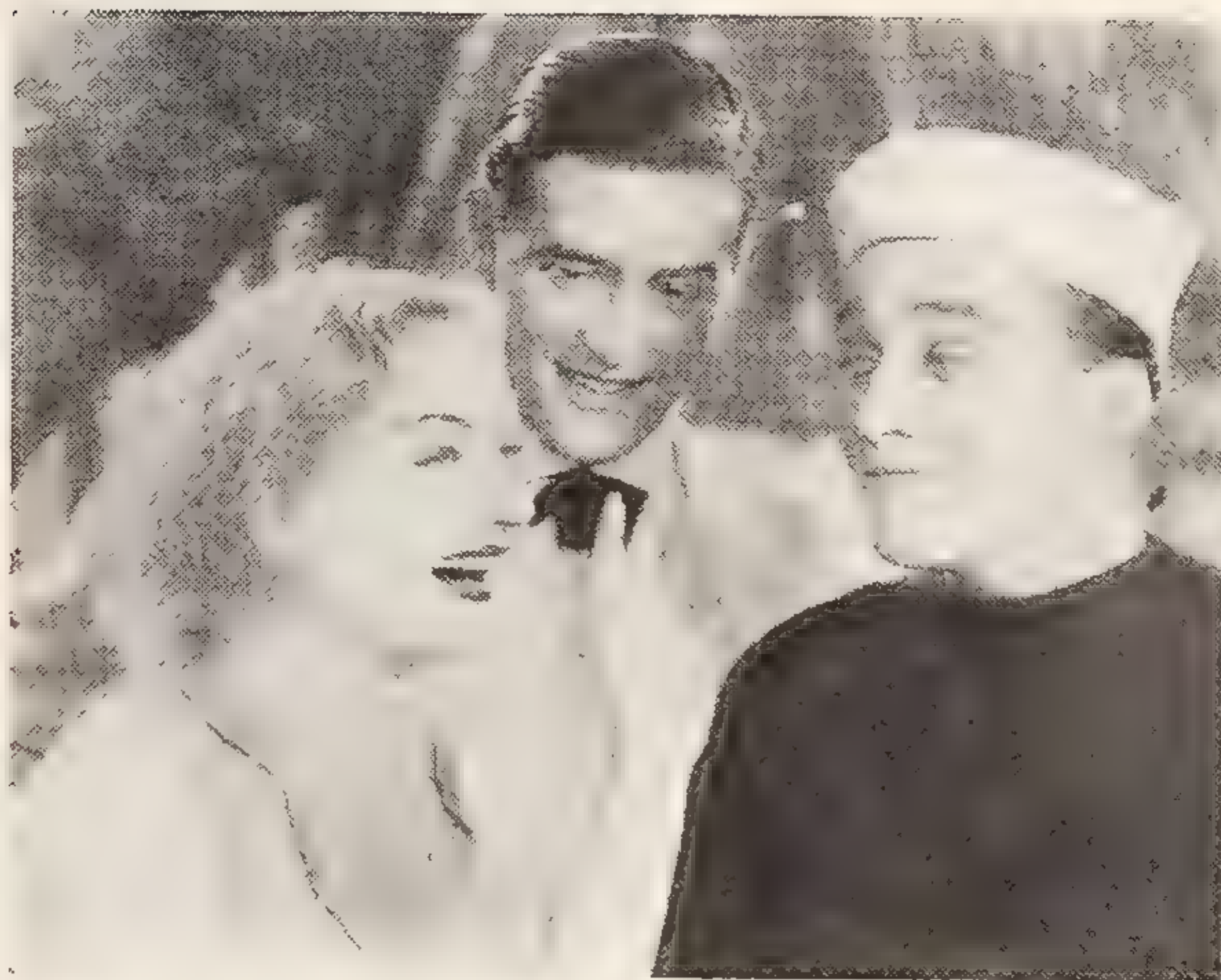
You Can Count on these Criticisms

Reviews without Prejudice, Fear or Favor!

The Month's Finest Performances:

William Powell in "Manhattan Melodrama"
Shirley Temple in "Stand Up and Cheer"
Clark Gable in "Manhattan Melodrama"
Myrna Loy in "Manhattan Melodrama"
Gracie Allen in "We're Not Dressing"
Cheetah in "Tarzan and His Mate"
Lee Tracy in "I'll Tell the World"
Wallace Beery in "Viva Villa"

And bows to Warner Baxter, Gloria Stuart, Maureen O'Sullivan, Johnny Weissmuller, Bing Crosby, Henry B. Walthall, Katherine DeMille, Fay Wray, Joseph Schildkraut, Roger Pryor, Carole Lombard.



We're Not
Dressing
Paramount



Mad, my dears—simply mad! But you'll love it! Just feature Bing Crosby, the croonin' fool (?) with Carole Lombard, the world's loveliest blonde, (well, that is, probably next in order to Garbo, Dietrich, and Joan Blondell), add the two merriest zanies in the movies, Gracie Allen and George Burns, plus Leon Errol and Ethel Merman—and you have some slight idea why I urge you not to miss "We're Not Dressing." It's crazy, but it's fun. It's your good old pal, "The Admirable Crichton" idea, tricked up with wild gags, handsome trappings, and some of the most hummable movie music in many moons. Bing sings *Love your Neighbor* and *Good-night Lovely Little Lady* in a way to charm all customers—why, even *Droopy*, the talented bear in the cast, succumbs to the Crosby crooning. If you must know more about the goings-on, I'll reveal that you'll see Bing as a sailor on La Lombard's yacht; comes the wreck, close quarters on a Pacific isle, and Crosby has a chance to win Carole away from assorted princely suitors. Meanwhile Mr. Errol clowns, Miss Merman warbles, Gracie Allen—but you know Gracie.



I'll Tell the
World
Universal



Here's a *movie*! It really moves; it has an indefatigable hero who's always arriving just in the nick of time to rescue the beautiful heroine—and the heroine is really beautiful in the approved manner; it has a dirty villain for you to hiss—it's a pleasure; and it has a handsome mythical prince who is bumped off; and it has the kind of comedy the critics sneer at but that I laugh at; and it's all charmingly silly and absolutely absurd—and I loved it. Perhaps I should mention that Lee Tracy is in practically every scene. In fact, I can't imagine the picture without Mr. Tracy. The boy is back, better than ever, and proves anew there's nobody like him—those hands, that grin, that voice! As the United Press correspondent who always gets his scoop Tracy has the time of his life. He trails an Archduke who has, miraculously enough, a gorgeous niece, heiress to a throne, who is—what a coincidence!—the very "American girl" Lee has fallen in love with. It's all very convenient, and a lot of old-fashioned fun. The audience at the N. Y. Roxy stamped, cheered, whistled, hissed the villain, and generally enjoyed itself. Gloria Stuart is lovely as the fair ladye. Roger Pryor as a rival newspaper man is excellent.



Viva Villa
M-G-M



Here, at last, is the picture to pull the men *en masse* into the movie theatres! Male members of the family who have hitherto had to be dragged along when the ladies wanted to go to see Garbo, or Dietrich, or Hepburn; who were convinced that the flickers had gone sissy on them and yearned for the good old Mack Sennett bathing comedies—will visit "Viva Villa" under their own steam and get converted! It's a man's picture. It's rawly realistic, violently virile, smashingly dramatic. It's a grand-and-glorified screen account of the life, loves, and battles of *Pancho Villa*, Mexican patriot-bandit, uproariously enacted by Wallace Beery, aided and abetted by the greatest cast of the month. The first reels of "Viva Villa" are genuinely impressive. The plight of the peon fighting for pitiful existence is powerfully presented. Then—the picture "goes Hollywood," and you go right along with it! You're hurled headlong into furious, brutal, fascinating drama. To me it's seldom real, but certainly it is Hollywood at its most adroit, its most amazing. You'd better see this, but don't, I warn you, take the children. Do you want your boy to act out "Villa" when the minister comes to call?

Let Them Guide You to the Good Films

SCREENLAND SPECIAL HANDICAP



Joan Crawford is really four different Joans in "Sadie McKee." Reason, she changes her personality when she changes her coiffure! Left, Joan with her hair in severely simple style—to be copied only by girls with practically flawless features.



Right, Joan in perhaps her most familiar guise, with her tresses parted on the side, smooth on top, and curled at the sides. The loose curl is distinctively Crawford! By the way, for this "personality" Joan returns to her old heavy lip make-up!



A rolled brim tips over Claudette Colbert's right eye—and makes her hat, pictured, at left, a roguish thing! See her taffeta tie?



The Chinese influence, so important this Spring and Summer season, is at its best in Dolores Del Rio's straw, at the right.



Gay, Fay Wray's favorite "Big" hat for Summer! See that high crown? Fay favors the correctly-simple-type-of-large straw, and wears it with even her filmiest frocks, both on and off the screen.

* Heads Up! Study the famous faces of the film stars! Note their coiffures and chapeaux—be as bewitching yourself!



Claudette plays pirate! To set off her dashing bangs Miss Colbert chose this white hat with its cleverly draped brim. How it sets off a profile!

When Joan Crawford appears with a new hair-do, or Claudette Colbert wears a new hat, you'll make notes if you're smart!



The demure Joan, left. She parts her hair in the center, lets it fall in a natural wave on either side of her forehead, reveals her pretty ears, and then fluffs out the rest in a soft and flattering long bob at the back. Sweet and girlish!

The "Little Women" coiffure, right, transforms our oh-so-modern Joan into a wistful, wide-eyed wisp of femininity! The softly curled bangs do the trick. No wonder we're never bored with the Chameleon Crawford! She's a thousand women in one.



And now the lady "goes Tyrolean!" Claudette Colbert, below, shows you her white "paper panama" with crushed-in crown, which she selected to wear with her nicest spectator-sports clothes.

For girls of the piquant type, Helen Mack suggests this trim little turned-up hat, right, with its Oriental appeal.

You just aren't a 1934 Summer Girl unless you can boast at least one "Picture Hat!" Joan Marsh, right, wears a white sheer straw with turn-up back.



Joan Marsh's fragile beauty is accented by the large natural-colored leghorn she is modeling for you, below. Black horse-hair lace faces the brim.



THE FASHION NEWS



White will lead, say the fashion-wise girls of Hollywood! Gail Patrick enlivens the trend by adding brilliant touches of dotted print to her white sports frock, left. Like Gail's scarf, wrist-ties, and handkerchief of polka-dotted tangerine silk?

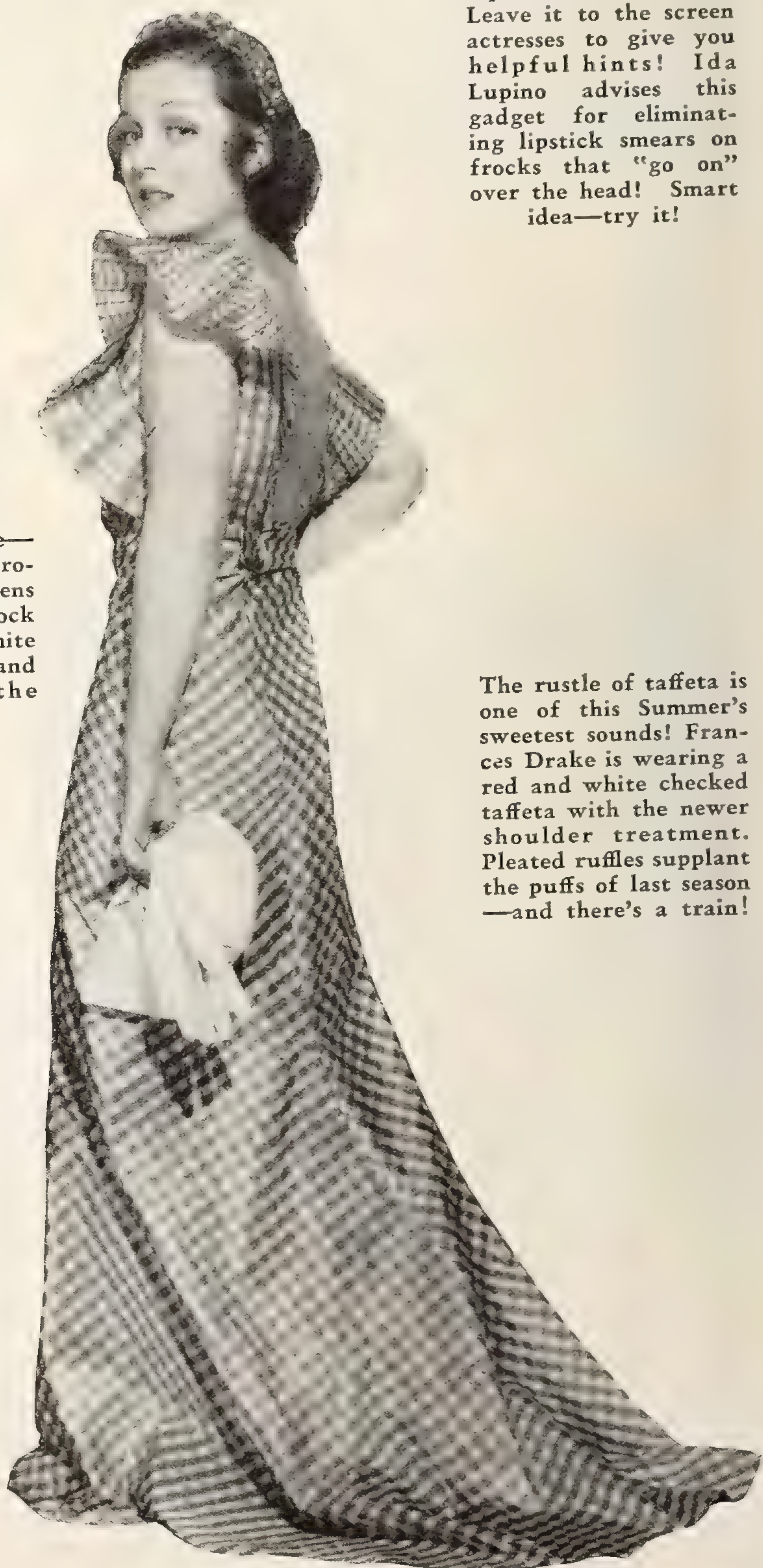


Lips under guard! Leave it to the screen actresses to give you helpful hints! Ida Lupino advises this gadget for eliminating lipstick smears on frocks that "go on" over the head! Smart idea—try it!

If Hollywood favors it, it's Fashion News!



Simple, inexpensive—but effective! Dorothy Wilson brightens up her dark frock with red and white gingham collar and hand-bag—at the left.



The rustle of taffeta is one of this Summer's sweetest sounds! Frances Drake is wearing a red and white checked taffeta with the newer shoulder treatment. Pleated ruffles supplant the puffs of last season—and there's a train!



How to be alluring though economical! Mae Clarke, left, buys inexpensive bead bracelets to match her evening frocks, then twines real gardenias among 'em! Or you can buy artificial posies if you prefer.

Maureen O'Sullivan, right, shows you her favorite "knock-about" costume. For casual sports wear, Maureen loves her trusty white sweater topped by a fetching knitted hat with two pert pom-poms.



Chocolate brown for blondes! Helen Twelvetrees sponsors it with this enchanting evening gown. Princess lines prevail to a point about the knees where godets supply fullness edged by plain brown soufflé—fifty-two yards of it! New, that full, pointed removable neckline cape.



For girls of the dainty Marion Nixan type, whose quiet charm is never sensational, the frock shown below is a Happy Thought! Its stripes of red, black, and white give gaiety and color, its high-in-front neckline is modest, but its back is daringly deep! Marian selected it for a motion picture, but she will have it copied for her own personal use as well. Highly recommended for conservative girls with clever ideas!



DANGER!

Women at Work!

A beauty "short" with
Rochelle Hudson play-
ing the lead

By
*Josephine
Felts*



That five-o'clock-feeling makes you realize your own shortcomings!

A quick clean up with a soft, smooth cream helps a lot! Protect your hair!



If your eyebrows are too short, let your eyebrow pencil draw them out a bit.



Lipstick is last—but not least! Let it shape your lips and brighten them.



TO HAVE a man not know you are alive, is bad enough. But to have him know and not care is terrible!

So mused Penny, sitting over her typewriter at the end of a busy day. There is nothing like that five-o'clock-feeling to make you realize your own shortcomings. If your spirits are ever down, five o'clock is the time they are *downest*! If your hands are ever rough and grimy, then is the time they taunt you. If your hair ever strings, your eyes ever feel tired, your clothes ever cling limply to you, they do it then! And if you are going out that evening to meet the nicest man you know—as Penny was—or even the next to nicest, something has got to be done.

Penny knows well that something has to be done. She does it! When we see her again, she is like a butterfly that has slipped from a cocoon of ink and carbon paper. It isn't only her face and her frock that have changed. Something has lit the candles behind her eyes and when she walks she makes you think of thistledown and sea-foam.

The pictures tell the story. Miss Rochelle Hudson plays the part of Penny and shows us in dramatic fashion what glamor has to do with creams and pencils! And did she get her man? I (Continued on page 71)



Posed by Charles Starrett and Rochelle Hudson

The cause of it all—or shall we say the effect? Cause or effect, he looks as if he liked it. Don't you?



"Triple-threat" man! Lanny Ross, prince of radio and new movie star, plans a third career.

Taking the AIR!

"Mike" menaces of the moment!
Close-ups of ether idols

By
Mortimer Franklin

IRENE RICH has her fingers crossed these days. Not that Irene is superstitious. But a life in which the "ups" have been swift and the "downs" precipitate has taught her that there is such a thing as luck, call it by whatever hifalutin' name you may choose. And so just now, when she is riding high and ever so handsome, she takes a precautionary rap on the wood of her very executive-looking desk and crosses two fingers half-seriously before launching on a discussion of the Rich career.

"Not so long ago," pointed out the effervescent Irene, (it seems silly to go formal about so fresh and bubbling a young lady of forty-two admitted summers)—"not so long ago I just couldn't seem to make a go of anything. I seemed to be washed up with the movies; there didn't appear to be anything I could turn to with any prospect of success. And today—well, is it any wonder I've come to feel that good fortune comes in periodic spurts, and that a body had better make the most of it while it's here?"

What about this present success spree of Irene's? Well, in the first place she broke a precedent by scoring a resounding hit on her very first radio try, incidentally becoming the first female entertainer to use movie renown as a stepping-stone to commercial radio success. Once snugly established as a radio feature, she smashed another record that is likely to stay smashed for a long time to come.

"I simply sold the grape-juice firm that sponsors me clean out of grape-juice," she snickered. "Since I went on the air for them the sale of their beverage has increased just 638 per cent, which leaves them high and dry. You see, they won't buy the product from any other source; and they won't even use any grapes except they grow themselves—so they just (Continued on page 90)



Here's Hollywood

BING CROSBY wasn't at all pleased when director Norman Taurog sneaked off to Santa Barbara for a preview of the crooner's new picture, "We're Not Dressing." The director had promised to let Bing know about that preview.

Too late to attend, Crosby learned where the picture was being shown. So he put in a long distance telephone call for Taurog at the theatre in Santa Barbara, informing the theatre manager that the call was very important, and to please get Taurog to the 'phone. The director was called out of the theatre at a most crucial moment of the picture, and when he answered the telephone, Bing Crosby uttered only one sound—a long, loud razzberry that I'll bet is still ringing in Taurog's ear!

WEEP a tear or two for Pat Patterson, that very cute cutie from England who perhaps captured your eye and heart in "Bottoms Up." Pat fell deeply in love with Charles Boyer, the French actor, and not long ago they eloped. As far as I know, they're very, very happy.

But in the meantime, Pat received a perfectly dazzling offer to do a picture in England, her native country. Because she is married to a Frenchman, however, she has lost her English citizenship, so if she wants to return to London to star in a movie and earn all that offered money, she'll have to apply for permission to go back under England's alien artist quota law.

It's just the same as though you married somebody in the next state, and then had to get your own state's permission to return home to visit your parents!

ANNA STEN is just as clever as Greta Garbo with her mysterious goings and comings. Anna disappeared from Hollywood for nearly a month, and nobody could find her. Meanwhile, her first picture was establishing theatre records in New York, and the critics were doing Sten raves. While they were shouting her glories, a charming lady registered at a leading New York hotel under the name of Mrs. Eugene Frenke.

Mrs. Frenke is the real-life name of Anna Sten—and she remained at that hotel, unidentified, for three weeks, right under the noses of those New York bloodhound-reporters.

HIS name *must* remain hidden, but one fun-loving Hollywood comedian owns a "candid camera," and for months he has delighted in snapping unexpected snaps of people. He later uses those pictures to the discomfort of his victims—all in the nature of fun, of course. Well, not long ago a cameraman spotted this fellow kissing an extra girl—and took a photograph of the event. The cameraman has supplied all of the comedian's previous victims with prints of the picture—and is that comedian being a good boy!



Here's Light
on Things
You Must
Know about
the Stars!

By
Weston
East

Making the grade! Of course Gloria Stuart seeks greater eminence as a screen luminary. Here she is proving she *means* it, the while lending a helping hand in reflecting more light on a studio scene.

WHAT is all this sudden excitement about Greta Garbo being seen in a Hollywood five-and-ten-cent store? A little Swedish clerk there tells me that Garbo has been trading at her counter for the past five years.

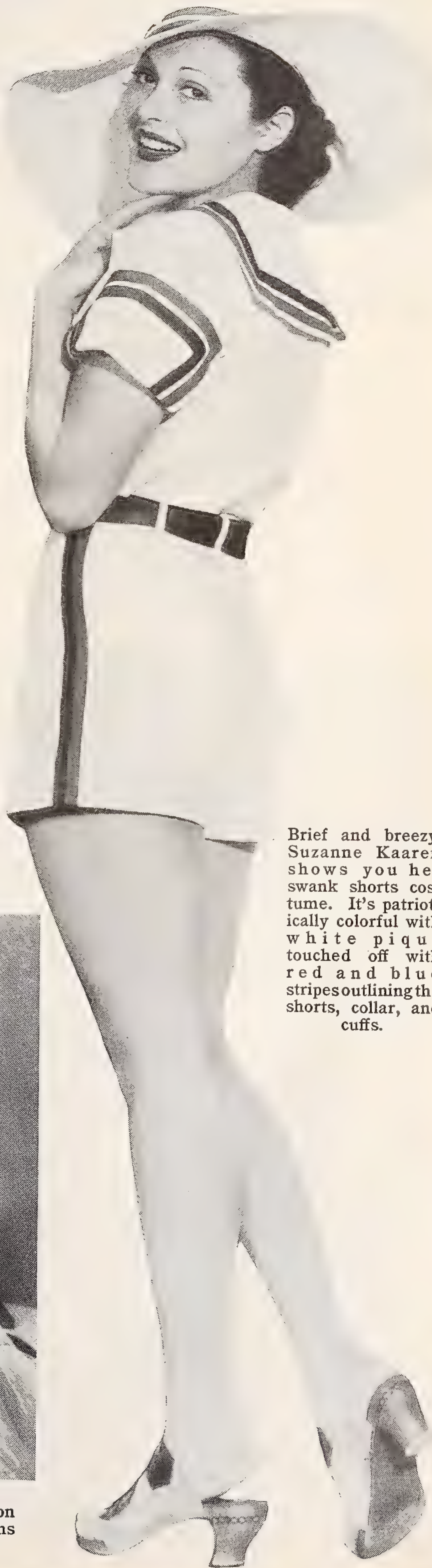
"Miss Garbo has been coming here for ages. I've waited upon her at least fifty times." So says the little clerk, and for the benefit of other clerks who have waited on Greta but may not have recognized her, this one adds, "She always wears dark glasses, a wide-brimmed hat that pulls low over her forehead, and a muffler that smothers the lower part of her face."

VICTOR McLAGLEN is a Colonel of the California Light Horse Cavalry of Lancers, the only fully equipped troop of its kind in this country. . . . Gracie Allen (who Burns George), says Bing Crosby shouldn't mind audiences that razz, because he *boo-boos* them right back. . . . Alice White refused to take part in a Los Angeles stage play because John Warburton was the leading man. . . . Joan Crawford has 27 dogs at her house, and each is named after one of her past pictures. . . . Charlie Chaplin, accompanied by his two sons, has not missed a local circus in three years, and often treats the kids two times or more. Eric Linden, who ran away from Hollywood when Frances Dee married, makes his picture come-back in "I Give My Love." . . . Jean Muir rented a house and sent to New York for her furniture; the furniture was late arriving, so Jean lived in one room of the house for two weeks. . . . David Manners requests visitors to his desert ranch to bring small cypress trees; to each tree he is attaching metal tags identifying the donor. . . . Mae West's prize come-back was spoken to the actor who said, "I had a pain in my arms last night"; Mae's *bon mot*: "Who was she?" . . . Gene Raymond received a fan request for an autographed picture—"not to be signed by a butler, secretary or publicity man."

A NEW feud is on in Hollywood. Of all people, it involves Mary Brian and W. C. Fields. And all because Mary's brother, Terry Danzler (that's Mary's real last name), came to town with his orchestra. Terry, having no better place to practice new tunes and ditties, took the boys out to Mary's Toluca Lake home. There on the Brian lawn, they tooted and fluted and drummed.

Just across the narrow lake, "Bill" Fields was trying to grab an afternoon siesta. You can imagine what the saxophones and cornets did to *that* intended nap! At last, in desperation and anger, Fields seized a huge tom-tom from his game room. He ran with this to the lake's edge, and there he stood beating it with all his force, drowning out the band until they gave up in disgust and went elsewhere to practice. And that's the story of Hollywood's new feud!

UNCLE SAM, how *can* you be so ungracious toward the movies? The James Cagney unit spent more than a week aboard the battleship Arizona, photographing scenes for Jimmy's newest picture. The company completed the scenes and returned to the studio. A few days later somebody discovered that several sequences had to be re-taken. Meanwhile, the entire Pacific fleet had steamed for other waters, to be gone six months. The studio was forced to build a replica of the ship's deck.



Brief and breezy! Suzanne Kaaren shows you her swank shorts costume. It's patriotically colorful with white piqué touched off with red and blue stripes outlining the shorts, collar, and cuffs.



Soldier beware! Mischief lurks in that vivacious smile Maxine Doyle turns on William Powell in the course of a romantic interlude of "Isle of Fury." Seems rather promising, doesn't it?



Acme

Not a motion picture! Here's a glimpse of the real (night) life of a brilliant triumvirate of Hollywood stars seated 'round their table at the Domino Club Ball. Ginger Rogers, Lew Ayers, Janet Gaynor and Dr. Veslin, seen left to right, above.

STUDIO officials who took the new Lee Tracy picture to a suburban theatre for its preview received a surprise. That night a gang of college boys had attended the theatre in a body. Much to the chagrin of the studio execs, the audience hissed the villain, cheered the hero, and offered special noises to accompany various actions on the screen. Don't the confused producers know that college boys throughout the nation have a habit of thus voicing their opinions at movie houses?

HAVE you often wondered what becomes of beauty contest winners? Paramount brought thirty such winners to Hollywood following a world-wide contest staged under the title, "The Search for Beauty."

At this writing, six of the thirty are under contract to the studio that held the contest. Three are under contract to other studios. Fourteen have returned to their homes. The remaining seven are hanging around Hollywood—still hopeful of a chance to win fame and wealth.



Proud mother! And you can see the reason why at a glance. Karen Morley, Mrs. Charles Vidor, here shows you why she temporarily deserted the films. The baby's name is Michael Karoly Vidor.

WHAT! No villain! What kind of a picture is this new "The Merry Widow" going to be, anyway?

Veteran movie-goers will recall that Roy D'Arcy was the villain of the silent version "The Merry Widow," and Roy's toothsome leer brought him over-night fame. But the current Maurice Chevalier-Jeanette MacDonald "The Merry Widow" will follow closely the stage version, and that stage production had no heavy. Too bad, because D'Arcy hung around for weeks seeking his former part.

JOEL McCREA and **Frances Dee** have made a unique arrangement (a sort of bet), pending the arrival of their first-born sometime this coming summer. If it's a girl, Joel will put a month's salary into a trust fund for the baby. If it is a boy, Frances will do likewise.

WYNNE GIBSON, returning and finding the house full of bees, seized a vacuum cleaner and cleared them out without receiving a sting. . . . Lupe Velez, Adrienne Ames, and their respective husbands, Johnny Weissmuller and Bruce Cabot, have co-leased a beach house for the summer. . . . Ann Harding, who turns ill at the sight of the color orange, had to attend a California orange show—and was ill for two days afterward. . . . The birthdays of Jean Harlow's husband and mother occur on the same day. . . . That Elizabeth Cobb, writer under contract to Fox, is a daughter of the famous author, Irvin S. Cobb. . . . Jean Parker, now studying singing, practices her lessons during the thirty-minute drive to and from the studio daily. . . . Mae West owns a bullet-proof automobile that cost \$7000 for safety equipment alone, such as non-breakable glass and tire shields—even machine guns can't penetrate the car's exterior.

It's an act! Gloria Swanson needed no threats to make her give her best as a stage actress when she headlined the footlight program at the New York Paramount. At the left you see the diminutive star in a rehearsal with Thurston Hall.



International



Paris loves art! And also has an eye for feminine charm, as proved by praise accorded the portrait, above, of Jeanette MacDonald as *The Merry Widow*, by Emma Presti and exhibited at the Grand Palais.

NOW you may describe her as you wish, but I say that Mae West is one clever girl. How come? Just this:

Mae insists that a lot of ex-prize-fighters be given work in her pictures. Among those who are often seen on her sets are Jimmy Dundee, Frankie Grandette, Frankie Dolan, Jimmy O'Gathey and at least twenty-five more.

There have been several threats against Miss West. By giving all these former prize-fighters work, Mae has won their undying friendship—and what enemy is going to chance being half-killed by Mae's gang.

NEW YORK had a very well-known modiste by the name of Omar Kiam—on the level, that's his name! Well, Omar was brought to Hollywood to design clothes for pictures, and believe it or not, he leased an apartment home at the Garden of Allah.

The day of his arrival, a new telephone operator was on the job, and the following conversation occurred:

Operator, answering a call: "Good morning."

Voice: "Is this the Garden of Allah?"

Operator: "Yes, it is."

Voice: "Then let me speak to Omar Kiam."

Operator: "Smarty!" And she cut off.

IN THE back hills of Tennessee (and perhaps other states), there is a quaint old custom of "lending the family baby crib." One mother, not using it, sends it to another about-to-be-mother.

The same custom, modernized to the extent of a bassinet in lieu of the old-fashioned crib, has come to Hollywood. Arline Judge was given a beautiful bassinet for her baby. She lent it to Pauline (Mrs. Skeets) Gallagher. Then it went to the wife of Al Newman, the musician. From there the bassinet went to the home of the Frank (director) Capras. And its next use will be to make life more comfortable for the Sally Eiler's baby, due next fall.

Won't sell her violets! Mae West is saving them to add that final touch to the Gay '90's flavor she will bring you in her new starring rôle in which she says such things and does such things—but "It Ain't No Sin."



Bob, Rudy, and George! Imagine it, all under one roof and within reach of New York night club girls! No wonder Robert Montgomery and George Raft reported a pleasant visit on a trip to Manhattan and the club where Rudy Vallee stars.

International

MARGARET LINDSAY had just made her first studio appearance following her appendix operation—an operation that proved more serious than most appendectomies. In fact, Margaret was confined to her hospital room and home for almost three weeks, and she was a very sick girl.

At any rate, that first day at the studio she lifted a telephone receiver and dialed a number. After a series of roars and knocks and squeaks, a voice came across the wire. It said, "This is the operator."

"Oh, yeah!" retorted Miss Lindsay. "If

I never see another operator, I'll be happy!" And the poor telephone girl doesn't know yet what it was all about.

JIMMY DURANTE thinks that nature handed him a raw deal. He insists he should have been born an Eskimo.

"Up there around the North Pole, they kiss by rubbing noses," Durante rants. "What an Eskimo lover I'd have been!"





There you are! A final dab of the make-up artist's powder puff and Shirley Temple is ready for another chapter in her screen career. She's only four, but she's the season's brightest new star.



Welcome, Annabella! From France comes Mademoiselle Annabella to lend her attractions to Hollywood-made films. Erik Charell, director, is seen with her above.

HOLLYWOOD was as excited as all get-out when Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, once of Russia, visited the city. All the stars made elaborate plans to meet the royal guest. What a blow to the stars' ego when they heard the Princess Kropotkin's first words, upon arriving at a studio, were: "The one person I really want to meet is Mr. Stepin Fetchit."

DIRECTORS simply cannot put anything over on Will Rogers, try as they may. For instance, one of the megaphone wielders instructed Rogers to "look half surprised."

"Cain't do it! Cain't do it," Rogers drawled. "Takes one of them actor-fellers to look half-surprised. I can either look all surprised, or not surprised. If I was good enough to look half-surprised, I'd ask for a raise in pay!"

(Continued on page 70)

HISS AND CHEER DEPT:

GIVE Joan Crawford a big close-up. When her Scottie dog was sick, Joan sat up all night long to care for it. She might have left that to servants, but chose to do it herself.

A long-shot with poor lighting to those people who publicly condemn big salaries paid to the stars—yet never fail to see those stars in entertaining pictures. If those chronic grouches enjoy the pictures, so do millions of others, therefore the stars *rate* big salaries.

A nice close-up with a good sound track to Guy Kibbe. He started for the circus with his daughter. Nearing the big tents, Guy saw several lads with yearning eyes, so he added them to his party.

A very long-shot to John Warburton,—if he knows about this—because the president of his fan club writes: "Warburton said he would co-operate with us, but hasn't. I sent him three dollars for photographs, but have never heard from him, or from my three dollars."

A close-up to Adolphe Menjou for unselfishness. Adolphe is paid \$1100 a day for extra days over and beyond his contracted time, but when another actor had a chance to get another picture part if he could finish his rôle with Menjou in time, Adolphe insisted on working far into the night, *at no extra pay*, in order that his fellow actor might get that other part.



Guilty conscience! That prize wolfhound of Douglass Montgomery's seems worried himself for coming between his master and Margaret Sullavan just when they were having such a pleasant off-set tête-à-tête.

"I Love Summer Clothes"

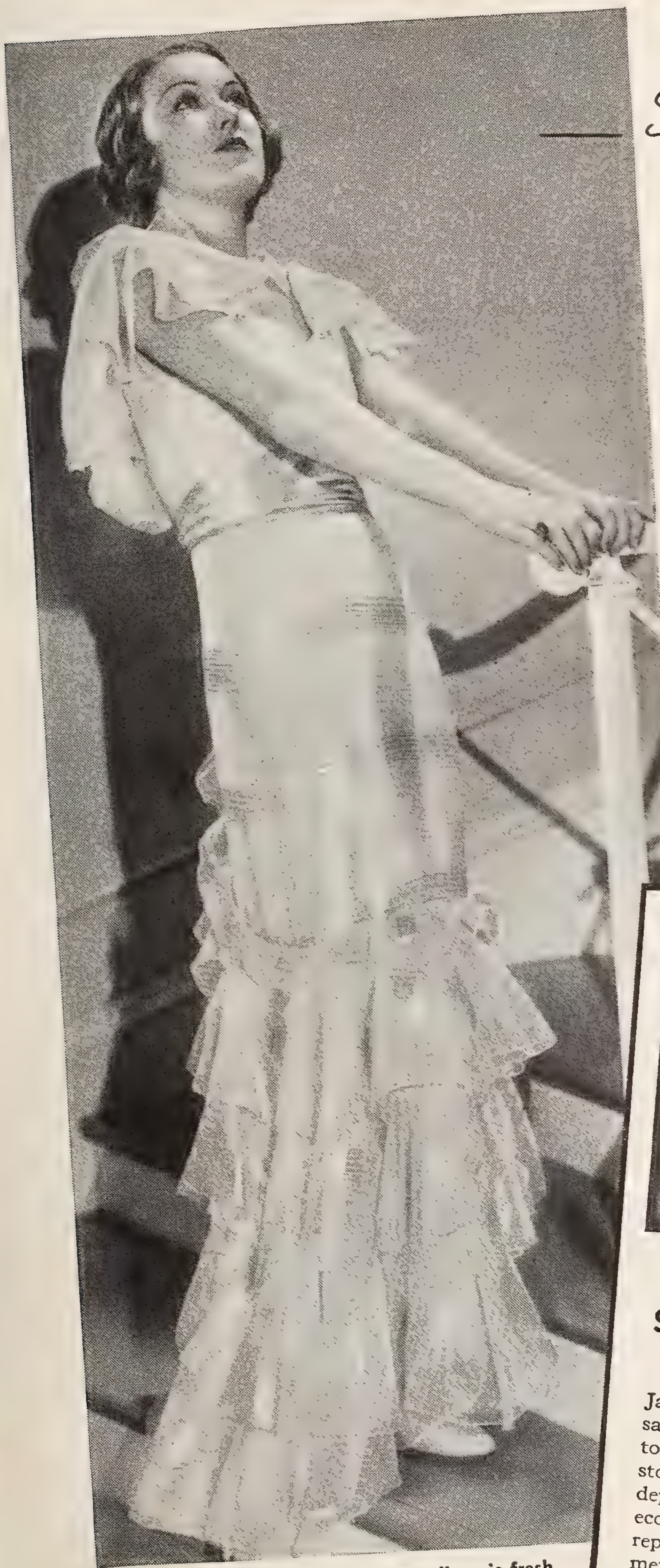
says Fay Wray

"It's so easy to keep them fresh and smart with LUX"

"With such exciting new cottons and gorgeous washable silks nowadays, summer clothes have loads of smartness. But, of course, they must be absolutely fresh to look their best.

"That's why Luxable clothes are so heavenly. Just a whisk through a froth of lukewarm Lux suds, and they look grand as new. My maid always tests the color first in clear water—then we know if it's safe in water alone, it can be trusted to gentle Lux."

Why don't YOU try this Hollywood care for your own summer things? Lux will keep them fresh and unfaded. But don't risk cake-soap rubbing or using ordinary soaps containing harmful alkali. These things are often disastrous to color and fabrics. Lux has no harmful alkali—keeps lovely frocks new looking all summer long.



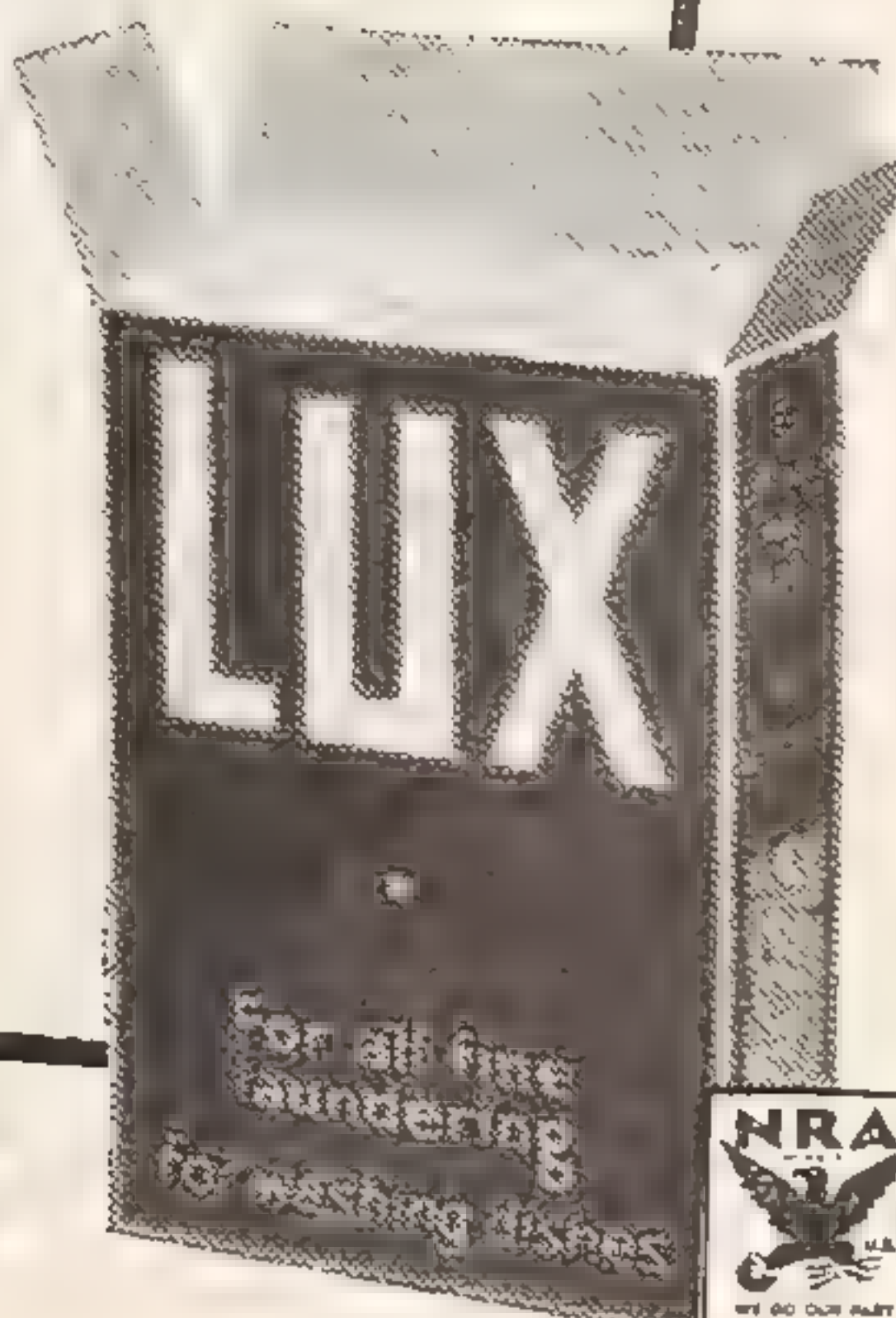
"Lux is marvelous, too, for keeping lingerie fresh and lovely without fading the color," **FAY WRAY** says. "And how it cuts down stocking runs!"



Kallach, Columbia stylist, discusses costumes and color with Fay Wray, lovely young star of Columbia's "BLACK MOON."

Specified in all the big Hollywood studios . . .

Janet Henle, Columbia wardrobe department, says: "In my job it's important to know how to take the best possible care of costumes and stockings worth many thousands of dollars. I depend on Lux. It has proved an invaluable economy and a wonderful help in cutting down replacement bills. Lux is the best and safest method of cleansing all washable garments—silk, cotton, wool."



Hollywood says—Don't trust to luck **TRUST TO LUX**

So Easy...

**to get good snapshots now
with JIFFY KODAK
and VERICHROME FILM**



THERE'S a new way to take snapshots—an easier way. With a Jiffy Kodak . . . the smart folding camera that's so simple to use.

At the touch of a button the Jiffy leaps out—ready for action. A click of the shutter and you've made a picture.

Smartly designed in metal and enamels—as trim as a lady's compact. The Jiffy comes in two sizes . . . for $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ inch pictures, \$9 . . . for $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ inch pictures, \$8. *If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.*



YOU'LL get better pictures with Verichrome Film. In the glaring sun or the porch's shade—this film gets the picture. The cheaper the camera . . . the slower the lens—the more the need for Verichrome. Load your camera with Verichrome for better pictures. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, New York.

The Movie Romance that Shocked the World!

Continued from page 19

separation, which was never officially sanctioned, lasted until the Duke died, followed very soon afterward by his discarded wife. Of course the world talked a lot about the strange end of their romance, which had been supposed to have been an ideal one, but it never even so much as guessed what background that end had had.

Then there was the case of the Grand Duke Constantin of Russia. He had married, also for love, one of the most beautiful girls in Europe, the Princess Alexandra of Saxe-Altenburg, and for years he remained at her feet. One fine morning he told her he was going to take a short trip to the Crimea, returning in a couple of weeks—but he never did, instead writing his wife a letter expressing his intention of living apart from her in the future! There had been no quarrel, nothing that could have given the Grand Duchess an inkling of the catastrophe about to befall her. But the next thing which the world heard, was that a beautiful young ballet dancer was seen with the Grand Duke, who appeared as happy in her company as he had been years before in that of his wife.

The Princess bore her misfortune with immense dignity, never complaining, ignoring all the rumors which were brought to her concerning her husband's misdeeds, until suddenly something happened which drew public attention back to her. The Grand Duke was stricken with apoplexy, and never recovered the use of his limbs. But his mind remained unimpaired, and one day he was heard to say he would give anything to see his wife again and obtain her forgiveness. The remark was repeated to the Grand Duchess, who immediately had a special train ordered to take her in her turn to the Crimea, where she was welcomed with not only effusion by her truant consort, but also with repentance and the expression of his regrets for the sorrow which he had brought upon her. She remained at his side, and watched over him with the greatest devotion until he died about eighteen months later. This story caused as great excitement in royal circles as I ever remember having heard.

And although I had nearly forgotten it, it returned to my mind when all the rumors about the estrangement between Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks began to fly around the world. Mary always reminded me of the Grand Duchess Alexandra whenever I heard her mentioned, and of course being interested not so much in the rumors as in Mary herself, I asked all about them when I was in London, and tried to find out how much truth there was in them.

Everybody loves and admires "Our Mary," the only and inimitable Mary, and if possible the sympathy which she has always inspired has been increased by the dignified way in which she has behaved and borne the very unpleasant publicity to which she has been lately subjected.

In consequence of this, Douglas Fairbanks has had, and is still having what one calls in French a "very bad press," and that has prevented him in his turn from getting the justice which Mary very likely would be the very first person to wish him to obtain.

Doug may be vain. But then aren't all men that more or less, and are there many in the world endowed with sufficient force of mind to resist certain fair sirens when these have started on the war-path,

determined to get the scalps of their neighbors? The more a man is well-known, the more of these sirens he finds awaiting him at every corner, and when it comes to such a celebrity as Douglas Fairbanks, there are armies of them on the look-out for an opportunity to throw their harpoons at him.

This is why, in spite of my sympathy for Mary, I have a sort of sneaking sympathy for Doug! I hear that he is starting to make a new picture—his first film to be made in England. He is working at the studios of London Films Productions at Elstree. How hard it must be for him sometimes, trying to make "The Private Life of Don Juan," with so many newspaper items staring at him about his own private life! Remember, the senior Fairbanks is still a most attractive man. All over the world women are interested in him. And Mary Pickford has always been admired and envied by thousands of women. Obtaining a triumph over Mary would be, for some women, something like winning the Victoria Cross in battle!

The internationally noted actor from whom she is reported to wish a divorce may have been seen at this or that night club, in the company of Lady So-and-So, or the Countess of This-and-That, but so have other men who have not the misfortune to be famous film stars and so do not have the embarrassment of seeing their every action magnified on the front pages of many newspapers. As for divorce actions—well, there was once a great Prince who was named as co-respondent by a certain man in his divorce suit, but no one ever thought that the Prince's wife would in turn divorce her consort so as to allow him to make another woman Princess in her place!

Why, then, do so many gossips believe that the great romance of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks must be permanently broken? Why not give them a chance to mend it? The scandal-mongers, I fear, have chosen to ignore one thing—that at heart Douglas is still Mary's Doug! He has a large and brilliant cast of charming ladies in his new motion picture—but surely this does not mean that he will take any one of them seriously! The beautiful young Merle Oberon, who made such a success in "The Private Life of Henry the Eighth," as the unfortunate *Anne Boleyn*, appears in "The Private Life of Don Juan" it is said at Fairbanks' particular request. But this signifies merely that Mr. Fairbanks respects Miss Oberon's talents as an actress. Another lady in the cast is the charming and amusing Elsa Lanchester—well, she is in her own private life the wife of Charles Laughton! And so on and on. Life, to Douglas Fairbanks, may be a great and colorful motion picture; but to my belief there is just one real leading lady in it—Mary Pickford!

Let us hope for a Happy Ending! Somehow I seem to see a new era of happiness dawn for Little Mary, as well as for Douglas Fairbanks. I seem to see "the leading man" reappear at Pickfair, to be greeted by "the leading lady" with a grave, wise, affectionate and indulgent smile. Angels always find a special joy in forgiving!

Meanwhile people all over the world are talking—talking. As they never, believe me, talked in the past about the love affairs of Kings and Queens. No royal romance ever shook the world as the movie romance of Mary and Doug is doing today!

I'm sending some of the latest
snapshots of Bill—he's swell, Sis,
and wants to meet you. ~~He's the~~

Captain
a hot
I
so he
with
Summer



How much more one snapshot tells about the way he looks than a whole letter! One snapshot, and you almost know him. What a fascinating way to make letters clear and interesting. The friends—the places you go—the things you do—slip them into the envelope in the form of snapshots. They really tell the story. Snapshots are more truthful, more expressive than ever, when you use *Kodak Verichrome Film*. Make your next pictures with Verichrome and see the difference. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Don't just write it—PICTURE IT—with snapshots



Flash, Jean fingerprinted! But don't get excited, La Harlow wasn't arrested, she was appointed honorary Chief of Police and you see her above making the necessary records.

(Continued from page 66)

WHEN Franchot Tone was working on a huge ship-set which was rented for scenes in "Sadie McKee," he kept his habitual pipe in his mouth when cameras were not grinding.

A guard approached Franchot with, "Beg pardon, Mr. Tone—no smoking here."

"I'm not smoking," said Franchot. "The pipe is not lit."

"Then if you don't mind, put it out of sight," the guard firmly requested. "Hundreds of extras on the set don't know it isn't lit, and they can't understand why they can't smoke, because they see you with that pipe in your mouth!"

Franchot put the pipe in his pocket.

JACK OAKIE was cast for one of the leading rôles in a picture titled "Thank Your Stars," but the company had been in production two weeks, without Oakie being called for one day's work, when the comedian visited the set.

"Just dropped in," Oakie told friends, "to get acquainted with the director."



Pretty pantaloons! Director Richard Boleslavsky compliments Marion Davies on the daintiness and authentic detail of her costume for the rôle of "Operator 13," a romantic thriller of the Civil War days.



Congratulations! Clark Gable and Myrna Loy offered the best of good wishes for the birthday W. S. Van Dyke, explorer and director, celebrated by cutting himself a piece of cake in his Hollywood home, as shown in the photo above.

DIRECTOR Jack Ford's young son, Pat, was host to a number of youngsters on his birthday. During the afternoon, all were given pencils and paper, and they played a game for which a group of letters were supplied, and the players were told to list animals, vegetables, famous people, books, and other items whose names commence with the letters specified.

Well, the point of this story is that the letter "B" was given, and under the classification, "Famous People," four of the eleven wrote "Babe Hardy."

THIS month's new game in Hollywood is called "Stars and Titles," and it's more fun than a school picnic. The more players the merrier, so next time you go to a party, play "Stars and Titles." Here's how: The idea is to think of a current or old motion picture and suit it to a star. For instance, take that title "The Trumpet Blows," and apply it to Jimmy Durante. Or take "Hips Hips Hooray," and add Jean Harlow. And "Once to Every Woman" is perfect for John Gilbert. Some more clever examples are: Sally Rand, "We're Not Dressing"; Maurice Chevalier, "The Great Mouthpiece." Try the game; it's loads of laughs and fun.

(Continued on page 76)

Danger! Women at Work!

Continued from page 60

nearly forgot! You *are* practical, aren't you! As a matter of fact, she didn't. But she got somebody else's which was lots more fun!

Penny isn't one girl in a million. Of course, she is to the man in the case; but really, she's you—she's I—she's anyone of us who have ever, at five o'clock on blissful summer evenings, longed to be lovely, longed and longed until it hurt!

The first thing to cure these five-o'clocks, is to know that by doing the proper things, you can look just as attractive as the most attractive girl you ever saw. And that people are going to be keen about you.

People pretty much give you what you expect. If you expect to be admired, (without being too obvious about it), they'll admire you. If you expect to be put upon and slighted, you're pretty likely to be both. So expect a lot of attractiveness, work for it, and you'll be surprised how much attractiveness will come your way.

This isn't being vain or selfish. It's just doing your duty by your friends, a clever way of paying them a compliment.

"Your face, you don't mind it!"

You see, you're behind it!"

So make the most of all your possibilities for the delight of your friends, the confusion of your enemies, if any!

Take an inventory of yourself. Remember no chain is stronger than its weakest link: Your face, your hair, your hands, your clothes. Decide what's to be done. Then roll up your sleeves and do it!

Be especially good to your hands. They are two things you are going to see a lot of! If they are always immaculately groomed, soft and beautifully manicured, they are going to remind you what a nice person owns them. They are going to remind other people too!

Cleanse your skin carefully with one of the many excellent cleansing creams or a mild soap, before you apply new make-up. If you have used cream, remove the last trace of oil with a good astringent. Apply a thin film of a finishing cream, and rouge, eye-shadow. Powder thoroughly, beginning with your throat. Then eyebrow pencil, but only if you need it. Mascara, and last but not least your lipstick. Do use an indelible one, so that it will last all evening!

Watch one thing most carefully. It is summer time now, so be sure that you are sweet and fresh as a daisy from top to toe. You will be using some perspiration preventative, at least twice a week or oftener if you need it. In addition it is wise to use one of those cream deodorants each day. Your daily bath or shower is a matter of course, but it does not take the place of deodorants. A prosy subject, yes, but a necessary one.

Beauty, like genius, is the infinite capacity for taking pains—in the right direction. Which reminds me: the other day a beautiful young person came to dinner at my house with her father. She had just graduated from a fashionable girls' school. She was a finished product. And she was lovely.

Yet every ten minutes she rushed to a mirror to rearrange her hair, to powder her nose, to daub her lipstick! She was a dreadful bore to everybody and must have been quite miserable herself. You see she constantly expected something to go wrong!

Do take a lot of pains with your appearance. But take them in private! You'll be a whole lot prettier—and ten times as dangerous!

COPY THESE PIQUANT

Hollywood Hair Styles

only if your hair is not

too DRY or too OILY



A very brilliant star, who exemplifies sophisticated good taste, dares to smooth her gleaming tresses straight back from her brow. She dares because her hair is soft and lustrous—not dry and fly-away. To make dry hair more manageable, use Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo* treatment (below).

This pert, "page-boy" coiffure of a famous screen favorite is intriguing if your head is the right shape for it and your hair soft enough to retain a smooth wave. If your hair is too oily to hold a wave, use the Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo* treatment given below.



Help for DRY hair:

Don't put up with dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo* is made especially for dry hair. It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

No harmful harshness in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo* today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

To correct OILY hair:

If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo*—it is made especially for oily hair. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo* every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo* to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

PACKER'S
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
for DRY hair



PACKER'S
PINE TAR SHAMPOO
for OILY hair

Build Up the Hollywood Way!

Continued from page 53



Above, Helen Mack illustrates another exercise for adding weight. This is a jumping exercise to stimulate circulation. Position as shown above, erect, then jump swinging arms upward spreading feet

stars who come to me after a strenuous dramatic picture need relaxing. Work before the cameras is an emotional strain that absorbs an immense amount of energy. This output of energy isn't confined to studios, however, for I note that medical associations everywhere are warning America that we are going too fast. If it wouldn't scare people to death, I'd be all for putting up signposts labelled "This way to the Lunatic Asylum," for speeders through life.

One of the first things I recommend to nerve-ridden stars—and it will do you good, too,—is a course in swimming.

Swimming is the only exercise that brings every muscle in the body into play; it stimulates the blood and starts proper circulation. But the underweight girl should do her swimming at a time when she can afford to relax afterwards for two or three hours. After the swim, she should take some light nourishment—milk or Ovaltine—and then rest for the remainder of the period.

Do not start in by swimming for a long time the first day. Begin slowly, say a short dip of five or ten minutes, and stay in a little longer each day; but for a thin person, an hour is the limit. If you stay longer, you will undo all the good the swim has done you.

A daily bath is another channel for those who would build up and who cannot take a dip in the ocean. Sea salt tones up the body. I recommend salt rubs by an expert, but *never* try one on yourself, for you might cut your skin and cause pain and damage.

Put a pound of sea salt into a tub of warm water and soak in it. Massage the entire body while in the water and remain there from fifteen to twenty minutes.

If you are not using salt water, you may relax in warm water from five to eight minutes, then take a cold shower, beginning with tepid water and working up slowly to cold so as not to give your body a shock; the cold shower keeps the flesh solid, but very cold showers are not good for excessively nervous people.

Before the bath or salt rub, it's a very good thing to use a toning-up massage. This is how to do it:

Grasp the ends of a large Turkish towel in each hand. Starting between the shoulders, rub the towel up and down in a diagonal position briskly and rapidly. Stop when the skin becomes warm and tingly. Move the towel up to the back of the neck and repeat, (but not too vigorously here). Then drop the towel to the waistline at the back and bring the towel back and forth with rapid strokes. Lastly, place the towel beneath the calf of each leg, (in turn), and work upward to the thigh with a rotating motion.

This will open the pores and make the salt bath more effective.

I'm a nut on sun-bathing,—such a nut that I have purchased six acres of ground in the San Fernando Valley, just a twenty minutes drive from the studio, and am building a place for my clients to come to take their sun-baths.

Sun-bathing is the greatest body builder known to man. Of course, you mustn't just tear into it with no preparation. You must begin slowly. The first day, sun yourself for one minute each on the back, front, and each side. Then increase next day to two minutes, then three, then four, and so on until you can manage half an hour altogether.

Rub olive oil all over the body before exposing to the sun's rays. I have experimented with all sorts of oil and find olive oil by far the best. For the face, do not use oil, but massage gently into it a good tissue cream; when the skin gets hot from the sun, work in the cream with your fingers. The purpose of the cream is to keep the skin moist.

Whenever I go out to Miriam Hopkins' home to give her treatments, I see little Michael, her adopted son. He is a grand example of the results of sun-bathing, for he takes his regularly and has ever since he was so small they had to turn him over. Last time I was out there, I noticed that Michael had decided to take his sun-baths standing up; but that didn't matter in his case for he runs about in a brief sun-suit most of the time. Johnny Weissmuller had better look to his laurels when young Michael grows older.

You notice that people go to a lot of trouble to exercise their arms and legs, but they never think of their necks. The very seat of the nervous system is in the abdominal and neck muscles, and those who need building up should give these special attention.

Most thin girls have thin necks with hollow chests and prominent collar bones. To overcome these defects, rotate the head, first to the left in a circle and then to the right in a circle, three times each. After this exercise, massage yourself gently, lifting the flesh from the breast to the neck, always upward.

Another excellent neck exercise: Press the fingers of both hands against the flesh on both sides of the base of the neck, pressing the flesh upward. Relax. Then press once more, and relax. Follow this until you feel a tingling sensation.

Thin wrists and scrawny forearms can

be rounded and strengthened by the following exercise: Close fists, tense the arm muscles, and do a complete circular movement of the wrist. It is often a good idea to rotate the wrists in this manner to music.

To develop the chest, try tensing the muscles of the chest and shoulder by gripping the fingertips while contracting the arm muscles.

Women were never made to exercise like men. They lose all their womanly charm the minute their muscles begin to bulge. The lighter the exercise the better. *Never* be persuaded to go in for strenuous setting-up exercises such as soldiers go through in training camp. During the war, girls used to go in for these things, mainly for the excitement of doing what the boys were doing, and if it did not do them any other harm it gave them large muscles in calves and thighs.

For the past two years, I have been studying the cat and working out a series of exercises based on her movements. She is always graceful, yet she never strains herself. If you do the stretching exercises regularly, as the cat does them, you will need no others.

Walking is excellent exercise, but too much of it will develop the thigh and make a girl's legs look masculine. Also, it is well to remember always to walk with your head up, as though you held a book on it. If you can balance a book, your shoulders will be held properly and your abdomen will be in where it belongs.

Every now and then I read an article recommending the use of a skipping rope, and every now and then a dance director decides to use a skipping rope in one of his numbers. I wish I could write this



Completing the jumping exercise, first position of which is shown in the photo left above. Jump lightly, stretching hands above head, moving them in complete arc. Balance on toes. Return to first position.

warning in scarlet letters a mile high: *Girls should not skip rope. It breaks down the breasts!* If you see a little girl with a rope, take it away from her.

If you feel you must play something for exercise and relaxation, go in for ping-pong. This is not strenuous, yet it keeps you moving and is marvelous for the eyes.

I see that I haven't yet mentioned one of the most important methods for adding to the figure on the scales dial. That is, *rest*.

Sleep is absolutely essential to any up-building regime. While you are sleeping, the entire motor of the body is being recharged. If you have difficulty in going to sleep at night, try taking a cup of warm milk, Ovaltine or cocoa before getting into bed. You may eat either Ry-crisp or wheat biscuits with your drink.

You must rest in the day-time also, if you would gain weight. If you have time for only ten minutes' relaxation, do the "spread eagle," as directed in the first of these articles which appeared last month. If you can spare thirty minutes or an hour, put a cloth over your eyes and relax thoroughly, letting go each muscle separately, making your whole body heavy, resting on the bed, instead of lying tense thinking of all the things you have to worry about.

I am not one of those afflicted with insomnia, so I have no pet method of inducing sleep, but I know of a woman star who takes her mind off her current worries and puts herself to sleep by repeating, in a sing-song,—but mentally, not aloud,—some of the verses from Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Harp Weaver":

"A rock-rock-rocking
To a mother goose rhyme!
Oh, but we were happy
For half an hour's time!"
Or
"Her thin fingers, moving
In the thin, tall strings
Were weav-weav-weaving
Wonderful things."

It doesn't much matter what words you repeat, so long as the rhythm is soothing and you can wrest your thoughts from care.

Miss Helen Mack has kindly posed for some illustrations for this article. Deep breathing, the exercise for improving the wrist, and the neck exercises are easily understandable. Perhaps I should add a word about the others so illustrated.

A balancing exercise is excellent for giving you grace while you are trying to get rid of those angles. Of course, Miss Mack has no angles—but then she has a Hollywood figure! First, you rise on the toes, with arms extended to the side; balance on one foot, spring slightly forward on right foot, with left foot thrust backward; back to position and the same with the other foot. This is something of a dance step.

Another good exercise, with balancing, is done also in the light dancing step: from standing position with feet together and hands at sides, leap lightly to position with feet apart, hands stretched above the head, moving in a complete arc. Balance on toes, then leap back to first position.

Another exercise:—(but don't do this one when you are feeling very tired; if you are underweight, do it first thing in the morning):

Stand with one hand on hip, other arm extended forward; bend right knee, extend left foot forward, left hand on hip, right arm extended; spring lightly forward and upward, keeping balance for fifty counts, (first right, then left, of course).

(Next month James Davies continues his exclusive series for Screenland. Don't miss it if you want to have that Hollywood Figure!)

"This simple Method gave her A SECOND HONEYMOON"



From an interview with Dr. Paula Karniol-Schubert, leading gynecologist of Vienna

"She was a wreck when she came into my office! Pale. Nervous. Tearful. The perfect example of what mere fear can do!

"Sound advice on marriage hygiene was all she needed. That was all I gave her. In two words. 'Use "Lysol".'

"She took my advice and in two months she came to see me again. Completely changed. Her old buoyancy and youth had returned. She was gay, confident. In love with life.

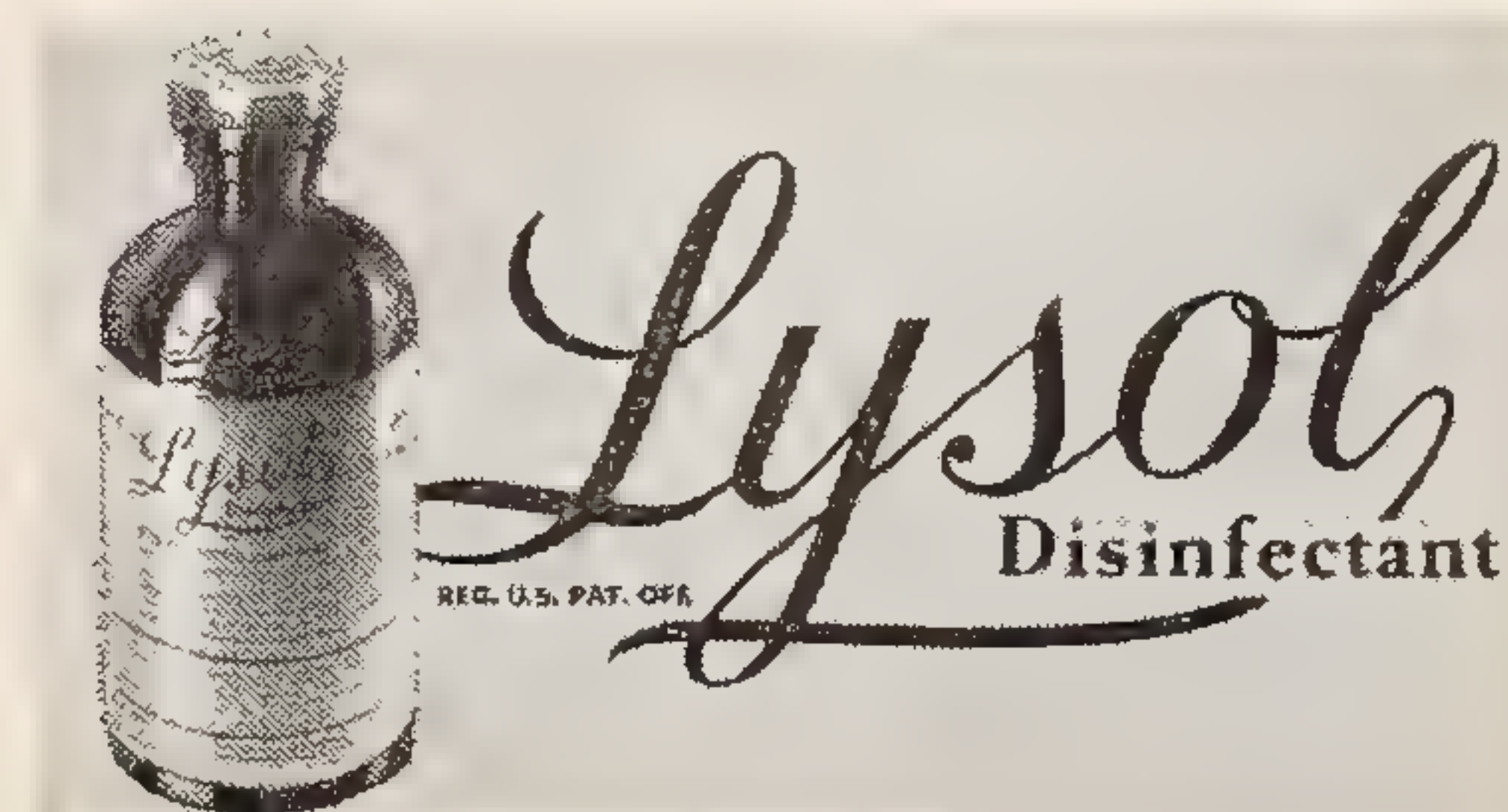
In love with her husband. And radiant with the beauty I thought she'd lost! This simple method gave her a second honeymoon.

"I have tested "Lysol" for many years. I know the certainty of its germ-destroying power even in the presence of organic matter."

(Signed) DR. PAULA KARNIOL-SCHUBERT

What Dr. Paula Karniol-Schubert advises for her patients, distinguished physicians everywhere advise.

"Lysol" kills germs. It's safe. For 40 years it has had full acceptance of the medical profession throughout the world. No other antiseptic is so generally recommended for home use.



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Now May's Lips say "KISS ME"

Gloria and Wally Together Again

Continued from page 27



Try the Stage and Movie Lipstick

If you admire the appealing "kissableness" of the lips of the movie stars and the girls in the Broadway shows, just try their lip make-up yourself—the new **KISSPROOF** Indelible Lipstick, *Special Theatrical Color*... This lipstick discovery is so wonderful it has been placed by the make-up experts in the dressing-rooms of both Hollywood Studios and New York Theatres! The stars could certainly pay anything—yet you can have exactly the same smooth, alluring **KISSPROOF** they use for a few cents! Have the thrilling new "lip appeal" it will give you tonight. You can get **KISSPROOF** LIPSTICK in all shades, including the *Special Theatrical Color*, at all toilet goods counters and at the 10c stores.

Kissproof

Indelible LIPSTICK

of artistic ambition, decreed this happiness to be short lived.

Legend has said that Gloria was a bathing beauty. She wasn't. Because Wally had such faith in her potentialities, far more than anyone else expressed, he saw that she stepped in as the heroine in his comedies. Legend has also said that she left him when selfish ambition overcame her wifely love. That is most untrue, for no seventeen-year-old girl was ever more concerned about a man than she was.

Unfortunately, after they had been married awhile, Wally's prerogatives as a man's man spoiled their domestic bliss. Surrounded by flirtatious bathing beauties, Wally was tempted into flirting back.

They had rented a tiny bungalow adjoining a garage, opposite Sennett's studio, and his mother and father stayed with them. Gradually there was less and less fun for Gloria. The girls who shared her dressing quarters observed that she cried more than she smiled. Divorce, to the ever loyal Gloria, was the last resource.

After they went their individual ways, luck first favored her. She progressed to dramatic rôles at the old Triangle studio and there Cecil DeMille discovered her. It was he who actually was responsible for transforming her from a girl of average looks into a bizarre beauty.

Wally took it big. When he comprehended all was over, he couldn't eat. He couldn't sleep; he couldn't be interested in acting. His money faded away. Only the kind intervention of Mickey Neilan saved him. Mickey, sensing Wally's innate fineness, gave him a chance as a German villain in a war drama. That rôle clicked—and the success which took Beery out of two-reelers helped him to forget Gloria.

In 1926, during the making of "Robin Hood," he fell in love with another pretty extra, Rita Gilman, from Virginia. They have been happily married for eight years and he credits their permanent union largely to her willingness to be an old-fashioned wife.

"I don't believe in wives working—anywhere," he declares. "When a woman is content with just mothering a man and his children, she's perfect!" Having no offspring of their own, the Beery's are raising an adopted baby daughter.

Meanwhile, Gloria, in the course of three subsequent marriages, has had two daughters and has adopted a young son. There is no doubting her strong maternal instinct. Each time she has married she has been sure it was to last.

There was Herbert Somborn, who died recently. A New Yorker with social connections, his aplomb intrigued Gloria. As her business manager he advanced her career notably, but when he plunged her into difficulties by upsetting DeMille they parted. However, holding no grudge, Gloria was with him at the hospital the day he passed on.

There was "Hank," the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye. A charming continental, he courted her when she was filming "Madame Sans Gene" in Paris. His frequent trips abroad were among the wedges between them.

And now—there is Michael Farmer. Equally as debonair as "Hank," Farmer has lately been in Europe on a rather extended visit. While Gloria is denying a disagreement with him, Hollywood politely wonders—and hopes she is not quibbling.

If you've been puzzled by Gloria's absence from the screen this last year, remem-

ber that she made "Perfect Understanding" in England. It failed to excite any interest. But the production itself and not her personality has been blamed.

The problem of working side by side with Wallace Beery is only one of the jumps Gloria will have to hurdle this spring. The real reason for her lengthy negotiations with the Hollywood studios has never been told. Here it is: she has entangled herself in another financial mess!

She returned to Hollywood from England a year ago. Acting has always been in her blood and continental society could not down her fondness for the films. She had numerous offers, but her old failing, her desire to run her own business, led her into a whopping dilemma. She signed with an independent concern and they proposed to first present her in a picturization of Sarah Bernhardt's life.

There's many a slip in Hollywood maneuverings and, as the months passed, Gloria discovered the money to back her productions was evidently not forthcoming. She pleaded to be released in order to sign with some of the majors. They declined to let her go!

As a result, she has to buy her way out of that contract which has paid her nothing! It will cost her the neat sum of \$100,000! With no alternative, she has agreed to pay \$50,000 upon the completion of the first picture she makes with a major studio, and \$25,000 when she finishes the second, and the same on her third.

Now you realize why she has actually had to reject certain rôles which would have been excellent for her. What M-G-M is paying her is a secret, but this much is positive: to come out *even* she will have to earn more than \$50,000 on her first for them! Did you ever hear of such a predicament?

That Gloria's business acumen has not been as good as her acting is something her best friends will admit. However, the story that she is residing in an empty mansion is absurd. Yes, those Hollywoodites who believe the worst about everyone claim that her big Beverly Hills house looks imposing on the outside but is bare as Old Mother Hubbard's cupboard within the threshold.

This rumor emanates from those who have not been invited to share Gloria's hospitality. This latest financial calamity has taught her prudence; she is not as extravagant as of yore. She travels in compartments instead of private cars, and yet she still has her luxurious home intact. One glimpses her riding in a Chevrolet more often than in a Rolls-Royce, but her staff of servants is still able to boast two butlers!

If she is seen in the same dress on half-a-dozen occasions, it is because she has tired of donning a new costume for every hour of the day. No woman in Hollywood is more exquisitely groomed than Gloria, who has advanced beyond the gaudy, pretending era in her life. She took the edicts of DeMille so seriously, when she blossomed under his guidance, that she used to be the off-screen duplicate of her cinema self.

And, if she has spent freely, at least she has had the pleasure of disposing of her own pay-checks. A venerable rumor says Wally cared for her salary when they were married, on the principle of the man being commander-in-chief. Perhaps her partiality towards charge accounts arose from those early days when she supposedly was allowed little cash in her hands!

In addition to the personal and financial questions Gloria is going to have to solve, there is yet another stickler. I refer to the competition she will have to buck on the M-G-M lot. With Garbo, Crawford, Shearer, and Harlow clamoring for the pick of the glamorous vehicles, Irving Thalberg had courage indeed to add Gloria to the fold.

She, on the other hand, chose the studio where glamor is most abundant. Which, really, is a typical stunt. She has never been daunted since she hit her stride. But can the Glorious Gloria we adored a few years ago top the tricks of these newer personalities? Once no actress wore more sensational gowns than Swanson, evolved more striking hairdresses and fads. Does she possess her old flair?

Nine years ago she was at her peak, financially speaking. Paramount proffered her a contract which was supposed to call for \$17,500 a week! Even Garbo herself would be glad to get this! Regally, Gloria said no, determined to produce on her own. A gallant but not very profitable decision.

Last month Gloria was thirty-five, which means she is just in her prime. I have never seen her look more beautiful, and a couple of hits can skyrocket her again. Marriages and motherhood, plus European polishing, have all combined to turn an efficient puppet into a warm, vibrant, fully developed actress.

Luckily for Wally, he doesn't have to worry about the glamorous attributes which Gloria must nourish. "The homelier I get the better!" he booms. "Thank God I don't have to watch my face and my figure and my clothes!" At forty-eight his every-dayness is his chief asset. (He is a fine pianist, but he won't be photographed at his piano because it would seem "out of character!")

What a wallop for the bystanders when these two ex-sweethearts meet! From the box office angle, casting them together would be a "natural." Consider, however, the memories it would awaken for them. Eighteen years have lapsed since Wally first instructed Gloria in the fundamentals of movie acting.

He may never have gotten further than the fourth grade in school—he quit when he was sixteen!—but he's smart enough to hang on in the most precarious of businesses. He's smart enough to learn how to stay happily married in Hollywood. Local men are proud to put him on bank boards and civic committees. He is a Shriner. And he has passed the severest transport piloting tests and is an excellent aviator.

Whenever Wally has gone into Hollywood proper from his Beverly home he has had to pass Gloria's pretentious abode. He has never stopped. Their circles are different; they have little in common. But when she sweeps onto the lot where he reigns he cannot ignore her presence.

"Treasure Island," in which he's been stumping around as the one-legged old salt, is practically finished. M-G-M signed Beery when he was in the same sort of lull Gloria has fallen into. They kept him on salary for nine months until they found the right vehicle, and then gave him the marvelous rôle of Butch in "The Big House."

Gloria is anxiously awaiting Irving Thalberg's announcement as to what she is to do first, secure in the knowledge that he has seldom guessed wrong in the handling of stars. Meanwhile she makes personal appearances and prepares to tackle the big contract awaiting her. She opened her stage tour at the Paramount, New York, with Detroit the second stop on the trip which takes her back to the studio. Is Thalberg going to put Swanson and Beery together again? Hollywood is dying to find out!

I'M BORED AND LONESOME.
LET'S SEE WHAT'S IN
THE PAPER TONIGHT



ANOTHER LIFEBOUY AD. I
ALWAYS READ THEM, BUT
I CAN'T BELIEVE NICE
PEOPLE HAVE "B.O."



HERE'S THE HEART PROBLEM
COLUMN...LETTER FROM A GIRL
SIGNED "LONESOME" NO FRIENDS,
NO DATES, WONDERS WHY.
MY EXPERIENCE EXACTLY!



WHAT! THE EDITOR ASKS HER
IF SHE'S CAREFUL ENOUGH ABOUT
"B.O."...EASY TO OFFEND...
FOLLY TO TAKE CHANCES...



JUST WHAT THE LIFEBOUY ADS.
HAVE BEEN SAYING. HAVE I
BEEN FOOLING MYSELF BY
DISREGARDING THEM? I'D BETTER
GET LIFEBOUY AND PLAY SAFE



A DAILY HABIT NOW

WHAT A GRAND BATH!
OCEANS OF LATHER AND
HOW FRESH AND CLEAN
LIFEBOUY ALWAYS
MAKES ME FEEL

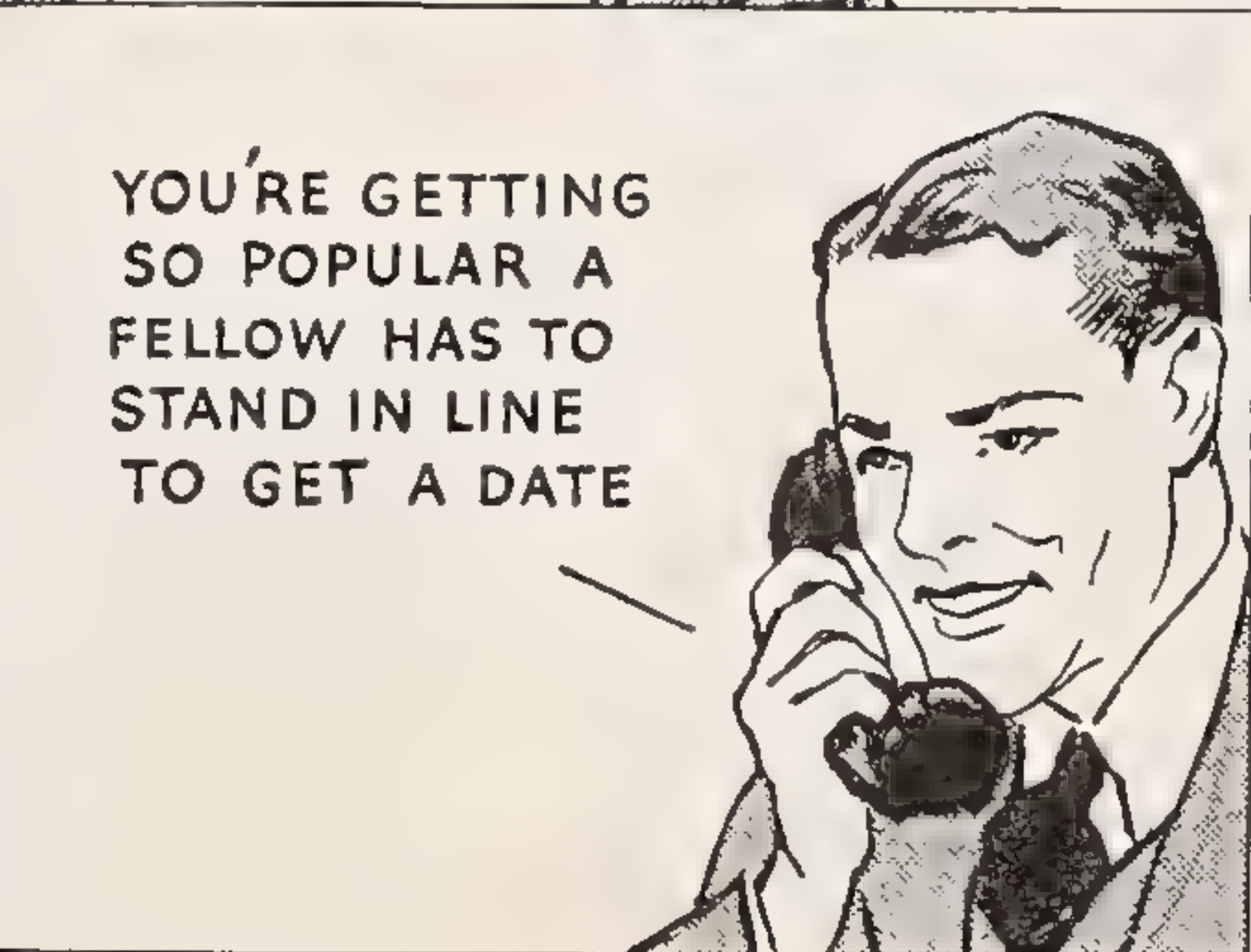


Popularity comes WHEN "B.O." GOES

LOVE TO GO, TOM,
BUT MAKE IT NEXT
WEEK. I'M ALL DATED
UP THIS WEEK!



YOU'RE GETTING
SO POPULAR A
FELLOW HAS TO
STAND IN LINE
TO GET A DATE



HE SAID NICE THINGS ABOUT
MY COMPLEXION TONIGHT.
THAT'S ANOTHER WAY
LIFEBOUY'S HELPED ME!

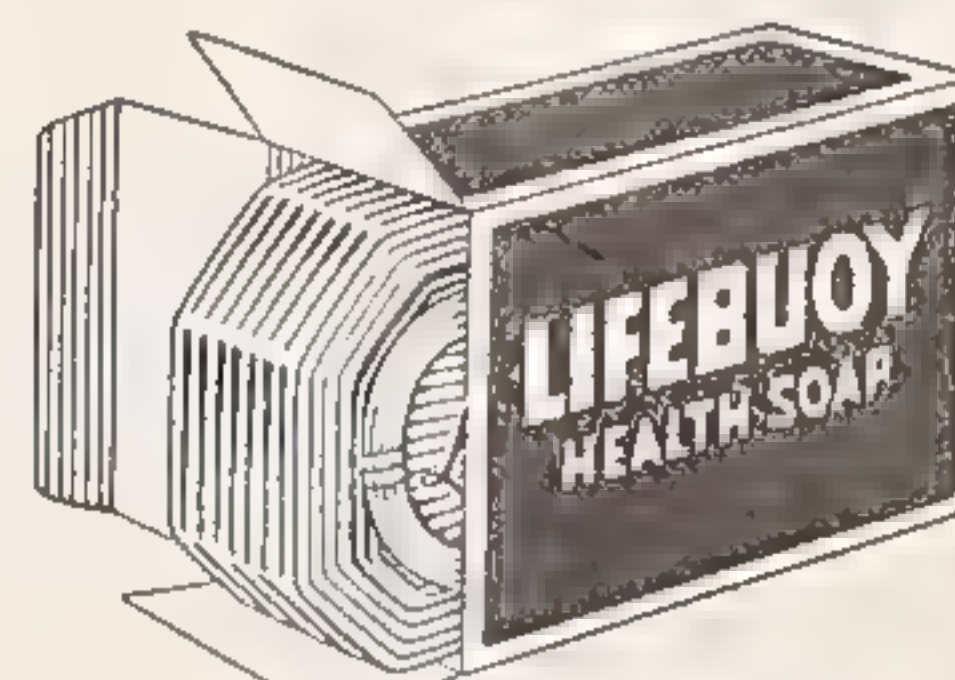


LIFEBOUY fairly showers
benefits upon its users.
It gives quantities of rich,
creamy lather whether the water is hot or
cold, hard or soft. It guards daintiness—
protects against "B.O." (body odor)—aids
the complexion. Gently washes away pore-
clogging impurities—brings new radiance.

Danger months here

Hot days make us perspire more freely.
Others are quick to notice the merest
hint of "B.O." Play safe—bathe
regularly with Lifebuoy. Its fresh,
clean, quickly-vanish-
ing scent tells you its
refreshing lather gives
extra protection.

Approved by
Good Housekeeping Bureau





She's that way about Jackie! May Robson, whose own fans are legion, is a Jackie Cooper fan, and above you see her demonstrating it.

(Continued from page 70)

EXCITEMENT? Goodness, yes! And for a while it looked as if William Gargan, if police could find him, might land in jail. But they couldn't find Bill, and by the time he did put in an appearance, everything was explained. You see, Mrs. William Gargan was in a beauty parlor, having her hair shampooed. She'd just finished, when a man rushed into the place, seized her arm, and ran out with her. Before startled operators could scream, he put her in an automobile at the curb, and dashed away. It later developed that the man was Mr. Gargan, kidnapping Mrs. Bill for a week-end at Palm Springs. She'd kept him waiting for hours and—well, he just got tired of waiting, so he went and got his wife!

IF YOU want to know all about "those hills of Old Virginyuh," talk to Ralph Bellamy. He thinks the sun rises and sets in Virginia, despite the fact that he sees that same sun stroll over Hollywood daily. Ralph's persuasive powers exercised themselves on Irene Dunne, so much so that when they finished a recent picture together and Irene went East to visit her husband, she proceeded from New York down into Virginia—and bought an old Colonial estate not far from one now owned by Bellamy.

MAYBE turn-about is fair play, or stuff like that. At any rate, Lyle Talbot wasn't exactly happy on at least two occasions when Alice Faye excused herself from his company, so that she might listen to Rudy Vallee's radio broadcast. But how funny, t'other evening, when Lyle asked to be excused from another lady's company—and rushed to a radio to listen to Miss Faye's broadcast!

THE Los Angeles Dick Powell Fan Club gave a party at which Dick was honor guest; 385 members and friends attended. . . . Stuart Erwin says the first hermit was a Scotchman who sliced his golf ball into the woods. . . . Rochelle Hudson visited her home town, Claremont, Oklahoma, last month. . . . Rumors had been current, of course, nevertheless Katherine Hepburn *did* spring a surprise with her divorce suit in Mexico. . . . Pauline Starke and Sue Carol among those who have recently attempted to make picture come-backs. . . . Wood-carving is James Cagney's new hobby; he's not bad, not good. . . . Jean Hersholt is a leader of the Danish Home Foundation, which annually sends one deserving Dane back to his homeland for a visit.

WALLACE BEERY is guilty of the crack about the Scotchman who was cured of stuttering by being forced to talk over the long-distance telephone at his own expense.

(Continued on page 98)

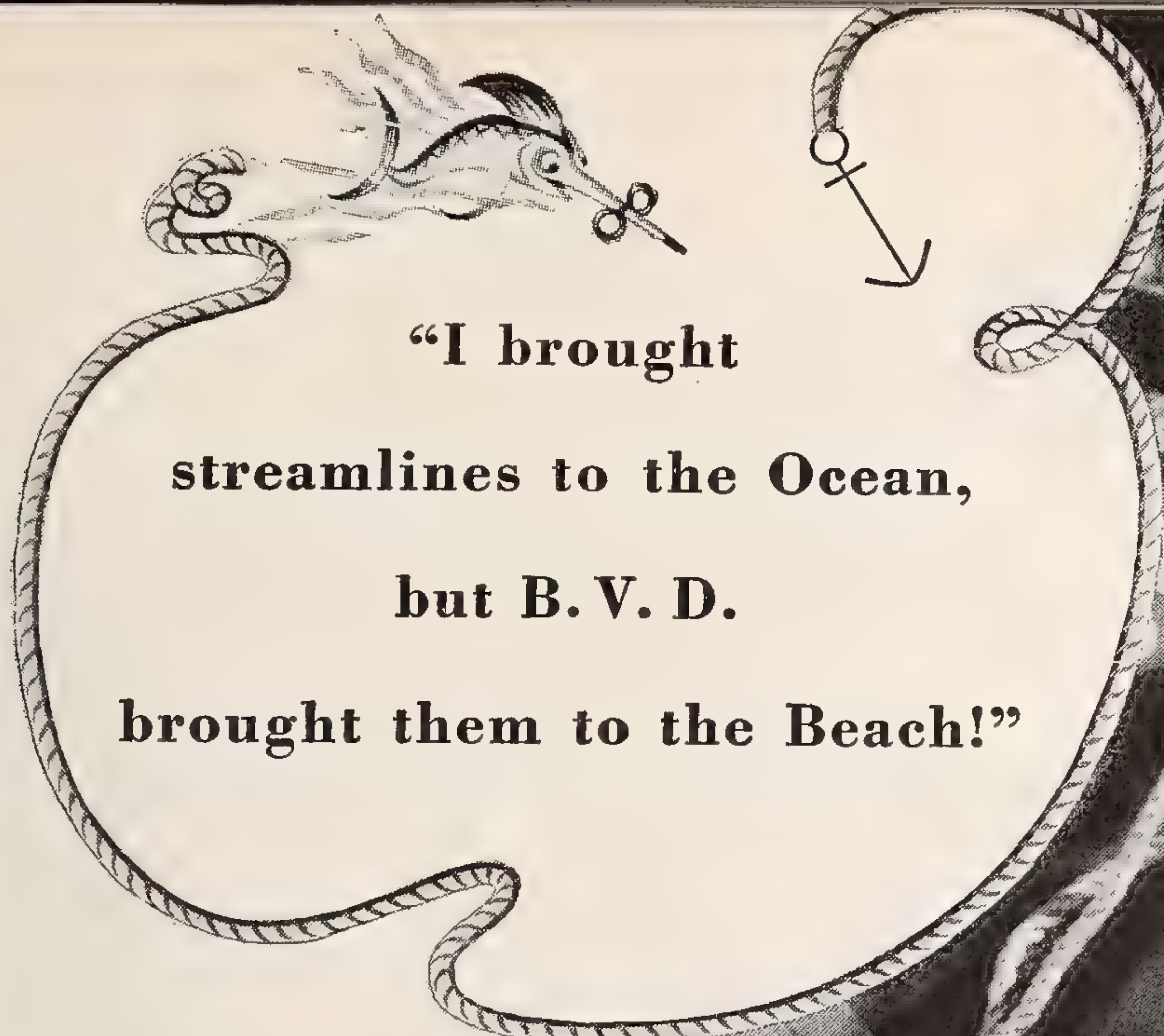


Can't fool her! No indeed, Carol Ann Beery wasn't afraid of that big Mexican, even if his belt was full of bullets—he's her dad, Wally Beery.



Nice party! The social event—one of the many in which these famous couples made up a notable foursome—at which we see the Gary Coopers and the Johnny Weissmullers, above, was approved, their smiles tell you so.

Wide World



**"I brought
streamlines to the Ocean,
but B. V. D.
brought them to the Beach!"**

Turn your binoculars on the B. V. D. sea-going brigades for 1934.

Masculine or feminine, there's a yacht-like trimness to every line. These smart, unhackneyed suits have 1934 ideas in fabric, fashion and color. "Sea-Tweeds," for instance—B. V. D.'s new creation which prove knit tweeds are as smart by sea as they are by land.

There are new colors, so arresting that they must be seen to be believed—challenging pastels, becoming browns, exotic blues, reds and yellows. And a new "seamless waistline"—an exclusive B. V. D. idea that makes "perfect fit" a fact—not a hope.

Beach togs, too,—B. V. D.'s famous shirts, shorts and slacks! Sound the roll call at any smart shop—there's a B. V. D. suit for every taste and a price for every purse. The B. V. D. Company, Inc., Empire State Building, New York.

Reading up left to right:

SEA URCHIN—a flash of suit with the most becoming neckline and harness back straps of contrasting color.

•
BRASSETTE—adjustable uplift brassiere model, two-tone check and back that reaches a classic low.

•
PENGUIN—a miracle of decollete back, brief kerchief bodice with adjustable bow on each shoulder.

•
PAJAMAS—in "Perl-knit" cotton—with same smart back as "Sea Urchin," shown and described above.

ALSO MADE AND SOLD IN CANADA

B. V. D.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

SWIM SUITS

Copr. 1934, The B.V.D. Company, Inc.



Tomorrow's Stars

Continued from page 25



When you were young, and your Dad called to you, "Hello Dirty Face," he was referring to surface dirt—"clean dirt," actually.

Today, of course, you avoid dirt on the surface of your skin—but are you sure about the dirt under the surface?

Test your own skin. Get your own answer—a mighty important answer when you realize that sub-surface skin dirt (caused by make-up, atmosphere and traffic dust, alkali in soap and water) is the greatest cause of enlarged pores, blackheads, dry skin and other blemishes.

Send for a FREE Trial Bottle of DRESKIN, Campana's new skin-cleanser invention. Make the famous "ONE-TWO-THREE TEST" on your own skin: (1) Dampen a dab of cotton with DRESKIN. (2) Rub gently over your face and neck. (3) Look at the cotton. If it is dirty—heed the warning! Don't take chances with enlarged pores—skin blemishes!

DRESKIN removes hidden dirt—neutralizes alkali—reduces the size of pores. Send for FREE trial bottle TODAY.



Campana
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THE
ORIGINAL
SKIN
INVIGORATOR

CAMPANA DRESKIN,
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Batavia, Illinois

Gentlemen: Please send me
FREE and postpaid a Trial Bottle of
DRESKIN, Campana's Skin Invigorator
—enough for 4 or 5 skin cleansing treatments.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

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If you live in Canada, send your request to Campana Corp., Ltd., S U-7 Caledonia Road, Toronto, Ontario.

nual selection of Wampus Baby Stars. The six eye-delighters are Dorothy Dell, Frances Drake, Ida Lupino, Helen Mack, Evelyn Venable and Elizabeth Young.

Dorothy Dell is a blonde with calm gray eyes that belie her nature. She was born on a cotton plantation near Hattiesburg, Mississippi—one of the few representatives of that state in motion pictures. Dot stepped from school to fame as "Miss Universe of 1930." Subsequently, she became a Ziegfeld Follies star. Miss Dell is five feet five and one-half inches of beautiful curves; she tips the scales to exactly 125, and gets panicky when they reach 128. If you haven't heard her sing the blues, then you ain't heard nothin'!

Now step up and meet husky-voiced Frances Drake. She was born in New York City, but attended school in Toronto, Canada, and Arundel, England. You'd swear Frances, (pronounced Frahn-ces), is a real English girl, to see and hear her. She is five feet two and one-half inches tall, and she weighs 110 pounds. Her hair is brown, she has gray eyes, and her skin is a natural olive. Miss Drake began her career when, in England, she became acquainted with a professional dancer, and the two created a dance act that soon brought Frances to fame's door. Perhaps you saw her with George Raft in "Bolero" or "The Trumpet Blows." If so, perhaps you will agree with Paramount executives that she is a safe wager for ultimate stardom.

Ida Lupino looks like Helen Twelvetrees, on and off the screen. Barely seventeen, she is five feet four inches tall and tips the scales at 110 pounds. Ida is really English, but looks like an American sub-deb. She comes of a theatrical family that goes back 250 years, when English kings beheaded bad actors; that her family lived bears proof of their talents! Miss Lupino was sent to Hollywood from England as a candidate for the title rôle in "Alice In Wonderland," but she looked too sophisticated. A natural blonde with wide blue eyes, she is an able mimic, and her imitations of Garbo, Dietrich, and other stars are often the life of Hollywood parties. Did you see her in "Search For Beauty" and "Come On Marines"?

Paramount executives are doing nip-ups over Helen Mack; they say she is one of the industry's coming dramatic stars. Funny, too, because Helen was under contract to two other studios, and was given her release by both. That means nothing; so were Janet Gaynor, Joan Crawford, and Clark Gable released by studios whose executives saw no good in them. Helen is tiny, (slightly more than five feet small), but gives the impression of being taller on the screen. She has dark brown hair and brown eyes, and one of those smiles that light up like one of those big studio sun arcs. Miss Mack, who is exciting Hollywood swains as only Mary Brian has succeeded in doing before her, attended dramatic schools for ten years before, at the age of sixteen, she was given her first stage opportunity, which led to picture tests and Hollywood contracts. Helen hates ingénue parts because she wants to be a dramatic star.

Evelyn Venable. She is the girl whose contract stipulates that she mustn't be kissed—on the screen. Off-screen? Well, that's different; Evelyn is reported engaged to marry Hal Mohr, a cameraman. She was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, and her father is Professor Emerson Venable, a recog-

nized authority on Shakespeare. He has trained his daughter until her renditions of the immortal bard's plays are superb. Her great ambition is to bring Shakespeare to the screen. Evelyn has blue eyes and brown hair of a light shade. She is five feet and six inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. With Walter Hampden, she toured the States, perhaps the youngest Shakespearean actress to achieve such heights. Surely you saw her in "Cradle Song" and "Death Takes a Holiday."

Last of Paramount's six Baby Stars is



Together again! Richard Barthelmess and Helen Chandler enact one of those delightfully romantic love scenes which won so much applause too many pictures ago. Above see them in a scene in "Midnight Alibi."

Elizabeth Young, refreshing daughter of Judge William Young of New York, where she was born. Graduate of one of the country's finest schools for girls and later a débutante in New York society, she turned her back on idleness and chose a career. She ultimately arrived on the New York stage, and created a small sensation by her performance there in "The Firebrand." Five feet five inches tall, blue-eyed, dark-haired, she could not escape the alert eyes of film scouts. Elizabeth's initial rôles in Hollywood were in "Big Executive" and "Queen Christina." Remember her?

These six girls do not represent, necessarily, the "best bets" under contract to the studio. There are others whose prospects are as bright. I will introduce them alphabetically, thus assuring no favoritism.

Grace Bradley is a Brooklyn girl with flaming red hair and hazel eyes. She is remindful of Clara Bow, who also was born in Brooklyn. Five feet two inches tall and 108 pounds, she is "a dancin' fool." She plays a piano beautifully; has given piano concerts, in fact. But it was as a dancer in a New York night club that she attracted the attention of film executives.

Kitty Carlisle is from New Orleans, and her voice, film officials aver, will lead her to high marks of screen fame. She was educated abroad, and speaks five languages fluently. She studied voice and dramatics at some of the finest schools in Europe, and was offered an opportunity to pursue an operatic career on the Continent. She chose to return to America. Her first success was in a condensed revival of "Rio

Rita," in which she toured for eight months, after which she scored a personal success in "Champagne, Sec" at the Morosco Theatre in New York. This led to films—and you'll see Kitty in "Murder at the Vanities."

Well, is this a surprise! An actor, after a small army of gals! Alfred DelCambre, six feet one inch tall, 180 pounds of stalwart man with dark brown hair and brown eyes, hails from Carrizo Springs, Texas, if you can pronounce it. A friend sent Al's photograph to the judges of Paramount's "Search For Beauty" contest and so, DelCambre was a winner, and now's he's under contract to Paramount, and thanks so much to that playful friend! Take a peek at Alfred in "You're Telling Me," and if you like him, tell Paramount.

Look! Another male! Jay Henry, whose papa is a wealthy New York business man, (Jay was born there), who wanted his boy some day to run the family business of shoe manufacturing. Jay said he'd rather be an actor, even if he had to get along on one of the strings from papa's shoes, so secretly he studied and worked in small theatricals. Papa consented to a vacation trip to California, where Jay was smart enough to get a screen test and a contract. When Jay's parents heard about the contract, they gave up the fight and offered blessings. Henry Jay's, (er, darn these inter-changeable names!), Jay Henry's six feet, 158 pounds, dark eyes and dark hair may be admired in "We're Not Dressing"—if you can look away from Bing Crosby long enough to con another member of the cast.

Barbara Fritchie hates people who mutter about "that other Barbara Fritchie—the Confederate gal" when introductions are made. It happens to be this Barbara's real name, given to her nineteen years ago when she was born in Kansas City, Missouri. Babs is five feet six inches tall, weighs 130 pounds, has light brown hair and blue eyes. She was visiting in Beverly Hills, California, preparatory to tackling a career on the New York stage, when a film executive suggested a test—and she never reached Broadway, for which I'll bet Broadway is sorry. Barbara screen-début-ed in "The Last Round Up," but if you missed that, you may see her in "Murder at the Vanities."

Five feet and five inches tall, 114 pounds, Gwenllian Gill was born in Hartlepool, Durham, England, and is Edinburgh, Scotland's "Search For Beauty" winner. Funny, too, that like the experience of Alfred DelCambre, Gwen's pictures were sent in secretly, by her sister. She won, so of course she had to take that wonderful prize trip to Hollywood—and you couldn't expect her to refuse a movie contract, now could you, even though she wasn't interested in a career back in Edinburgh? Well, here she is in Hollywood, and was she the pretty one in "Come On Marines."

Julian Madison is another "Search For Beauty" winner. He was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, and is five feet eleven inches in height, weighs 160 pounds, and has light brown, curly hair and blue eyes.

Ray Milland is really having his second opportunity in Hollywood, and Paramount officials are banking heavily on his future. Picture-goers will remember Ray opposite Constance Bennett in "Bought." Shortly after completion of that picture, he suffered a throat affliction which caused him to return to England—(Ray was born in Neath, Glamorgan, Wales). He returned to appear in "Larceny Lane" and "The Man Who Played God"—surely you remember Milland by now? He's the six-footer with dark hair and hazel eyes who won your eye in "Bolero"—unless you're such a George Raft fan that you didn't know there were *two* men in that picture. Well, never

Here's that Remarkable NEW Make-Up

So Many Women Are Asking About



WRONG MAKE-UP gives a "hard",
"cheap" look.



RIGHT MAKE-UP provides a natural
seductiveness—free of all artificiality.

These Pictures, Both of the Same Model, Show the Difference Between Right and Wrong Make-up

THERE IS NOW a *new* and utterly different way in make-up... the creation of Louis Philippe, famed French colorist, whom women of Paris and the Cosmopolitan world follow like a religion. A *totally* NEW idea in color that often changes a woman's whole appearance.

That is because it is the first make-up—rouge or lipstick—yet discovered that actually matches the warm, pulsating color of the human blood.

Ends That "Cheap", "Hard" Look

This new creation forever banishes the "cheap", "hard" effect one sees so often today from unfortunately chosen make-up—gives, instead, an absolutely *natural* and unartificial color.

As a result, while there may be some question as to what constitutes Good Form

in manners or in dress, there is virtually no question today among women of admitted social prominence as to what constitutes Good Form in make-up.

What It's Called

It is called ANGELUS ROUGE INCARNAT. And it comes in both lipstick form and in paste rouge form in many alluring shades.* You use either on *both* the lips and the cheeks. And one application lasts all day long.

In its allure, it is typically, *wickedly* of Paris. In its virginal modesty, as natural as a *jeune fille*—ravishing, without revealing!

Do as smart women everywhere are doing—adopt Angelus Rouge Incarnat. The little red box costs only a few cents. The lipstick, the same as most American made lipsticks. You'll be amazed at what it does for you.

*See the marvelously gay, new daytime colors—Pandora and Poppy

The "Little Red Box" for lips and cheeks



The Lipstick



Angelus Rouge Incarnat
By LOUIS PHILIPPE

USE ON BOTH THE LIPS AND THE CHEEKS



STOPS PAIN — REMOVES

CORN

a new and better
CORN PLASTER



● Here's the latest—and the best—corn plaster, with exclusive features that increase its comfort and efficiency. Drybak, made by Johnson & Johnson, was professionally designed to fit snugly without bulging; to *stay put*; to stop pain and remove a corn effectively.

● Drybak is streamlined—it has no square corners, no overlapping edges, no excessive bulk. It is more quickly and accurately applied. It does not creep. Drybak is *waterproof*. You can bathe without changing plasters. Its sun-tan color is less conspicuous—does not soil.

● Drybak's smooth surface will not chafe or stick to the stocking. Costs less than old-fashioned, creepy, bulky plasters. In boxes of 12, with 8 individual medicated centers, 25c. Buy Drybak Corn Plasters at your druggist's.

**ALSO NEW—DRYBAK WATERPROOF
BUNION AND CALLOUS PLASTERS**

DRYBAK
CORN PLASTERS

+ Johnson & Johnson +
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

mind, you'll see him in "We're Not Dressing" and "Many Happy Returns" and, so Paramount executives declare, in many, many more films. So there; 'Ray for Ray.

Two more "Search For Beauty" winners are Colin Tapley, of Dunedin, New Zealand, and Eldred Tidbury, of East London, Cape Province, South Africa. If you think they grow 'em all ebony black in Africa, be informed that Eldred is six feet of fair skinned man with dark brown hair and gray eyes. Tapley is one inch less than six feet tall, and he has dark brown hair and blue eyes.

Howard Wilson of Birmingham, Alabama, hitch-hiked his way to Hollywood, and having accomplished that much, muscled in on studio interviews until he finally got a small part in "I Won A Medal," then a better part in "The Lost Patrol." Curly-haired, six feet, brown-eyed, Wilson is a handsome youngster for whom Paramount executives have matinee idol hopes. Not unremindful of Buddy Rogers, he is of similar type.

Those, as you have been introduced to them, are Paramount's up-and-(we hope)-coming youngsters. Of course, they do not total *all* of Paramount's future hopes. The company has under contract other promising young actors and actresses who have done enough on the screen to be familiar, and who therefore need no introduction.

Among these better-knowns, (but still figured for future greater success), are Joan Marsh, Toby Wing, Charlotte Henry, Gail Patrick, Judith Allen, Ethel Merman, Frances Fuller, Lanny Ross and Dorothy Wilson. All of these, though many are still new to the screen, are so far advanced that they may not be classed with the studio's real newcomers. Of the group, Misses Wing and Patrick have been under contract for a year or more, and while they have been surrounded with much ballyhoo,

they have made little progress. Their futures are questionable, as is the career of Judith Allen.

Charlotte Henry's great success in the title rôle of "Alice In Wonderland" assures her new opportunities. She should be equally fine in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Dorothy Wilson was not long ago released from contract by RKO, but she performed so remarkably in "Eight Girls In a Boat" that she promptly won her present Paramount contract.

I suggest that you watch the progress of these newcomers. I make no predictions; I have merely spread them before your eyes. And how very anxious they all were to have you meet them. They realize that unless you like them, they cannot succeed. They plead for your support, and pray for your favor. It is you with whom they must register if they are to win stardom.

I suggest that readers preserve this article. This is the first of a series that will bring to you *all* of the young actors and actresses under contract to the many Hollywood studios. You will meet the embryo stars of tomorrow. Next month I will introduce to you a bevy of promising youngsters under contract to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, where such currently brilliant stars as Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery and others were once unknowns. You will be introduced to the young people that executives who are responsible for Garbo, Crawford, and others, believe will be your favorites of tomorrow.

Join me next month at my get-together party with a second group of Hollywood's brightest young lights. You'll enjoy knowing them; you'll get a thrill out of watching their careers, and thrilling that you knew them when they were unknowns—or even that you picked this one or that one for stardom.

Don't Brand Her "Society Girl"

Continued from page 33

is despicable!"

Miss Vinson has every right to feel this resentment toward an unwarranted prejudice against any and all who are "to the manor born." One of the few girls in pictures today whose social background is authentic and not synthetically created for publicity purposes only, she knows whereof she speaks.

Born in Houston, Texas, of one of the oldest and most prominent families in the South, she was reared in an atmosphere of luxury and assured position. Her father was a founder and official of one of our largest national oil companies and as an only child she was petted and pampered as daughters of the South are usually treated. But she was not spoiled, her parents insist.

Actually, the very fact that the good things of life were hers by right of birth and breeding automatically minimized their importance to her. Instead of attaching undue significance to the possession of pretty frocks and lovely toys and several ponies, as is so often the case when these things are acquired at the price of sacrifice and deprivation on the part of the parents, Helen Vinson found that the making of mud pies and wading in forbidden pools of stagnant water was of far greater pleasure than attending dancing classes or practising her piano lessons. Thus, instinctively, as a child she relegated material things to their proper place in the scheme of things.

One of the major triumphs—and defeats

—of her childhood, in fact, consisted of hiding on the ground beneath the kitchen of her home and defying her mother to come after her! It was when she finally emerged that she tasted the discipline that typified the manner of her rearing—and to which her mother attributes the aforementioned fact that she isn't spoiled.

At the age of sixteen she entered the University of Texas, and the following year was selected by Florenz Ziegfeld as the most beautiful co-ed in that institution of learning.

It was after she left college and returned to Houston that Miss Vinson first became interested in dramatics. Along with her other social activities she joined the Houston Little Theatre Group and from amateur to professional acting was but a step. A step made easier because of the opportune removal of her family to Philadelphia.

At a bridge party in the Quaker City one evening, a man happened to remark that Helen should be an actress. "I am," she told him, fortified by memories of her Little Theatre work.

"Then why don't you try doing some stock over in New Jersey this summer?" he asked, and gave her the name of the director of a company which was just being organized for the forthcoming season.

With this entrée, Miss Vinson secured a place with the stock company, which was followed by other work with other stock companies. Then, her family trekked further eastward, to New York this time,

and Helen decided that she was ready for Broadway.

However, her problem was to convince Broadway that it was ready and waiting for a slender Southern girl with big brown eyes and golden hair—and a voice whose timber has since been acclaimed by critics on all sides. It was a greater problem because it happened that Miss Vinson knew nothing of managers or booking offices or of how jobs were secured on the Great White Way.

All she knew was that as a producer's name always appeared on theatre programs, there must be at least one man who was responsible for the production of a play.

Having reached this logical conclusion, Miss Vinson took the next—and to her, obvious—step. She secured a directory of theatrical producers and determined to begin with the first name and go on down the list until she obtained a job.

"At that time the first name was that of Chamberlain Brown, so I went to see him," she narrated, when I talked to her during her first vacation in New York after two years in Hollywood and pictures. "Believe it or not, I got a job immediately.

"I did stock for several years, then followed Rose Hobart as the lead in 'Death Takes a Holiday' for thirty weeks on Broadway and the road. Next I did 'Dr. Harmer' and 'Berlin,' both of which were failures. The following year my big chance came in the guise of 'Fatal Alibi' with Charles Laughton, which show led me to Hollywood and the screen."

Her first film was "The Jewel Robbery," her second, "Two Against the World," which latter picture had such devastating results, according to Miss Vinson.

"Previous to that time I had played only ingénues," she explained. "I thought it would be a good thing to convince picture producers that I was versatile. Now, I'm wondering!"

However, Miss Vinson's fear of inspiring dislike in her audiences seems unwarranted. The all-seeing eye of the camera has probed beneath the characters she has portrayed and has given movie-goers glimpses of the girl she really is, as her fan mail attests.

On the screen today there is no other actress who does so capably the particular sort of smart, sophisticated deviltry-with-a-touch-of-justification which is her forte. It is the greater tribute to Helen Vinson, the actress, to know that she is so totally different from these heartless and unsympathetic characters.

In reality she is warmly human, with an all-encompassing love of animals that has survived from childhood. Ever since she was a baby she has had one or more dogs and ponies and horses. The present incumbent of her favors is Jock, a well-mannered and devoted Scottie who accompanies her wherever she goes, on train or ship or plane.

Jock's predecessor, John, was of the same breed, and was run over by an automobile on Hollywood Boulevard soon after Miss Vinson arrived in the cinema capital. His body was cremated and she carries the ashes around with her even now.

During her two years in Hollywood, Miss Vinson appeared in twelve pictures, among them "Little Giant," "Second-Hand Wife," "The Kennel Murder Case," "The Power and the Glory," "Midnight Club," and "As Husbands Go."

It was upon completion of the last-named that she hopped a plane and returned to New York for a visit. Happy at being once again in Manhattan, for two months she dismissed pictures from her mind and enjoyed the relaxation of living quietly with her mother and father in their apartment on upper Fifth Avenue, in which

"How can she be so dumb when she's so smart?"



*"He's swell!
But is he human?
He never looks at me!"*

HE: "It isn't as if she were stupid. She's really downright smart. Attractive to look at, too. That's what 'gets' me—how can she be so dumb about herself? Well, guess it's another secretary or a dictaphone for me."

SHE: "He certainly is grand—but *is he an icicle!* Here I sit and I'm not so hard to look at. But apparently I'm only something to dictate to. You'd think I was fifty and a fright!"

The smartest girl is stupid when she does not live up to her looks—when she allows

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LOOKS ORANGE - ACTS ROSE

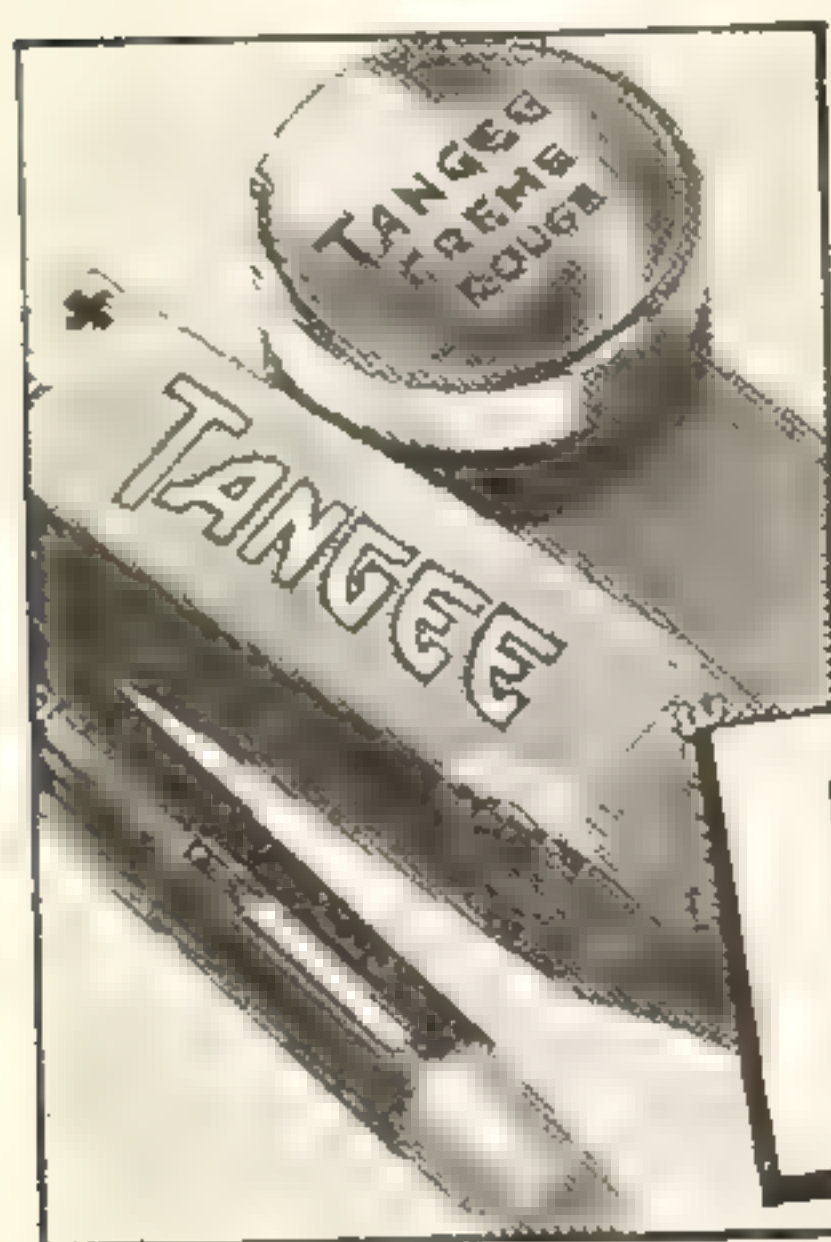
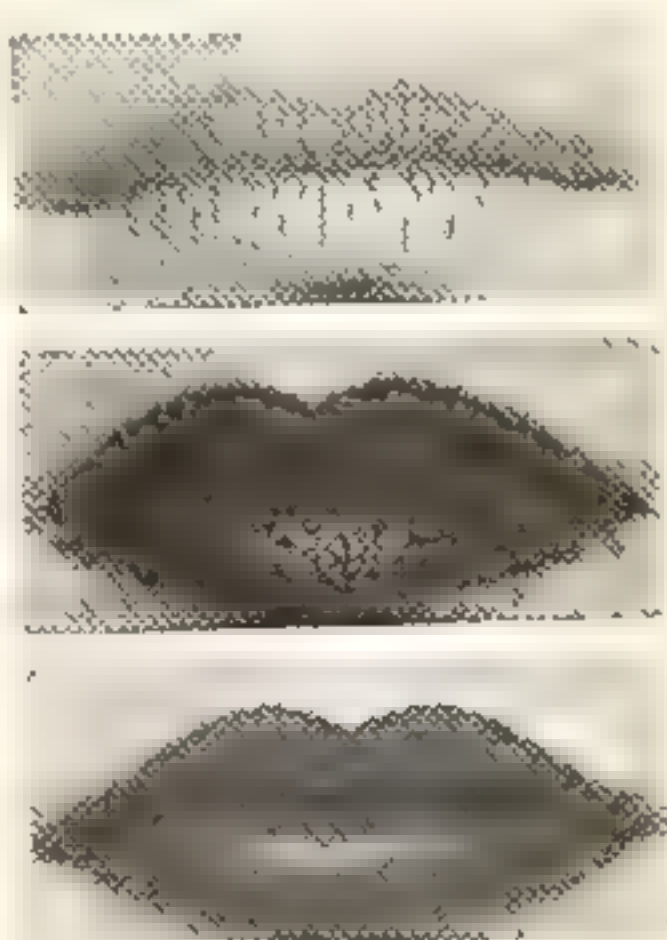
In the stick, Tangee is orange. On your lips, it's rose. Not plain rose. Not jarring red. But the one shade of blush-rose most alluring for your type! Moreover, its special cream-base soothes and softens dry, peeling lips. Get Tangee today. 39¢ and \$1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. (See offer below.)



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PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.



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TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

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THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY SU-74
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apartment they have lived ever since their arrival a few years ago.

On Easter morning duty called in the form of a wire from the Coast to return for one of the leading feminine rôles in "The Life of Virgie Winters" with Ann Harding. Two days later, Miss Vinson and Jock, cotton stuffed in the cars of both, took off from Newark Airport on the flight back to Hollywood and a million screens.

In the future, Miss Vinson would like to alternate between the stage and pictures. She would further like to be awarded a few sympathetic rôles, "so that audiences won't dislike her too heartily."

Though preferring New York to Hollywood as a permanent residence, she enjoys her life in the cinema capital. There she can indulge in the sports to which she was accustomed in Texas, though she

considers frequent vacations a necessity to every actor or actress who does not wish to grow stale and narrow. Again her resistance to impediments to artistic growth!

Her private life is quiet and conventional. During her first years on the stage she acquired a husband from whom she was recently divorced. But hers was one parting for which Hollywood was in no way to blame. "My marriage had crashed before I went to Hollywood," she says simply, and refuses to elaborate.

She is frank, though, in admitting that she thinks marriages have less chance in Hollywood than in any other place. Too much freedom, too much money, too much temptation all combine to place too great a strain on the tie that binds. Therefore, she is not contemplating another trip to the altar as long as she remains in pictures.

"No More Hollywood for Me!"

Continued from page 20

Stripes." The leading lady was a wispy blonde named Lillian Gish. Well, it was a toe-hold in the drammer, anyway, and in a few years New York was hailing Huston as one of its finest actors. He was stunning in the leading rôle of O'Neill's "Desire Under The Elms," and as the slick spellbinder in "The Barker."

Came the talkies—or "The Actor's Road to Heaven," as they are now known in the profession.

From the play "Elmer The Great" they snatched Huston and Miss Kay Francis, whom we all adore. From "The Barker" they yanked Miss Claudette Colbert, now burning up the celluloid as Cleopatra. Broadway was suddenly denuded of its best and fairest by the tintypes that made a noise.

That was four years ago.

Now let's sit and contemplate this grand troupier and sterling character, Mr. Huston, as he creams and powders himself in the star's dressing-room.

He served his four-year term in the film foundries, taking the tripe with the masterpieces. He packed his valise, hopped an eastbound rattler, and stepped smack-dab into a dramatic sensation which may run until Jackie Cooper gets his first bridge-work!

Say, if you and I could bottle and sell the absolute contentment that fills this clothes-hung dressing-room, we'd be millionaires in a month!

"Will you ever go back to Hollywood and pictures?" I ask the beaming Mr. Huston.

He suspends the powdering and looks me straight in the eye.

"Not in a million years!" he says. "Of course, I may cut that to a few hundred thousand if some producer waves a perfect story under my nose. But a term contract again? No siree!"

I find myself beginning to beam, too. This bird's happiness is as free as the German measles.

"I spent four years out there," says Huston. "I took the bad with the good, as every troupier must."

"Now I have my bankroll, and it's a plump one. I have financial security. Now I can plan my life a little. Now I can have fun!"

Don't for a second condemn our hero as a heartless money-grubber. You won't if you have the faintest notion of what financial security means to an actor.

The thespian practices what is probably the most precarious profession in the world

—next to writing pieces. It is far more famine than feast. The poor mime spends at least half his life climbing stairs looking for jobs, and then being thrown down again by the office boys. If he rates a salary of \$200 a week when he is working—and few do these days—he may labor but eight weeks during twelve months. Figure out how far that will go toward eatin' and sleepin' money, and you have some idea of the trouper's monetary fretments.

What heartless soul can blame the actor who, after placing his feet in the Hollywood trough for a few years, retreats with



Land ho! Fred Astaire and his wife watch the Manhattan skyline come up across the bay as they arrive in port after a trip abroad. Fred was called back to Hollywood and the films.

a sound mess of boodle and a song in his heart? Believe me, I can't.

Of all Hollywood's emigres to Broadway this season, Huston and Helen Hayes alone struck hits of the first magnitude.

I ask Walter about "Dodsworth," this dramatization of Sinclair Lewis' best-selling novel.

Broadway has rendered its decision in these early months of the play's run. However I wanted his own opinion of the play's prospects of that sustained popularity marking the exceptions to recent stage history.

"This baby will run three years," he says. "She'll go from Bangor to San Bernardino, for the play has tremendous popular appeal for everyone. It is a good show. If it doesn't run a year on Broadway, I'll eat your old Brown hat."

"Will you stay with the show to the last water-tower?" I asked—for stars sometimes have the droll habit of dropping away from a big hit during its road tour.

"You bet I will," says Huston. "Right down to the last lame one-nighter, when we're playing to three old ladies, the manager's wife, and a stray dog."

It's probably the best part Walter has ever had, and he's no fool!

Walter Huston brings a direct charge against the ways of the film capital. Every stage star sings the same song. I ask him the same question I have asked them all, and I get the same ringing reply.

"The contract player must take the terrible parts with the good," says Huston. "He hates it, but what can he do? Battles with the Powers only bring more headaches, and life needs enough aspirin as it is. He punches away for a while; then he sighs and says, 'Oh, all right!' Then, a hundred to one, a lot of his friends desert him because of one bad picture."

"Another heartache for a conscientious actor is the fact that the picture-making pace is too hot to allow him really to create a rôle. In the theatre an actor can study and construct a well-rounded, perfect character. When the curtain goes up on his first night, he knows just as well how he is going to play the second act finale as he does the way he proposes to do the very first scene."

"Can't do it in Hollywood. Scripts and shooting schedules are too jumbled. The best a man can hope for is to give a good imitation of the character he is playing. It's all too parrot-like to make an actor happy."

Huston is no Pretty-Polly. He means what he says.

All this time our hero is fixing up for his Thursday night show. Right down the hall his lovely wife, Nan Sunderland, is doing the same thing. She's in "Dodsworth," too. And so is the clever Fay Bainter.

Ahead of Walter Huston stretches a nice mess of certainty, comfort, success—yes, and fun.

In July his producer, Max Gordon, will give him a four week holiday from "Dodsworth." Then he and Nan will go that funny old opy house in Central City, Colorado, where Huston is going to play "Othello," with the missus as *Desdemona*. When he smothers her with the pillow he won't mean it, for there's a love match, and no *Iago* can smash it!

He's looking forward to it as a kid anticipates Christmas morning! It's part of what he means about planning his life—having fun!

Don't think this fellow is sore on Hollywood. Not for a minute! It brought him a wad of dough that would choke a sea-
elephant. And it handed him two parts in which he reveled—"Abraham Lincoln" and "Gabriel Over The White House."

The call-boy stops at the door.

Grand Chocolate Sauce speedy! can't fail!



Eagle Brand CHOCOLATE SAUCE

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1½ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
¼ teaspoon salt
½ to 1 cup hot water

Melt chocolate in a double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and stir over boiling water five minutes until mixture thickens. Add salt and hot water, amount depending on the consistency desired. Makes 2 or 2½ cups.

● Only 5 minutes' cooking! No lumps—always gorgeously creamy and smooth! The ice cream, too, is failure-proof. See free booklet. ● But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name *Eagle Brand*.



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"Twenty minutes, Mr. Huston," he says, and I reach for my fedora.

It's dad-burned hard to keep from sinning the deadly sin of envy as I look at this grand guy in his work-shop backstage. Soon he will hear that upward rush of the first curtain that is always so unutterably thrilling. Soon his much-loved wife will be standing on the scene with him, hearing the thunder of applause come roaring up from the darkened house. He knows that he will be assured of three hearty meals on Jan. 16, 1944, and that a leakless roof will be above him. Love—fame—money. Get thee behind me, Satan! No wonder I call him the happiest actor in the world!

And yet—where do we come in? Certainly, as filmiacs who crave good acting, there's a fly in our goose-grease!

We're going to miss this consummate

trouper, this solid man who never gives a bad show, for a couple of years! That is, of course, unless "Dodsworth" suddenly develops spavin, blind-staggers, string-halt and botts.

All we can do, I reckon, is to rush off to Huston's show when it plays our town, and give the old boy a terrific hand.

And then get down by our little trundle-beds every night and pray that some writing man will disgorge a story so perfect for good old Walt that he simply won't be able to resist the siren song of the studio, and will come back to the screen to delight us again.

In the meantime, cheerio, pip-pip, and good chance, you lucky dog! Have the time of your life, Huston—but don't forget your old friends of the corner movie! We did right by our Walter!

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You use it like an ordinary shampoo. Get a package of Trublond—for a few cents at any drug or department store or at the 10c stores. Begin using your blonde charm to the utmost!



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Carole Lombard

Continued from page 32

through a numerology haze. The girl must be right, though, for just recently O. O. McIntyre acknowledged her status by saying that Carole Lombard has the most harmonious name in marquee billing today.

Jane Peters was born in 1909 in the family home on Rockhill Street. Preceding her by several years were her two brothers who held sway over the household up to the time of her appearance. The family was wealthy and was identified with most of the important projects in town. Manufacturing plants, hotels, and lumber yards furnished the children with a solid background. Two uncles are members of the University of Michigan faculty and another one is a leading physician in the state. A grandfather was an associate with the late Jay Gould when he was a figure in eastern banking activities. These contacts prepared the child for the accepted life of a society girl, which she has now set aside though never entirely discarded, even if her features do flash regularly across the country's screens.

No one in her family ever played before the footlights or the cameras until she moved on the set. Jane Peters had everything, more or less. None of the usual struggle for maintenance here. Bright surroundings which fostered constructive ideas. A busy household which ever kept one's interest alert and keen.

Upstairs in her very own yellow room were toys and toys. Costly ones, too. But Jane Peters generally reached for a train instead of a doll. Or a football in place of a set of dishes. For the funny thing about the neighborhood was that girl playmates of the same age were scarce. And under the leadership of her two brothers it was natural for her to fall in step and join the crowd.

A baseball game across the street in a center parkway always had her mixed up in the bases with everyone trying his best to quiet her down and send her home. But she stayed. With the result that most of the playthings remained intact in the yellow room.

During a spring flood when the St. Mary's River overflowed its banks and hundreds had to vacate their low-lying homes, the Peters residence was turned into a sort of first-aid annex. Old people suffering from exposure were given treatment here and Jane assisted as much as she could in getting supplies from the sun-room or from the medicine cabinet upstairs. She even offered to give up her room one night when it looked as if the entire settlement across the swelling river would have to make a last-minute rush to safety on the Rockhill Street side.

The excitement thrilled her. Strangers in the house! A call for help with nurses working at top speed to aid the sufferers! One boat overturned in midstream and the police emergency squad had to use grappling hooks to catch the two persons overboard in the swirling waters.

These unfortunates were rushed to the Peters home and covered with heavy blankets. They had to stay all night. Jane was so completely fascinated by the hustle and bustle that she refused to stay out of sight.

In the midst of this scene in which many were homeless and sick, arrived a prominent Washington physician, who was sent to Fort Wayne to direct the relief work. Coming into the room he hurriedly introduced his wife referring to her as the



Is Kitty Carlisle one of Tomorrow's Stars? You can read about the radiant young lady in this issue. Look at Kitty, above, read about her, and make up your mind!

"Mrs." Jane stepped up and asked loudly, "What is a Missus?" A strict note of silence and then a hearty laugh from the new physician in charge.

"That just what we all need—a good laugh!" And somehow that juvenile question broke the nervous tension and a new feeling of security crept over the patients.

Steady mingling with older people had its early effect on the girl. She pressed a point, asked innumerable questions, and was adept at winning confidence. She continued to play with older children and once even wanted to go to a fancy-dress party in her brother's wild-west suit instead of a special creation which had been purchased downtown. And at the party she led the guests in some fast and furious games which were all a part of her regular pastime at home. The dainty favors were attractive so Jane Peters collected ten of them before she left!

Action was what the child wanted. Fast action!

Downtown. Ten blocks, to be exact, from Rockhill Street, where the movies were beginning to build Saturday afternoons into real events with those jerky film concoctions. The serials came in with this initial glow.

"Remember Pearl White?" the actress called Carole Lombard said to me not long ago in Hollywood. She was making some purchases in a Wilshire shop and continued the talk as she sought for a special kind of ivory cigarette box. "I was crazy about Pearl White! I always think of her in

that black velvet tam, with flowing tie and that short jacket. That's what she wore when running away from the villain or climbing a mountain. Remember? And those thrills! When I have to go through some fast scenes I think of doing a Pearl White."

The desire for action still there!

Just preceding the Pearl White vogue, there was the Kathlyn Williams serial. Her Friday night film visits turned the regular household schedules upside down. The bedtime hour was advanced so these Selig features could be followed completely. The Colonial Theatre did not open until 6 o'clock so a full house was assured. Standing line in those days also.

The next day would see the particular chapter re-enacted with added escapades and Jane Peters in the center of the yelling atmosphere. In chapter seven—or was it eight?—the heroine was trapped in a burning hut with animals running all over the place. The rescue was dramatically timed with Tom Santschi's appearance. Jane was playing the captive and in trying to get out of the improvised shelter, was pushed roughly to the floor. This got her temper up and she grabbed a poker from the fireplace and threw the party into a turmoil. She had turned out to be heroine, hero and villain!

No wonder, then, that she could years later cue John Barrymore by calling him "ham" during "Twentieth Century" shots and get away with it!

During the middle of the King Umballa saga, the child Jane fell ill. Now she was left behind when the film came to town. Even the verbal versions passed on to her afterward failed to fill the gap. She had missed the animals, especially the elephants.

One day the maid came in with exciting news. "The Adventures of Kathlyn" were to be given a second-run showing at another theatre. The Gaiety announced this special attraction so that now the patient had something to brighten those dull days. She caught up on the "Adventures" and then joined the rest of the children to see the remaining chapters at the Colonial. If her family was unable to take her she would call up her relatives and ask that they stop by for her.

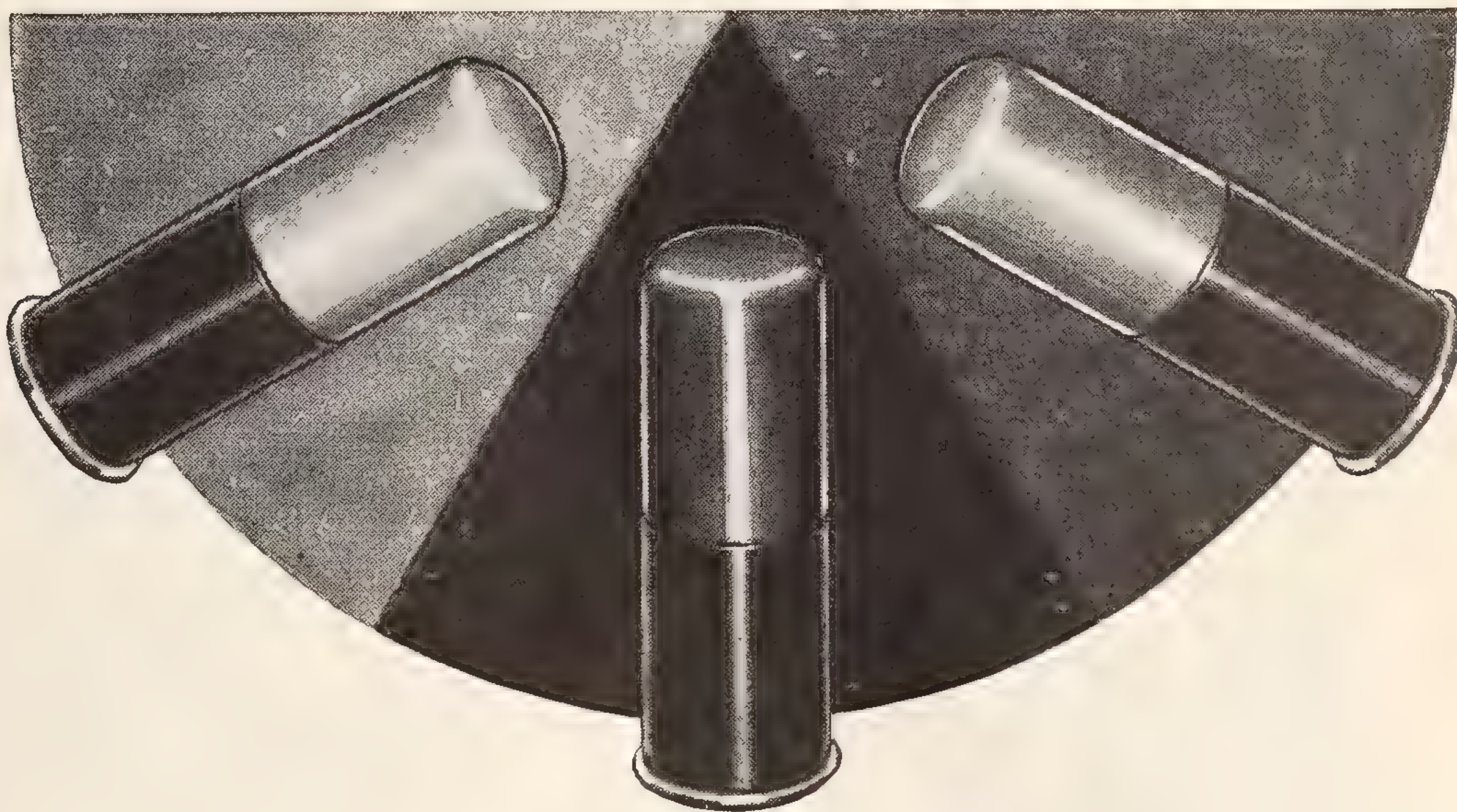
Early film showmen sensing this general appeal literally shot the works with "The Million Dollar Mystery" with Marguerite Snow, Sidney Bracey, James Cruze, and Florence LaBadie. This time, every week instead of only twice a month. The Saturday sessions took on wilder edges with the home-made snatches of "Neal of the Navy," "Perils of Pauline," and "The Clutching Claw."

As for early education in Fort Wayne, Jane Peters was enrolled in Washington school. Kindergarten and then the first grade. Holiday baskets and water colors did not hold her attention much.

A certain Indian specialty which went something like: "One little, two little, three little Indians—" with the final spurt allotted to a star pupil who proceeded to depart from the classroom with a low bow and lively, appealed to her. More than once she gave the closing yelp with extra sounds which sent the young students into gales. Her first-grade teachers recall this smilingly.

When the family left for the west, Jane Peters was seven years old, and she said good-bye just as if she were leaving for a vacation at the summer place at Leland, Michigan. She was to get her action from now on, and plenty of it.

"When we moved out here to Hollywood and saw some of the movie stars in person, it was just too much! I knew then and there that I wanted to go into pictures. And it was only through my own deter-



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mination that I won out with my family."

Every once in a while stories of public appearances at various war benefits would filter back to Fort Wayne. She was in demand among her new Los Angeles friends for garden fetes and such. She met some of the outstanding stars of the day then at these society functions, including Marguerite Clark and Thomas Meighan. Serials were losing their appeal.

"I see Jane Peters' picture in a California newspaper. William brought it back on the train with him. My, she is a beauty!" A sample of the initial chatter passed along in Fort Wayne.

The first real taste of any home-town movie star making good, however, came when a newspaper ran a picture of the girl bedecked in furs and pearls. "Looks like Jane Peters is playing grown-up ladies," a former neighbor remarked. (Still her own original name, you see.)

"Marriage in Transit" was quietly advertised at the same Colonial Theatre with Edmund Lowe as the top star. Then came "The Perfect Crime" with Monte Blue. Few knew of the girl's presence in the cast of these films, though both times she was revealed as a rather dark blonde.

The screen now took on new accents. Serials to the background. Mack Sennett was in his heyday with his first crop of beauties.

Crash! An auto accident followed by hospitals, bandages, and specialists. All that juvenile pep and interest for nothing? But miracle of miracles—and where else do they happen so wonderfully as in California? Plastic surgery did the trick. A slight scar remains but thick powder covers it up under the studio lamps—and today Carole Lombard is one of the screen's authentic beauties.

A new series of Sennett features and a new bevy of girls. Daphne Pollard for main comedy relief with Sally Eilers and Carole Lombard holding up the pictorial end. Numerology had finally picked this new name once and for all for Jane Peters. And what a time getting the studio publicity department straight on that final 'e' which distinguishes her from all other Carols. These Sennett comedies soon began to be regular supplements in Fort Wayne theatres. And her career was slowly seeping through to the press at closer intervals.

"Say, did you see the Peters girl last night in that comedy? I guess she is going ahead with her career. Remember when she used to—" A few recalled those Saturday shows at the Colonial. Others recalled even more personal acquaintance with the budding star.

Eight months of this with the starlet wearing every conceivable kind of outfit for the sake of the Sennett entertainments. Feathered head-dresses, beach togs, dance frocks and occasionally a silhouette.

Grooming for stardom was on in earnest with better parts coming her way. Culver City was the general headquarters for a year. Then that first visit back to Fort Wayne.

"I wonder what Jane Peters looks like off-screen?"

"Do you suppose she will stay long?"

"No, I read somewhere that she is going on to Long Island to make a new picture called 'Fast and Loose.'"

"Where did she get that name?"

The ex-Sennett girl had just made a single feature for Paramount, "Safety in Numbers," and was being sent east to appear in a production with Miriam Hopkins, Frank Morgan, and Charles Starrett. She managed to stop over enroute for a day and a half in Fort Wayne. Her first time back in nearly 15 years.

It was a hurried trip. Only a glimpse of her childhood haunts. She wanted to see the high-water mark left by that flood years ago but there was not enough time. And now she takes a mental short-cut back to her birthplace.

"Listen: I want plenty of time on my hands so I can stay longer. I have always known practically everyone there by name, but I have never had the chance to visit long. I think it will be jolly fun. And that trip is not very far off, either."

"I see where Jane Peters is to play opposite Herbert Marshall."

"They say that her new home is very beautiful. All of her own ideas, I understand."

"But before she goes back to Paramount she has to finish that picture with John Barrymore!"

"Yes, she has maintained her balance in Hollywood. She has a perfect film face, don't you think? How soon do you think she'll come back to Fort Wayne for a visit?"



Bad men? The worst you've ever seen on the screen, but what's this—Bela Lugosi, left, and Boris Karloff, right, above, play peacefully at chess. Contrast—isn't it?—from their meetings as the fearsome characters of "The Black Cat."

Women Behind the Throne!

Continued from page 31

original Paramount Company was B. P. Schulberg, who is even now, after its reorganization, still one of its associate producers. Married for many years to Ad Schulberg, it was she who helped him discover and promote many of the biggest stars in pictures today.

In fact, she has of late proven her experience and ability in that line. After the crash of her marriage to Schulberg, Ad opened a players' agency, and though her firm is one of the youngest in Hollywood, it is already second in importance.

"For so many years while I was married to Ben I had been casting pictures over the dinner table, I felt I was well-qualified to put my knowledge and experience to some commercial use," Mrs. Schulberg laughingly explains.

In fact, it was her own judgment and influence which brought into their lives the influence which wrecked the marriage of B. P. and Ad Schulberg. Ironically enough, it was Ad who "discovered" Sylvia Sidney and persuaded B. P. to sign her on a personal managerial contract.

Irving Thalberg has been called "the boy wonder" for years since his emergence from that youthful state. One of the most brilliant minds connected with the picture business, his name is indeed one with which to conjure. Yet, beside and behind him is his wife, the glamorous Norma Shearer, whose ability and determination are not exceeded by her good looks.

The extent of her influence over Thalberg is proven by their recent sojourn abroad. From over-work, Thalberg's health had broken and his doctors insisted upon his taking a long and complete rest. Thalberg demurred, saying that he could not leave the studio for such a lengthy period.

It was Norma who determined he should follow his doctor's advice, she who made the reservations for the trip, she who convinced Thalberg that there was no alternative if he were to recover completely.

Another youthful "genius" is Darryl Zanuck, who has been married for several years to Virginia Fox, a former actress. It has been since his union with Virginia that Zanuck has made the greatest strides. She is his confidante in everything, and the fate of many a vast production is decided in their private discussions.

Clark Gable is perhaps the leading male idol of the screen today. On his recent personal appearance tour he was so mobbed by admirers that the old days of the idolized Valentino were recalled. Strong, virile, man, with sex-appeal plus—that's Clark Gable. Yet he is the first to admit that his present enviable position is greatly due to the influence of his wife.

A few years older than Clark, Mrs. Gable is a stunning, poised woman of the world, whose social experience has proven of inestimable value to her less sophisticated husband. She is also his business manager, arranging his appointments, discussing with him his pictures and rôles in them, guiding and guarding him in the million and one ways a male celebrity needs protecting.

Another husband who relies implicitly upon his wife's judgment is Paul Muni. Bella Muni is adept in managing Paul and was directly responsible for his second entrance into pictures.

Well-known on the New York stage, Muni was one of the first of the Broadway contingent to be conscripted for films when

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Here's Marian Marsh as a British International Pictures star, and looking even lovelier than when you knew her as an American film charmer. Marian is wearing an unusual gown of shell-pink lace, moulded on close-fitting lines to suit her youth.

sound made actors with trained voices necessary. "The Valiant" for Fox was his first picture effort and the result so affected the Munis that they returned post-haste to Manhattan.

About a year later, Howard Hughes wanted Muni to take a test for the title rôle in "Scarface." With the memory of "The Valiant" still verdant in his mind, Muni refused. Hughes raised the salary offered—raised it so high that Muni's decision wavered. He decided to take a solitary motor trip to think it over.

While he was touring through New England, Mrs. Muni at home in Manhattan received another call from the Hughes office, and after a brief moment of hesitation, made an appointment for Paul to appear for his test the following week. When he returned from his motor trip, still undecided, it was to learn that Mrs. Muni had already started the wheels rolling that were destined to carry him back to Hollywood.

He has never regretted her decision, and today, it is Bella Muni who sees all the "rushes" of Paul's films and who sits on the set every moment that he works, to offer criticism and suggestions. Muni knows he can trust her opinion—she will neither "yes" him nor withhold commendation when encouragement is needed.

Edward G. Robinson is another actor whose wife has proven a valuable adviser.

Gladys Lloyd Robinson was herself an actress, but forsook the stage in order to make a home for Eddie and the now-present Edward G. Robinson, Jr.

Because of her own theatrical background, Mrs. Robinson is familiar with the problems and trials that confront an actor and her influence has helped Eddie attain his present eminence.

Besides the wives of Hollywood, there are the mothers. Never overlook the mothers of some of our heroes!

Of course you've heard of the famous mother of Jack Oakie. Evelyn Oakie, (Mrs. Offield when she votes), is short and plump and helpless-looking—but she is a doctor of psychology, which subject she taught in an Oklahoma college some years ago. And don't let anyone tell you that she hasn't shaped Jack's career with strong and unerring hands—and true psychological judgment.

Charles Farrell's best friend was his mother. As long as she lived there was little chance that his need for feminine companionship would lead him to the altar. But within a year after her death, he married Virginia Valli, who has been a wise and willing counselor to him, as well as a wife.

When he was five years old, Gene Raymond's mother started him on the stage. She was determined that her son should be

an actor, and it was she who guided his footsteps from play to play and eventually to the heights of Hollywood fame and fortune.

Gene is very much a man, now, but his mother remains his best friend and constant adviser. With her help he has carefully planned his future, leaving nothing in the lap of the gods. His mother has also helped him by her study of numerology, to which she attributes much help in shaping his career.

This list could go on endlessly. These are only a few of the men in Hollywood who are guided by the women behind their thrones.

But you can readily see that things are not always as they appear on the surface. The great strong men of the movies, the producers whose slightest word can make screen heroes tremble and reduce actresses to tears, are not above being influenced by the women in their lives.

And, of course, the final proof that women are behind the thrones of Hollywood lies in the aforementioned fact that women compose eighty-two percent of movie audiences. For in the last analysis, it is the audience, that percentage of women, behind the women behind the thrones!

If the women of Hollywood have been right in their advice to their men, it is because they understand so well those women in the audience—the real powers behind the thrones of Hollywood!

DuBarry Jinx

Continued from page 23

DuBarry jinx!

An English actress named Kathlyn Hilliard replaced Miss Ahlers in the cast of "The DuBarry." During the second run of the play, Miss Hilliard collapsed on the stage and was taken ill. She was removed to a rest home at an English seaside resort, where she died.

Lucille de Tours, a French actress, appeared briefly in an early French play based on the life of DuBarry. Mademoiselle de Tours was mysteriously stricken ill, and she too died.

Laurette Dauvigne, another French actress, suffered a serious accident on the stage while she was starring in a DuBarry play. Gitta Alpar, a young Hungarian actress, collapsed on a Vienna stage not long ago while portraying the same ill-omened part in "The DuBarry."

Is it any wonder, in the face of these strange tragedies, that superstitious persons whisper the name DuBarry in awe?

The original DuBarry—the woman upon whose life the many stage and screen plays have been and are being based—was a French adventuress whose name was Marie Jeanne Becu. She was intoxicatingly beautiful, and for this reason Comte Jean DuBarry married her, afterwards using her as a decoy in his gambling houses. Her beauty and wit soon made her the recognized favorite of the court of King Louis XV of France.

But alas, the original DuBarry, as well as those of the stage and screen, was pursued by an ominous doom. As an aftermath of the French revolution, she was guillotined. Thus the real DuBarry paid for her sins with her life.

It is most fortunate for Dolores Del Rio that she is not a superstitious woman. Not being superstitious, she can laugh at ill omens. If she were, I would fear for her, because even if there were no actual hoo-

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doo cast upon the portrayers of *DuBarry*, the human mind is wildly imaginative. Miss Del Rio, if she were superstitious, might imagine enough ills to cause some of them to happen to her.

Meanwhile, throughout production of the picture, Miss Del Rio's maid is wearing a good luck charm, with which she never fails to touch her mistress at the start of each day's work.

Can that luck charm, and the crossed fingers of Dolores' friends, offset the *DuBarry* jinx?

Or will some entirely unexpected, perhaps inexplicable fate cloud Miss Del Rio's happiness?

Already there have been rumors of a

rift between Dolores and Cedric Gibbons, her husband. These rumors were laughingly denied by both, and apparently Miss Del Rio and Gibbons are devoted to one another.

But from what source did such reports emanate?

Is it possible that there is a *DuBarry* jinx?

Miss Del Rio, with "Flying Down to Rio" and "Wonder Bar" pleasing millions of theatre-goers, and with a fine new motion picture starring contract as a result of her regained popularity, is on the threshold of a success greater than any she has known. It looks as though that old *DuBarry* jinx is licked at last!

Taking the Air!

Continued from page 61

have to sit back and wait until they can grow enough grapes to start in production again and fill some more orders."

It might thus appear for a moment as if Irene had radio-acted herself out of a good job—but even this isn't nearly so serious as it may sound. For one thing, her sponsors have understandably taken such a fancy to her that the possibility of their parting company with her services seems dim. For another, if her contract is allowed to expire when it comes up for renewal (which will be any day now), there are offers galore from other merchants awaiting her consideration.

But there's still a third alternative—and that one, to Irene, is the most important and exciting of all.

"What I want to do more than anything else in the world," she confessed—and her innate vivacity quieted down for a moment as she contemplated the idea—"is a real stage play. The thought has complete hold of me—in fact, I consider that my whole life up to now has been just a prelude to it. I've taken an option on a play by Maxwell Seltzer that's just the duckiest thing I could have wanted. The leading character is a good-natured, scatter-brained sort of woman—she's such a sweet, muddle-headed thing I dote on the thought of playing her. Of course, in spite of all her blundering, she does make things come out right in the end, and the audience just can't help being for her, even when she's at her dizziest!"

This longed-for stage venture will be Irene Rich's first in the New York legitimate theatre, when and if it comes to fulfillment—and remember that she has her fingers crossed! But she doesn't suffer from any lack of experience on the boards, having performed with flying colors in summer stock and in one of vaudeville's most famous playlets, which she has done 4,003 times and could do as many more to comfortably filled houses.

The audience appeal that Irene Rich has built up in her fifteen years of screen, stage, and radio work is predominantly among women, she feels, and especially among women of about her own age. For this she sees good and definite reasons.

"Many women feel a strong kinship with me, because they think they see in me what they would like to have become. Thus to the woman who's fulfilled her rôle of wife and mother, but has felt a vague and usually frustrated longing for some outside interest, some activity that 'mattered' in the world, I seem to represent more or less the fulfillment of her dream, what with my two grown-up daughters on the one hand and my career on the other. That's why, I think, the women who write me letters at

the broadcasting studio or come to see me backstage at theatres pour out their personal problems to me so freely.

"One shows me the mark on her shoulder where her husband has beaten her, another brings in her little boy to ask me whether she ought to make him a civil engineer or a jazz band leader. Some of them cry on my shoulder—but many are happy, too, and tell me that they've managed to find happiness from the inspiration of my example. And"—half deprecatingly, half defiantly—"I'm sentimental enough to believe them!"

"And say," concluded Irene, "don't you listen to anybody who tells you I'm through with movies for good. All I want is one good season in a Broadway play—my play—and then watch me tootle off to Hollywood to make a picture of it. No, that's not a positive prediction, but if my present run of luck holds out—I shan't be a bit surprised to see it happen!"

Turning from the spirited, gossipy chatter of the radiant Rich to an interview with Lanny Ross is something akin to dialing out a graceful minuet and tuning in on a resonant march selection. Irene, the serious, responsible matron of the radio sketches, is a gay and sparkling soul off the air; whereas Lanny, that carefree troubadour of screen and "Show Boat," is a very serious, determined and ambitious youth in real life. You never can tell about these show people!

Mr. Ross has been a heavily occupied youth since his return East from acting in "Melody in Spring." What with movie shorts, receptions, benefit appearances for charity groups, and rehearsals for his perennial "Show Boat" appearances, he hasn't had a moment. Well, not more than one!

So, when I dropped in at a succession of NBC rehearsal studios intent on button-holing him, the general impression I got was that "Lanny Doesn't Live Here Any More." Finally I spotted him in one of the smaller soundproof retreats, just completing the rehearsal of one of his microphone love tiffs with *Mary Lou*.

"I've been singing practically since the day I was born," volunteered Lanny, beginning at the beginning with a vengeance. "When my infantile yowls turned into childish ditties I became a boy soprano, and sang in the choir of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine for more than two years. Then, after my voice changed, I woke up one morning and found myself a tenor!"

When Lanny entered Yale he naturally became one of the mainstays of the glee club, and accompanied that splendid choral

body on its triumphant European tour in 1928. He sang solo, as well as with the chorus, in the concert halls of London, Paris, Berlin, Munich, and other continental cities, finding favor with the critics everywhere. By the time he returned home he had fixed his ambitions on a career as a concert artist.

"But in the meantime," related the handsome young Ross, "I received my first radio offer and snapped it up, because it gave me a chance to radio-sing my way through Columbia University while I completed my education and took my law degree. That first radio contract started something for me, and life has been kind to me ever since—so kind that I haven't had much chance to work toward my ultimate ambition to go on the concert stage. But I enjoy this 'Show Boat' singing, and I enjoy my new movie work even more—and a fellow has to have constant practice over a period of many years be-



Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, and William Powell appear together in "Manhattan Melodrama." You will find that picture reviewed among the Six Best of the month in this issue.

fore he can go out and make a success in concert work, so I think I'm headed in the right direction after all."

Lanny found time between his singing and his scholastic pursuits at Yale to make the Olympic track team, and he had to make a choice between that glee club tour and the 1928 Olympics. He chose the former, he says, because the glee club needed him more. Richard Crooks, the American concert and operatic star, is his ideal of what a young tenor should make of himself, though he would have you understand that he follows in nobody's footsteps in shaping his own career.

The "Show Boat" hero confessed himself surprised at the sanity and normality of life as he found it in Hollywood. Which may mean either that several witnesses to the contrary have shamelessly exaggerated, or that Lanny didn't get around a great deal. Or it might mean, on the other hand, that he is interview-shy, for he did confess having once been bitten in that respect when a callous interviewer printed a few "off-the-record" confidences. So now this youthful, tall, and good-looking star has nothing to volunteer on the subject of romantic leanings. Nor does he come out with the all-important information that the "Lanny" in his name stands for Lancelot—perhaps for fear that the fellow who wrote *If Galahad Had the Gal I Had* might be visited by another inspiration!

Be that as it may, Lanny Ross has a good inside track toward becoming the outstanding attraction among non-crooning tenors of the screen, as well as of the radio. And if his labors in these fields permit him the time for self-development along more classical lines, he may yet be warbling Brahms *lieder* in American concert halls and tossing off Verdian arias in Grand Opera.

Would You Believe I'm Past 60?

Look at My Picture ... Then Do As I Do

Edna Wallace Hopper... Who at Over 60 Has the Skin of a Girl... Discloses Another of Her Startling Youth Revelations

Look at my picture. Do I look like a woman past 60? People can't believe it, but I am. Boys scarcely above college age often try to flirt with me. I've been booked from one great theatre to another as "The One Woman in the World Who Never Grew Old." At a grandmother's age I still enjoy the thrills of youth.

Now, let me tell you how I do it. Follow it and I promise if you're 50, you'll look 40. If you're 40, you'll look 30. And if you're 30, you'll gain back the skin of eighteen. Women I've given it to call it a miracle—say it takes 10 years from the face in 10 minutes!

It is the discovery of a Famous French Scientist, who startled the cosmetic world by discovering that the Oils of Youth could be *artificially re-supplied* to the skin of fading women. He found that after 25 most women were deficient in certain youth oils. Oils that kept the skin free of age lines and wrinkles. And then, by a notable scientific discovery, he found a way to re-supply the skin daily with these oils.

This method puts those oils back in your skin every day. Without them you are old. With them you are young—alluring, charming.

All you do is spread it on your face like a cold cream. *But, don't rub it off.* Let it stay on. *Then watch!* Your skin will absorb every bit of it—*literally drink in the*



Edna Wallace Hopper

youth oils it contains. It's one of the most amazing demonstrations in scientific youth restoration known. You look years younger the first treatment. Youth and allure come back. Look at me. At over 60—I am living proof.

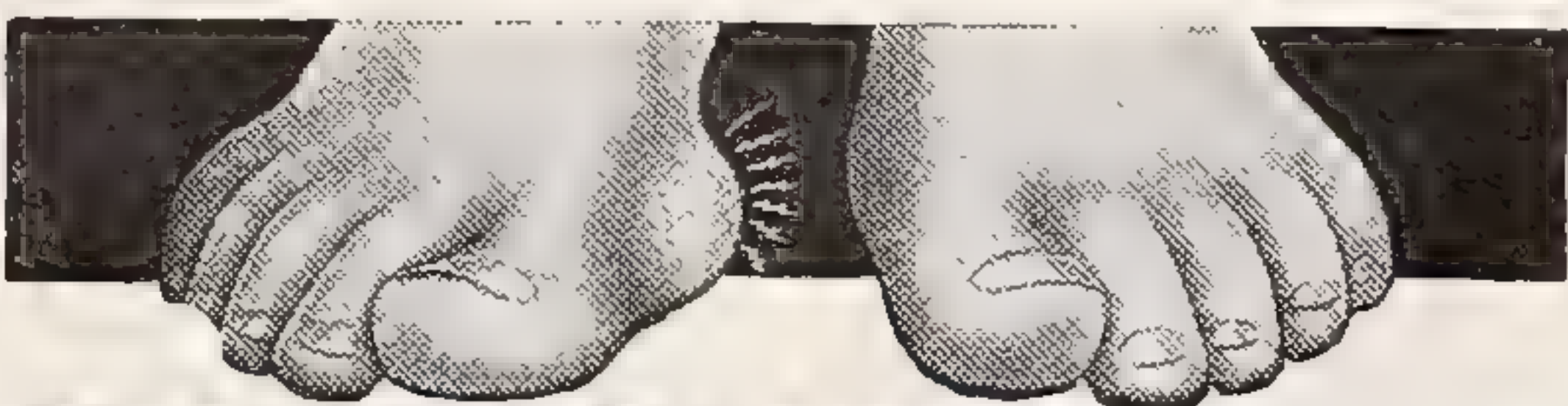
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Want to have a Hollywood Figure? Then follow Jim Davies' exclusive series of articles in SCREENLAND! Nowhere else can you find the special instructions, exercises, and menus recommended by Davies, famous Hollywood physical culturist, for the use of such stars as Mae West, Miriam Hopkins, Claudette Colbert. Third in the series appears in the next issue, out June 25th.



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MOLEX (Hollywood) COMPANY, Dept. SU 325 Western Pacific Bldg. Los Angeles, Calif.



Cooling to your skin is this cream from Primrose House.

WOULD you like a little lemon with your cream?

No, this is not a mad tea party! We really mean it. Because if you would, there is a glorious new cream on the market that actually contains the juice of fresh lemons and is as cooling to your skin as a long, tall drink. You can actually smell the lemon in it. We dare say you could taste it—though we haven't tried that!

This smart new cream is called "Delv" and when it is at home, lives at Primrose House. It has become so popular overnight, however, that it is found in practically every store and on an amazing number of dressing-tables. Why?

Well, because it is a mild, non-chemical bleach, for one thing. It keeps your skin transparently clear. Then it is a quick cleanser and amazingly penetrating. It's a fluffy kind of cream, soft and smooth. And it's so cool! It feels cool when you first touch it with your fingers. Your face feels cool and refreshed when you take the cream off, together with more powder, dust and cosmetics than you like to believe possible!

For one of those "Little Treatments" so pleasant in summer and so necessary too, to keep your skin soft and unlined, Delv, combined with Nourishing Cream, also of Primrose House, is perfection itself.

So sure are we of results, in this department, that we issue warning here and now that we will not be responsible for the hearts you break this summer if you use it! Proceed at your own risk.

Did you ever stop to think what a bright, merry pair of eyes could do to upset the male equilibrium? Plenty!

So here is eye-news! Something to

Femi-nifties

"Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle!"



Waterproof mascara from Helena Rubinstein, stays on thru tears and laughter.



Velvet Mittens! A new way to remove unwanted hair.



And now an atomizer for the Zip Spray Deodorant.

make your eyes appear larger, darker, more interesting. It is Helena Rubinstein's new water-proof mascara which gives a soft, lustrous sheen to your lashes, goes on evenly and stays where put, even through tears, though we devoutly hope you won't shed any! It tints the lashes delicately and protects them against breaking. There is no soap in it, so even if a tiny bit should get into your eyes as you put it on, it will not sting.

You know in selecting a cosmetic for use on your eyes there are two important things to consider. First and most essential is, of course, the fact that it must be absolutely harmless. Second, be sure it gives a natural appearance and avoids all semblance of artificiality. Made-up-looking eyes are as out of date as the use of flour for face powder.

This enchanting little Rubinstein cosmetic fulfills both requirements. It is an absolutely pure agent for deepening the tone of color of the lashes and accentuating the shape of the eyes. Always use it when you want to have a very special look. None can detect that you have it on when you've applied it, as it is so natural that you sometimes wonder yourself if it isn't really all just you!

Of course the thing that interests you most is that it is so beautifying. But notice the little case in the illustration. Isn't it smart? It looks like a lipstick and you can carry it in your bag most conveniently.

Now why didn't somebody think of this one before? An atomizer for a Spray Deodorant which checks perspiration! Here is a manufacturer—(Zip)—who knows what we need before we realize it ourselves and gives it to us. Zip Spray Deodorant goes on in a fine spray, doing away with the old clumsy method of applying a liquid deodorant with cotton. So much less wasteful, too. When not in use, the atomizer top unscrews and a regular bottle top goes on so snugly that you can even pack it. As you would expect of a Zip product, this deodorant is safe, harmless and effective.

Many a girl's reputation for loveliness depends upon her possession of lovely, gracious hands. The right shade of nail polish will help you win this reputation and the "Cutex Color Selector" will help you find the right shade. This in an amazing little stand containing several little grooves just the size of your finger-tips. You slip your finger into one of the little grooves, turn the dial, (easier than tuning into your favorite radio station), and you will see the color of the polish right there on your nail and can decide from actual appearance how you like it.

No matter how good your imagination may be you can't guess just the color of nail polish that will be most becoming to you, to your favorite frock and to the way you happen to feel about nail polish that day! The color of the skin on your hands, the reflection of the colors you wear, even the shape and length of your fingers, make a difference in the appearance of certain shades of polish. So use the Cutex Color Selector, (your favorite department store will have one out on the counter), and end guess work.

Here is another trick worth knowing too! It is smart to have your nail polish match your lipstick. With the help of the Color Selector you may pick a polish that actually matches your lips!

Here is news for those of us who are annoyed with unwanted hair on our arms and legs in these days of revealing summer fashions. And that means practically all of us! There is a NEW way of removing this bane of beauty's existence. It is called the Velvet Mitten and does its work so softly, smoothly, gently, that it makes you

wonder if it is any relation to those well-known mittens lost by three little kittens, which, as you will recall, were very soft little mittens indeed!

This grey, mitten-shaped, non-chemical gadget, slips over your fingers and as you rub it over your skin, it feels as soft as a kitten's paw and leaves the surface smooth, free from hair, and looking to your amazement as if it were just freshly powdered.

The principle upon which it works is this: in applying it with a round-and-round movement, you not only break off the hair but split the hair shaft. This, of course, weakens the hair growth. When the hair grows in again instead of being coarser, it is softer, finer, and in many cases lighter in color. The Velvet Mitten has no odor. It can be used on a moment's notice and is so quick, easy, and inexpensive that it is making countless friends for itself.

In selecting your cream deodorant for this summer, don't overlook that fine new one called "X" from the makers of X-Bazin. It is made on a modern formula from ingredients so harmless they might be taken internally without ill-effects. It deodorizes thoroughly, pleasantly, and won't hurt your clothes if you use it just before you dress. It won't hurt you either when you apply it immediately after shaving your under-arm! A big advantage, that! Another nice thing about "X" is its flat little package. You can scoop the cream out on your finger without getting it in your nail, a real improvement over a deep container. The package contains a generous amount and costs oh, so little!

Personality or Beauty

Continued from page 34

the rage of a country and the vogue of a world! Today, more than ever before, simply because distance has been so dramatically shortened, a new type of loveliness may catch the imagination of a people and sweep a real beauty before its exotic or bizarre attraction.

"Consider the favorites of the screen for the past few years. They are not orthodox beauties—yet their striking characteristics have become so symbolic of a type of loveliness that they are accepted as beauty in its purest sense.

"And so I say, study yourself! You will be repaid a thousandfold. Take yourself apart, feature by feature, put yourself together. Find not only the conforming characteristics, the 'regular' features—but consider that feature which gives to your face its most unusual, *individual* charm. If it is worthy, lay stress upon it, by wearing clothes and accessories to give it unusual notice, yet be sure you are not making a mistake that might call for self-condemnation or outright ridicule. Be very sure before you are the least bit sorry.

"Now let us cite a striking case of intrinsic personality. One can think of no better example than the popular Mae West. Hers is electric! She could no less hide her light behind a bushel, than Jimmy Durante's nose could be called retroussé.

"But don't you believe, with the most careful and studious application of principles, plus a certain intuitive intelligence, plus patience and persistence, many a woman with only a slight edge on her fellow women has developed into one of the really important names? I *know* they have! They have simply taken a personality that was a shade more potent than their fellow-creatures', had the brains to realize that careful grooming and years of

it would result in something to conjure with—and they have kept at it and at it and at it.

"But for heaven's sake, don't let anyone ever believe that trying to be somebody *else* will make a great personality! There are thousands of Mae Wests all over the country, today, all strutting their stuff, and becoming not only very bad imitations of the real thing, but making themselves ridiculous to boot! Rubber-stamp personalities are looked upon with suspicion and contempt. The would-be musical comedy hero of your own little group is absurd because he conjures up to us all the impossible stuffed shirts, type No. 6239, comedy heroes that have ever been and will be. No matter how bad Hezekiah may be, if he has the good sense to be himself, he'll never sink to the depths of handsome Harry, the ready-made village swain!

"Be nothing so much as *be yourself*!

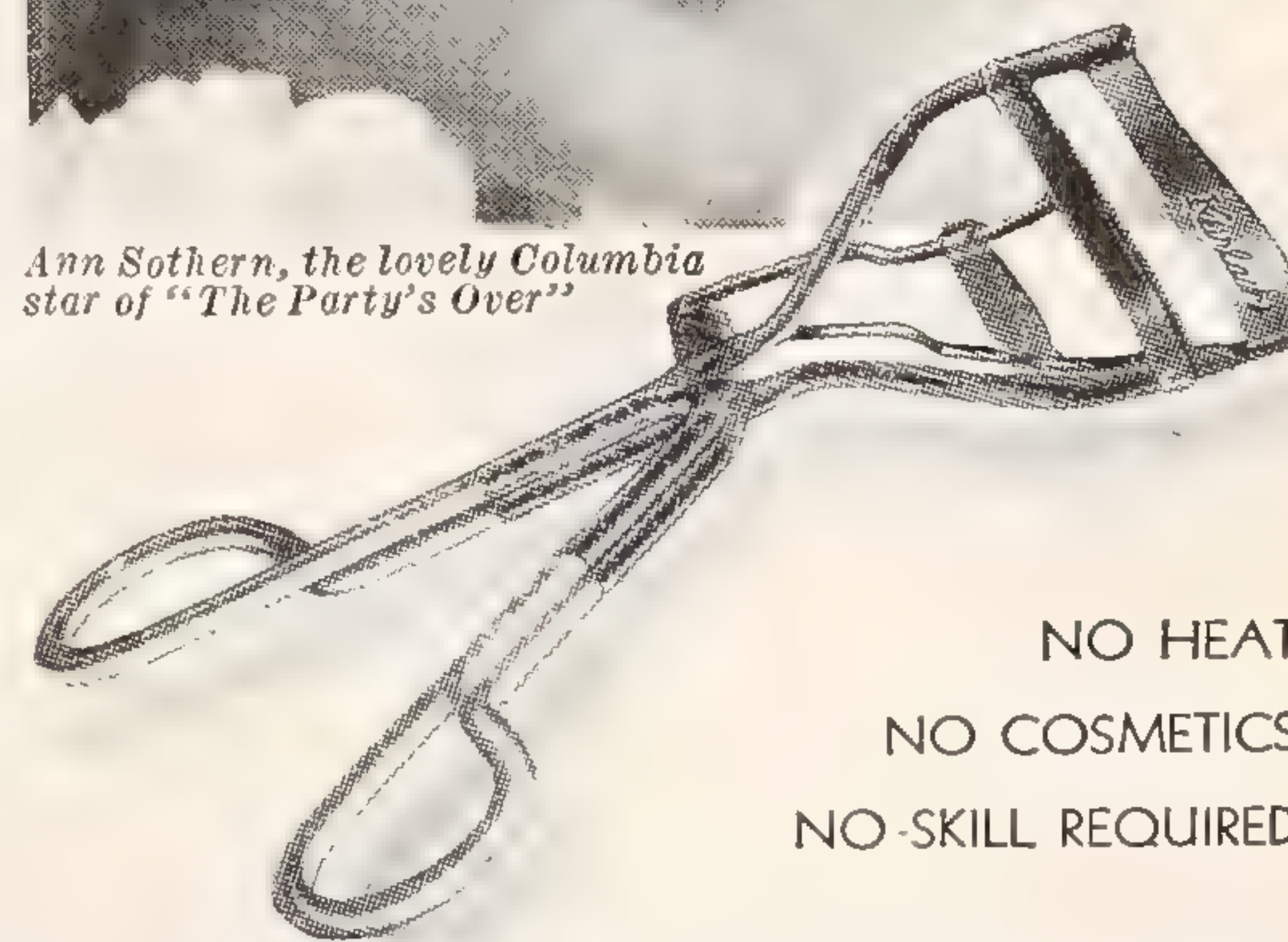
"Remember there are actually billions of us here on earth and that not more than two of us look alike. If not more than two of us *act* alike then there are about a billion and a half chances for a different personality. The odds are all with you. Develop your own!

"You have often heard it said—or perhaps you have been lucky enough to experience it—that love makes a different person of you. A good many actresses who have been cold, detached, theatric, have become warm, vibrant, and intense dramatic stars when they have found love—real love. And that does not mean that you must search for love—must rush out to meet it, or worse still, confuse a passing fancy or a sudden attraction for the real thing. When it comes you will know it, instinctively. There will be no need for inner questionings, uncertainty, and qualms. You will

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know surely and firmly that the Real Thing has entered your life—you may know it immediately—but you must, patiently, give it time and make sure."

Aline should know. She never talks of her serene married life. But I will tell you it is highly successful. Her intelligence has developed the best in her, though of course her personality and her beauty—and it is a beauty that appeals to the intelligence rather than to the senses—are ever growing. She is like that.

"As an example of a young actress with a great deal of real, fundamental personality—and a beauty which I believe reflects her innate charm—I would name Ruby Keeler, with whom I have appeared in several pictures. Hers is a native personality and I see for her a great future and a fine success built upon the right things, the things that are real and lasting and certain."

Raft Reveals All

Continued from page 21

declined, politely but with ominous and icy firmness, to "support" Miss Mae West in that bumptious lady's latest Shakespearian bon-bon entitled "It Ain't No Sin."

You can imagine that Mr. Raft might, at this time, be a little edgy, and inclined to jump at the stamping of a tabby-cat in the parlor.

You can also understand why I was suffering from a severe case of the butterflies as I drew nearer to my visit with the actor. But Groucho and Harpo had their hands in their coat pockets, just like the gangsters in the movies, so I mumbled a fast prayer and went in.

I found my subject sitting tilted against a wall in a straight-backed chair. He was looking very handsome, and wearing one of his conventional tight double-breasted suits. No worry creased his brow, no glare deformed his placid eyes. Just the same, I was glad good old Groucho and Harpo were along.

I gave a short *hem*.

"Mr. Raft," I began, my rich baritone breaking into a shrill falsetto, "Would you mind telling me—"

The floodgates of Mr. Raft's speech opened with a roar, and words came tumbling out.

"I suppose you would like to know about all this newspaper talk about Mrs. Lehmann, or Miss Pine, and me? Well sir, it's a funny thing. What can I say?"

Mr. Raft proceeded to say it.

"Suppose I say yes and she says no—what does that make me? It's very embarrassing. Well, here's the whole truth about the thing. I took Miss Pine out twice in public in Hollywood—you know, dining and dancing. Where everyone could see us. That's how all the talk started.

"Why, there was another fellow in Hollywood who saw her much oftener than I did, I think, but it was always at dinner parties at his house or at somebody else's house. But I take the lady out twice in public where everyone can see us, and bingo! There you are!

"The first thing I know one of the famous lady gossip-writers calls me on the phone. 'What's this about a romance between you and Virginia Pine?' she asks. 'You tell me what about it!' I answer. 'Isn't it the truth?' she asks. 'What do you think?' I answer. 'Well, a romance between you and Virginia Pine would certainly make a mighty good story for my column,' she says. 'Oh, it would, hey?'

"What should you do if you could no longer act?" I asked Aline.

"I don't know, exactly," she said slowly. "Something connected with the stage or screen, of course. Directing, perhaps, although I never thought of it before, seriously. So few women do. But why not? Failing for the right reason develops the wherewithal to succeed—while succeeding for the wrong reason results, of necessity, in ultimate defeat."

And there you have her, as I know her. I don't believe in predicting—because it is so much easier and safer to be wise in retrospect; but if, some day, when Marie Dressler, our great character star, should wish to retire, much against our will and our hope, and the field should be open for a splendid actress with outstanding ability, I should say that Aline MacMahon would be my candidate for that tremendous responsibility.

says I, and before I know it the story is in newspapers all over the country!"

"I see," I said through my daze. "About the matter of—"

"Then there's this matter of my wife," went on the star, without even a deep breath. "Sure I have a wife, but I've been by myself for a long time.

"When I went into pictures they said to me, 'We'll give out the news that you're single. It's more romantic that way, because the girl fans like to think that a young actor is single.' So all the publicity said that Raft was a single man, and now the story of my wife breaks like this. What can I do about it?"

I mumbled to myself that a wife, like murder and income-tax evasion, will always out, and that it is foolish to try to conceal a spouse—foolish even for a press agent.

"Now, about my not working in Miss West's picture," went on Mr. Raft, before I could even pry my jaws apart. "That was simple enough.

"I didn't have any fight with anybody in the company, as the papers said. I asked for a copy of the script, and they gave it to me, and I read it, and my agent read it, and I read it again, and when we got all through we said, what is there in it for Raft?"

"After all, when people see an actor in a picture, they want him to be himself. They want him to be somebody. Suppose I have a scene with Miss West and she puts the spell on me and I just turn into jelly? Suppose from then on I'm nothing but a big poodle-dog? What is there in it for me? So we decided we'd rather not do the picture.

"Well, they called me into a conference. They were all sitting there.

"Gentlemen," I said, "If you insist on my doing this picture, I'll do it, but I'll tell you that I'd rather not. After all, I said, 'don't you think I should have some of the answers? In this script, I see that Miss West has all the answers and I just have a few questions. Furthermore, gentlemen,' I said, 'You will remember I didn't want to do 'The Story of Temple Drake,' and I didn't do it, but you made the picture and lost a lot of money and got some very bad notices. Couldn't I be right twice?'"

"Absolutely," I said, my senses swimming in all directions. "And moreover—"

"Well, there was a lot of discussion, and

finally they decided to excuse me from doing the picture with Miss West. I was mighty glad of it. I had worked twenty-two weeks without a rest, and I was plenty tired. Now I'm rehearsing for this personal appearance at the Paramount. I'll do two or three weeks more of that, and then I'm due on the coast the first of June to make some more pictures."

Mr. Raft's flow of language ceased as suddenly as it had begun.

He took a deep breath and lit a cigarette. I felt as though I had stepped six fast rounds with Max "Adonis" Baer in a night-club.

"Thank you, Mr. Raft," I said. "You have told me every consarned thing I want to know, and I want to thank you for a very pleasant visit."

"However, I feel that you have been slightly gypped. You have been doing all the work, while I have just been sitting here absorbing information. Perhaps you would like to interview me. I am sixty-four years old on Monday mornings, and neither make much money nor have much fun. The newspaperman who coupled my name with that of Miss Katherine Hepburn is a liar, while I have not seen Miss Jean Harlow in the flesh since 1931. I was born—"

"Well," said Mr. Raft, "I guess I had better be getting along back to my rehearsal. Glad to have seen you, and thanks. And I think Miss Pine is a very fine young lady."

With that, Mr. Raft got back to his rehearsal.

So ended one of the most amazing interviews of my fifty-year career. George Raft is one of the most interesting laddy-bucks to crash films these many years.

No wonder he made a rapid ascent to the top of his acting profession, and even less wonder is it that he is NEWS whenever there is any hint of some romantic development in his life behind the screens of this broad land's picture palaces.

Item One. He thinks very highly of

Miss Virginia Pine, now the possessor of a divorce decree from the Chicago Mr. Lehmann. Where there's romance—smoke in Hollywood, there may be a hot blaze.

Item Two. He has a lawful wife, thus blowing up a mine laid by publicity men years ago.

Item Three. It is probable that Mr. Raft pulled a very smart piece of business when he stepped out of the supporting cast of Miss Mae West in "It Ain't No Sin." This Miss West has a way of sort of filling the screen, not only hiding the other actors but the scenery, too. Certainly Raft was right when he refused to play in "Temple Drake," that grisly story of bad business down south. That picture didn't do anybody any good except the author, Mr. William Faulkner, who dredges his fiction out of swamps. Raft decided, wisely, he would have no part of or in that film.

I think that Raft has handled himself magnificently in Hollywood. Anything but an actor in the usual sense of the word, he has done notable work in several pictures. Will you soon forget his magnificent death in "Scarface?" One of my favorite talkies of all time is Raft's "Night After Night," in which, oddly enough, Mae West supported him!

Ah, not for nothing did this slim, sleek bird consort with the gaudier side of Broadway for years! There's more than bear-grease to that shapely skull!

What an interview that was! If there were more movie actors like Raft, sneaking up on the stars would be as simple as playing Beethoven's Fifth Symphony on the mouth-organ! More power to the boy.

I hope he gets a mess of good parts. Yes, and I hope that if he wants Miss Virginia Pine, he gets her, too!

P. S. Dear George, you know—all in fun. You gave me a swell story, and if you like it, you can always find me in New York. But George, if you shouldn't happen to like it, my address is General Delivery, Budapest, Hungary. Yours, Len Hall.

His Best Friend Was Failure

Continued from page 51

was but a memory, as soon as he could pack his few belongings the youth stealthily left the theatre, without even waiting for his pay. Scarcely had he stolen out the door than the manager of the company hailed him. And praised him for his quick thinking! The performance, of course, had ended disastrously, but the manager, who also appeared as the company's star, realized that Talbot had acted with the play's best interests at heart.

Talbot's swift presence of mind, as evinced by this happening, brought him thus to the attention of the manager and his wife, who schooled him then as best they could in the finer points of acting. What had seemed like the most miserable failure to the boy really worked to his advantage.

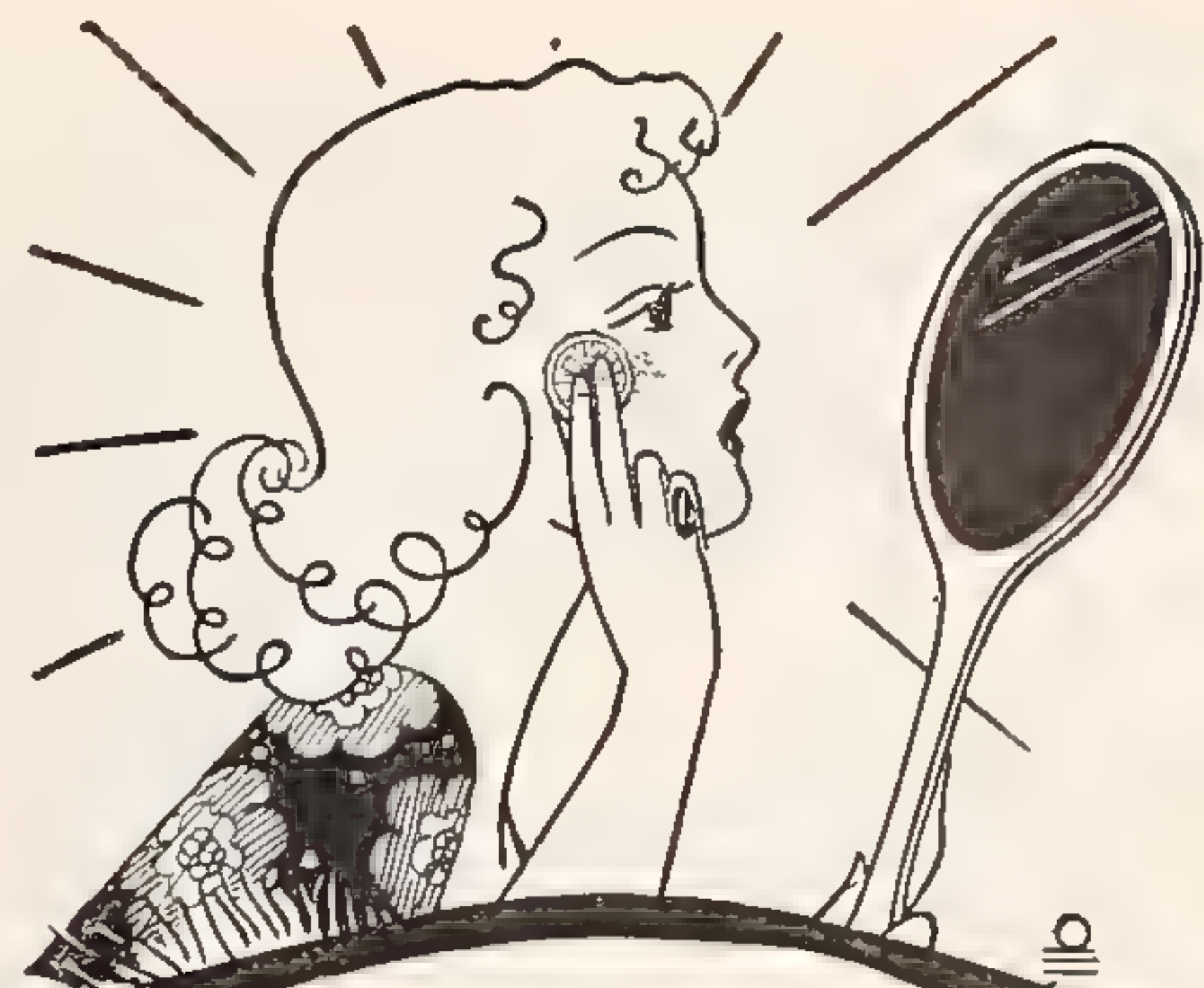
The actor, tall, personable, athletic in appearance, recalls these earlier efforts with a grin.

"I was so discouraged at times I considered tossing my 'career' into the pit and going home," he reminisces. "When my magician days were over—I still carry a scar where the glass cut my hand—my giving up meant the darkest, blackest days in my life. Kid-like, you know, I figured that nothing mattered, since I couldn't be a magician. I had planned on it so long.

"After a season with the 'St. Elmo' company, in which I played heavies, butlers,



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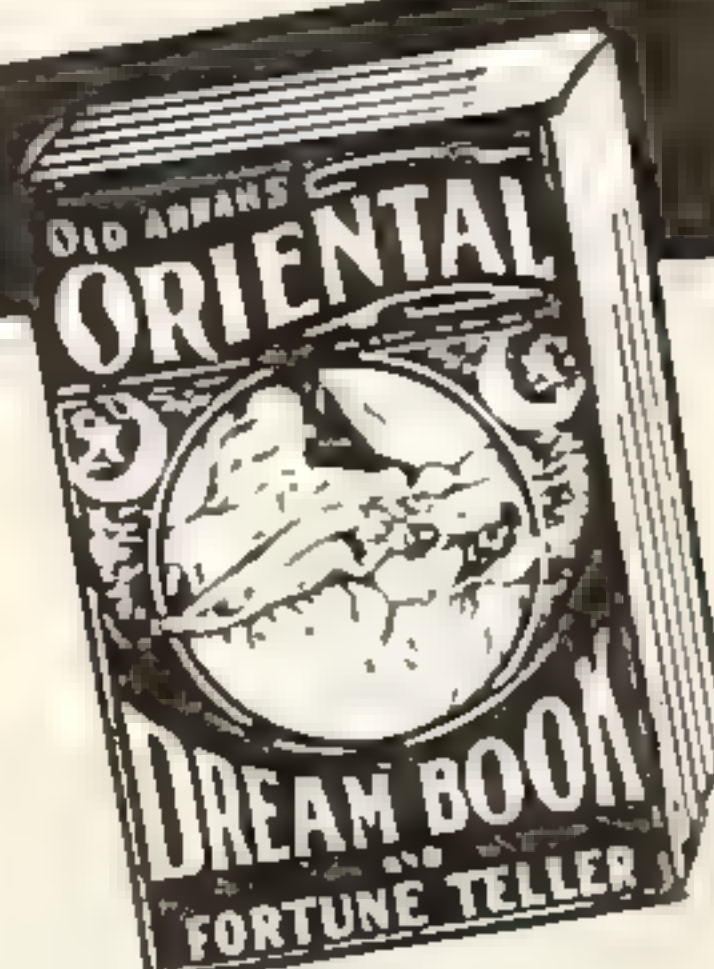
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props, anything that happened along, I returned home and worked in a carnival for a few months during the summer. My father, though, wanted me to continue my education, so I registered at the University of Nebraska, intent upon preparing myself as an engineer. I had finally relinquished the idea of ever becoming an actor.

"Before I had gone to classes many weeks, however, I found that dramatics still held an undue interest. So I played in a number of class and college plays and sketches, with the result that all my old yearning to be an actor surged again to the surface. I had advertised in a theatrical sheet through which many stock companies hired players, and when I received a wire from the Dubinsky Brothers to join their company in Kansas City, I hopped a train and made record time getting to the theatre."

The late Jeanne Eagels appeared first with the Dubinskys, preceding by some years Talbot's association with them. With the young actor's hasty exodus from college to resume a career he had thought never to enter again, there followed a number of years of stock experience, acting with such shows as the Savage Bros., Elwin Strong, Clinton and Bessie Robbins and Chase-Lister, the latter, in particular, well-known through the Middle West.

"It's an odd thing," Talbot continues, "but the advent of talking pictures was the cause of the failure of my most ambitious undertaking. I had played a season of stock in Memphis, when the company blew up and the town was left with no regular theatre enterprise."

"I hadn't been home in some time, so I returned to Nebraska for a month or so. During my visit, a wealthy gentleman with whom I had become quite friendly in Memphis wrote me asking if I would be interested in starting and managing a new stock company in that city. Each of us would put up \$5000, the authority to choose plays and casts to rest in my hands, and we would carry on where the other company had left off."

"Naturally, such a proposition appealed to me and I left immediately for Memphis. I had gone ahead with the preparations, hiring players from other cities, buying props and scenery, and we had set the opening date when my friend was hurt in an accident and after he had partially recovered was still so shocked and nervous that all thought of embarking in a show left him. And there I was, holding the sack, literally, for I hadn't received his share of the money."

"I managed to find other capital, after much scurrying about, but the show from the start was doomed. Talking pictures were a novelty; the public flocked to the movie houses. Where, the season previous, they had patronized the stock theatre, we were forced to close through lack of box-office receipts. As we gave our farewell performance, I never dreamed that my failure in Memphis would lead me, indirectly, to the studios of the industry responsible for this failure!"

"With several of the actors I started for New York in my Cadillac. We had very little money between us, and it must have looked funny to see us draw up in an expensive car to the cheapest hotels in the towns where we were to spend the night!"

After some months in and about the eastern metropolis, Talbot received a call from Boston to appear in "The Criminal Code." When the producers of the play had lured him from New York, they had intended playing the piece for several weeks, then go on the road.

As they made arrangements to entrain with the company, it was discovered the props and scenery were too weighty to be moved! The company disbanded.

Although not exactly lucrative from a financial standpoint, the experience did prove profitable, for a prominent Michigan stock company heard of him through one of their scouts and sent for him. Again, Talbot turned disaster to his own advantage.

A season with this company and a friend wrote him that he had arranged for Talbot to join the Ernest Truex company in London. To do this, he must leave immediately, almost upon receipt of the letter.

"Only two weeks remained before the show would close," explains Talbot, "so the manager, when I put it up to him, told me to go without the customary notice. For some unknown reason, I was warned not to ask for a permit to work in the British Isles."

"When I reached London, I went into the play at once. Then fell the blow. I worked two days, when officers asked to see my labor permit. Naturally, I had none. Consequently, I was barred from appearing on the stage in England, after I had traveled so far for the part."

"Of course, I was pretty discouraged and disappointed by the whole affair, but after I had slept over it I decided that as long as I had come this far I might as well make the most of my opportunities. So, for the next few months, I toured Europe, seeing everything I had wanted to see for years."

"On my way home, a radiogram arrived, asking if I would consider a job with a stock company in Columbus, Ohio. Would I! When I disembarked at New York, I had less than eight dollars to my name."

"For twenty-five weeks everything went sweet and lovely. I liked the company and my associates, I liked the people who came to the theatre. We were putting on good plays. The world looked rosy."

"The crash came suddenly, although we might have known that eventually something would happen. There were two managers of the show, and they fought continuously. Finally, matters reached a head and the company closed."

"A bit of luck occurred for me then. There came a wire from Dallas, Texas, inviting me to join its stock company. With scarcely the loss of a week's pay, then, I stepped from one job into another. The Columbus company had been good but the one in Dallas, it developed, was even superior."

"Following another season, the manager skipped town with all the money. That left us somewhat in a hole, but the actors decided to continue on the co-operative plan. We lasted just three weeks, the last week making just \$37.50 apiece. We were forced to close."

Had the company not failed then, it is doubtful if Talbot would be on the screen today. A Hollywood manager's scout had seen him on the stage, and vainly had tried to persuade him to go to the film capital. Talbot, secure in his leading man position, had scoffed at the idea and forgotten the episode.

"When the show closed its doors, the scout urged me again to try my luck in Hollywood," the actor goes on. "He went even further this time—he offered me transportation. He said both he and the manager were that certain I would click. His belief in me, just as things were looking down, gave me a fresh lease on life. So I caught the train to Hollywood."

"The manager who had paid my expenses from Dallas met me at the train—and I couldn't say a word to him above a whisper! Coming west I had developed a severe case of laryngitis. He didn't seem particularly disturbed, though, and announced cheerfully that he had arranged for me to make a test the following morning at the Warner Bros. studio."

"The next day, as luck would have it,

my throat had cleared and I could speak naturally. I went to the studio and was told to give any dramatic reading from any play I wished. I still have cold chills whenever I think what I did in that test!"

Of all the thousands of speeches from as many plays he might have given, Talbot selected for his test the one set of lines he should have cut his tongue out before enacting. They were from "Louder, Please!" a play written around the Warners and making fun of their tactics, a brilliant satire authored by a former employee. This, of course, Talbot could not know. He chose a part of this play because he had appeared in its leading rôle in Dallas.

By all rights, Talbot, when the executives

viewed his test, should have been bounced out of the studio with neat dispatch. What happened? J. L. Warner, whose initials appeared in the test, was so charmed with what he thought was a gentle ribbing on Talbot's part that he immediately signed him to a long-term contract!

Lyle Talbot's hard luck seems to be passed, now that the studio considers him unusually worthy of leading and featured rôles. It is notable, however, that he is successful today only by dint of fortune having favored him after each failure and misfortune. Each failure has acted as a stepping-stone. No wonder he can look backward and love what is everybody else's bugaboo!

Ask Me!

Continued from page 14

Graves, Arthur Rankin, and Audrey Ferris. In "Remote Control," William Haines played with Mary Doran and Polly Moran. With Buddy Rogers in "Young Eagles" were Jean Arthur, Paul Lukas, Stuart Erwin, Jack Luden, and Virginia Bruce, who later became the wife of John Gilbert—and is now, alas, separated from him. Ho-hum!

Miss Helen M. Don't go all of a dither because you want to know all about your favorite stars—come, be nonchalant. We all like Leslie Howard, Fredric March, Clark Gable, the two Barrymores and Ralph Bellamy. Ralph was born on June 17, 1904, in Chicago, Ill. He has light brown hair, blue eyes, is 6 feet tall, and weighs 178 pounds. His wife is Katherine Willard from the stage. They were married in July, 1931. Some of Ralph's pictures are "Before Midnight," with June Collyer (Mrs. Stuart Erwin), "Once To Every Woman" with Fay Wray and Mary Carlisle, "Spitfire" with Katharine Hepburn.

J. J. B. There isn't any one I'd rather tell you about than Colleen Moore. Her latest picture is "Success Story" with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Her "come-back" was in "Power and the Glory" with Spencer Tracy. Her last release before leaving the screen in 1929 was "Footlight and Fools" with Raymond Hackett, Fredric March, and Virginia Lee Corbin. It was a First National feature, directed by William Seiter, scenario by Katherine Brush and Tom Geraghty, and dialogue by Cary Wilson.

Just Curious. Kay Francis is 5 feet 6 inches tall; Edna May Oliver, 5 feet 10; Aline MacMahon, 5 feet 8; and the following are all 5 feet 7; Alice Brady, Fifi D'Orsay, Gwen Lee, Louise Dresser, and Anna Q. Nilsson. Henry Garat appeared in just one American-made picture, "Adorable," with Janet Gaynor.

Nancy B. I'm fine—how'er you? And thanks a lot for the swell-e-gant praise anent our information department. Sally Eilers was born on December 11, 1908, in New York City. She has auburn hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 3½ inches tall and weighs 107 pounds. Chester Morris was born on February 16, 1902, in New York City. He is 5 feet 6 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds, and has black hair and green eyes. Norman Foster was born on December 13, 1903—also a New Yorker by birth. In "Tomorrow at Seven," *Henderson*, the air pilot, was played by Cornelius Keefe.

Eddie W. Colleen Moore and Gary Cooper played in "Lilac Time," released

in August, 1928. It has never been shown as a talking picture. The theme song was *Jeannine, I Dream of Lilac Time*. The music was by Nathaniel Shilkret.

Your Pal. I've been waiting for that but where have you been all these summers and as many winters? You have been hoping to see Frank Lawton again who made such a hit in "Cavalcade" as *Joe Marryot*—well, here he is with Constance Cummings in "The Charming Deceiver," a British film released over here. Frank was born in London, England, on September 30, 1904. Toby Wing, the little Southern girl who was first noticed in "42nd Street," plays with Buster Crabbe in "Search for Beauty." Toby was born on July 14, 1915. She has blonde hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 4½ inches tall and weighs 118 pounds. She has played in "The Kid from Spain," "College Humor," "This Day and Age" and "Torch Singer."

Ruth E. All points of the compass want to know something about Ralph Bellamy this month; take your bow, Ralph, and show 'em something about acting. When just a freshman in a Chicago high school, he ran away from home and joined a Shakespearian repertoire company. He played in stock companies, doing everything from acting as leading man to stage carpenter. In 1930 he appeared on Broadway, then came a movie contract. He plays with Katharine Hepburn and Robert Young in "Spitfire," Katharine's latest offering. Fay Wray was born on December 15, 1907, in Alberta, Canada. She has brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 114 pounds.

Lorena M. Donald Cook was on the stage before entering picture work in 1930. He was born on September 26, 1901, in Portland, Oregon. He is 5 feet 11½ inches tall, weighs 147 pounds, and has dark brown hair and eyes. His latest release is "Viva Villa" with Wallace Beery. Sylvia Sidney and Fredric March appear in "Good Dame." Eddie Nugent plays with Lionel Barrymore, Fay Bainter from the stage, Mae Clarke, Una Merkel, Mary Carlisle, Tom Brown and Onslow Stevens in "This Side of Heaven." Eddie Nugent was born on February 7, 1904, in New York City. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 150 pounds, and has dark brown hair and green eyes; has had a long stage training—sang in the Metropolitan opera boys' chorus; danced in theatres, and played in various plays in New York City. His first screen part was in "Our Dancing Daughters," with Joan Crawford.

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Here's Hollywood

Continued from page 72

LOVES AND UNLOVES DEPT:

THEY keep trying to rumor rifts between Lee Tracy and Isabel Jewel. When she left one contract, they said she wanted to get away from that studio that had employed Tracy; that she wanted to prove she could succeed "on her own." About that time Lee went under contract to another studio, so what does Isabel do but cross gossipers, and herself go to that same studio with Tracy, also under long contract.

Then, too, Lupe and Johnny, (as famous as "Frankie and Johnny," so why mention last names?), are angry at gossips who hint separation for them. Lupe has gone on record as saying that she intends to sue any malicious gossipers, and she adds, "if the gossip is a woman, I will beat the life out of her; if a man, *Tarzan* will do the wallop."

Richard Cromwell, long Katherine DeMille's devoted swain, is foot-loose; he has been taking Mary Carlisle places. Hardie Albright and Martha Sleeper managed to keep their marriage a secret for one week, although they wanted to keep it quiet longer.

An interesting romance is that of Marian Nixon and director William Seiter. Years ago, Marian and Seiter were under contract at Universal studio. They were on the verge of love, but before it became serious, they quarrelled. Then Seiter married Laura LaPlante, and Miss Nixon became Mrs. Joe Benjamin and later Mrs. Eddie Hillman. Well, they're both divorced now. Will their new romance run more smoothly than their first?

The current James Dunn romance seems serious, too—but his romances always do. Last year, I'd have sworn he would marry

Maureen O'Sullivan. One day, a few months ago, Jimmy and Lona Andre actually did start for a marriage license bureau, but failed to arrive there. Now Dunn and Patricia "Patsy" Lee are cooing, and as this is written, Jimmy is once more looking at engagement rings.

Muriel Kirkland is being more and more religiously esquired by Speed Post, while the Mae Clarke-Sidney Blackmer now-warm-now-cold affair is plenty hot for the moment. Patricia Ellis is quite excited about Henry Willson, a writer. Evalyn Knapp, once nearly wed to Donald Cook, was for a while enjoying a serious romance with Hugh Enfield, but that's cold now, it seems.

Stephen Ames, New York millionaire, certainly is not superstitious. Why? Simply because, when he made Adrienne Ames, (from whom he is divorced), his wife, he took her to Honolulu on a honeymoon, and bought her a beautiful house on their return. Well, Steve recently married Racquel Torres—and off they went on a Honolulu honeymoon and he has promised to buy her a beautiful house on their return.

As this is written, divorce papers may be filed any minute in the Ruth Chatterton-George Brent mis-proceedings. In the meantime, Brent is taking Jean Muir places—but then, so is Phillip Reed, who was wooing Marian Nixon, but isn't. Roger Pryor is completely daffy on the subject of Ann Sothorn, and it's mutual.

Most important of the last-minute rumors issued by Dan Cupid is the report that Mae West and Jim Timony have reached a parting of the ways. Mae and Jim are both tight-mouthed, so they'll say nothing, but spies declare that they aren't together as much as they were, although Jim remains her business manager. Too bad, if true, for Timony was devoted to "Diamond Lil."

WARNER BAXTER placed an order for six dozen gold-fish for his big fish-pond at his new home. . . . Heather Angel's mother writes for English magazines. . . . Paramount's two "bad women," Mae West and *Cleopatra* Claudette Colbert, were simultaneously influenza victims, their pictures were halted for days. . . . Will Rogers and Charlotte ("Alice In Wonderland") Henry are appearing together on West coast stages in "Ah, Wilderness." . . . O. O. McIntyre, in Hollywood for a visit, declared that Genevieve Tobin possesses "the finest diction of any screen actress." . . . Madge Evans braved a Pacific ocean rip-ride to save her pet toy Peke, and nearly got into too-deep water herself. . . . Crowds at preview of "Tarzan and His Mate" greeted Johnny Weissmuller with attempted imitations of his "Tarzan yell." . . . Jean Parker has purchased a sailboat, and spends her spare time asea.

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